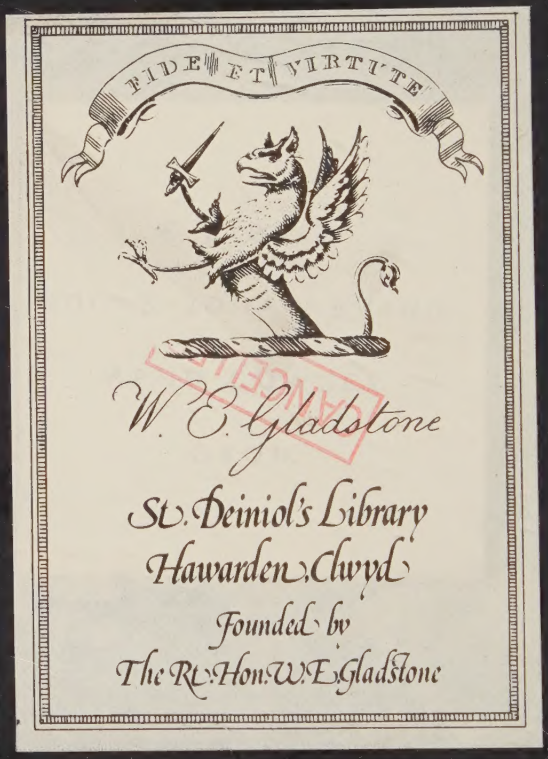
# The New Office Hymn Book

PARTS III. AND IV
WITH TUNES

EDITION K.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# THE NEW
# OFFICE HYMN BOOK.

## PARTS III. AND IV.

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# THE NEW

# OFFICE HYMN BOOK

PARTS III. AND IV.

CONSISTING OF

HYMNS NEW AND OLD, SACRED SONGS, CAROLS AND LITANIES

THE WORDS SELECTED AND EDITED BY

REV. J. F. W. BULLOCK, M.A.

Rector of Radwinter; Editor of "Daily Lections."

THE MUSIC SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. C. J. RIDSDALE, B.A.

Vicar of S. Peter's, Folkestone;
Editor of the Music of "The Children's Service Book."

---

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present Union show;
Their Joys are full; our Expectation long;
In Life we differ, but we join in Song.

WALLER.

---

SOC. S. JOHN EVANG.

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# PREFACE TO THE MUSIC OF PARTS III. AND IV.

THE music for so large and varied a collection as the New Office Hymn Book must needs be itself very varied. The view of its Musical Editor has been to put solid music to solid words, and lighter music to lighter words, so that as the collection of hymns itself will not entirely appeal to any one class of persons, so neither will the music. The great aim of this collection of tunes has been to provide something worthy of the sublime occasion of public worship.

As far as possible hints have been given for the true rendering of the music. The finest tunes are the most easily ruined through false interpretation by the leaders of the singing. Against many errors in rendering even so simple a thing as a hymn tune it is impossible to provide in a book. But to secure at least a reasonable *tempo* against the terrible quick-march style so much in vogue of late, metronome marks and pauses have been employed. Bach's chorales might give some notion of the grave pace suitable for hymn-singing; for the harmonies that he employs would be impossible at the modern English pace. Mendelssohn, again, metronomes his chorales at about fifty for the minim. The pace generally adopted in England (for grave tunes like "S. Ann") is nearer ninety! It is the bewilderment of foreigners coming to our churches, and speaks badly for the seriousness of our devotion. Another reason for the use of metronome marks is that, being asked to use mostly minims and semibreves, the Musical Editor has been prevented from indicating various *tempi* by the usual methods of notation. The simple tape metronome is recommended,* as it registers all numbers from 60 to 300.

The pause at the end of most lines will remind organists, who are not themselves singing, that humanity requires time to take breath between lines and, still more so, between verses; also, that to cut short a final note of a line with a catch of the breath is, on the part of the singers, an ugly fault. The "swing" of exact time-keeping is not to be compared in importance with the comfort of the singers and the general sense of peace. There are, of course, exceptions, where strict time without pauses is required. But it is the aiming at a cut and dried march effect, and the consequent breathlessness of choirs and people, that has brought in the necessity for rapid and, consequently, unthinking and unfeeling singing.

Were it not better to sing two hymns with the heart and understanding than four rendered as if people were singing against time? The old-fashioned interlude between verses would give a sense of repose and a pause or meditation. Moreover, from a musical point of view, the character of most tunes demands, *per se*, a most carefully considered *tempo*. It is as bad therefore to "play over" a tune at a wrong pace as to sing it at a wrong pace. It gives a false impression of the tune.

In this collection some of the tunes will perhaps be pronounced uncongregational. But on closer inspection even the magnificent Chorale of Bach, at No. 800, will, in the melody, be found simple enough for any congregation;

* As sold by Lamborn Cock of Holles Street.

and the same will apply to several tunes which at first sight may appear hard. The Editor trusts that the real elements of difficulty, hard intervals and chromatic passages, have been avoided. The pitch of tunes has been kept as low as is consistent with brightness.

As to the music itself, an apology is perhaps owing to critics like the Editors of the "Yattendon Hymn Book" and the "Songs of Syon," who have laid all under so great an obligation by recalling compilers to the norm of accurate fidelity to old forms in tunes. For the liberty has been taken that where a trochee at the end of a line is sung in the German to a repeated chord, rather as if the chord were *de trop*, the present Editor has ventured in a very few cases to cut off the latter chord where it has been convenient to do so. Such instances will be found at Nos. 807, 666, and (Salzburg) 384. The tunes have in this way been made available for hymns of slightly different metre from the German. On the other hand, "Auf, auf, mein Herz," No. 768, in the fifth and sixth lines, seems to invite a seventh syllable by the length of the final notes. This applies also to one or two other tunes. These, however, are exceptional cases. The rule has been to be scrupulous in preserving old forms. A few tunes, notwithstanding, have been given in the altered form as generally sung (*e.g.*, the Easter hymn, "Ringe recht," and No. 307) for the reason that, for better or for worse, the altered form has become too domesticated among us ever to be expelled.

A debt of gratitude is owing to those good friends who have allowed the use of their tunes: to Messrs. Novello and Co., to the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (always so generous with their property), Drs. Bullinger and Rowton, Messrs. Brown and Co. (Salisbury), Messrs. E. Oakeley, A. H. Brown, Clement Powell, J. Baden Powell, Allan Coates, Mrs. H. S. Irons, Mr. W. Walker (for R. Redhead's Tunes), Messrs. W. Clowes and Sons (for Chope's Carols No. 1), G. M. Custance, H. E. Hodson, G. H. Palmer (for harmony at No. 848), to Messrs. Baptiste Calkin, A. Carnall and several friends whose tunes have been transferred from the (Old) Office Hymn Book to the present volume, to the owners of S. Alban's Hymnal (for No. 751), and to Rev. G. R. Woodward (Editor of the "Songs of Syon") for two tunes, and for generously imparting many valuable results of his wide experience in hymnody. Lastly, thanks are due to Rev. J. Langdon, A.R.C.M., for much valuable criticism and aid in correction of proofs.

The Editors sincerely hope they have infringed no rights. If otherwise, they desire to make all due apologies.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

*Folkestone*, 1907.

# ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES IN PARTS III. AND IV.


| | HYMN |
|---|---|
| A Child is born | 336 |
| A rhyme | 447 |
| A Virgin most pure | 338 |
| Abbotsford | 332 |
| Abridge | 401, 529, 815 |
| Ach ! was soll ich | 443 |
| Ad inferos | 441, 704, 753 |
| Ad sepulcrum | 703 |
| Adeste, fideles | 353 |
| Adoro te | 620 |
| Again our Lent | 393, 558 |
| Ainsi que la biche rée | 787 |
| Aldermary | 828 |
| All Saints | 553 |
| Alla Trinita | 550, 800 |
| Alle Menschen | 859 |
| Allein Gott | 421, 463 |
| Alleluia, dulce | 388 |
| Alleluia ! Lord most holy | 339 |
| Alleluia, sing to Jesus | 596, 627 |
| Alles ist an Gottes Segen | 600 |
| Allhallows (Brown) | 547 |
| Allhallows (French) | 572 |
| Altona | 331, 438, 445, 519 |
| Angels' Song | 541 |
| Angelus | 554 |
| Anima Christi | 422 |
| Aquæ Granæ | 548, 636 |
| Ar joa | 782 |
| Ascendit | 337, 499, 508 |
| Atherstone | 407 |
| Auf, auf, mein Herz | 764, 768 |
| Aus der Tiefen | 728, 771 |
| Aus meines Herzens Grunde | 321, 834 |
| Aus tiefer | 421 |
| Austria | 479, 720 |
| Ave ! Caro | 602 |
| Ave Maria | 581 |
| Ave Maris Stella | 415 |
| Ave verum (i.) | 605 |
| Ave verum (ii.) | 605 |
| Ave verum (iii.) | 605 |
| Ballerma | 510 |
| Batty | 398, 511, 711 |
| Bedford | 496, 595, 616 |
| Belmont | 425, 664 |
| Ben Rhydding | 373 |
| Benedicamus | 615, 622 |
| Blackburn | 311 |
| Blest Jesu | 737 |
| Bradfield | 838 |
| Break forth | 699 |
| Breslau | 518, 705 |
| Bretten | 485, 655 |
| Brightest and best | 378, 663 |
| Bristol | 482, 733 |
| Bromley | 427, 433 |
| Burford | 640 |
| Cantemus Jesu | 684 |
| Canterbury | 579, 745 |
| Capetown | 391, 653, 830 |
| Carey's | 748, 817 |
| Carlisle | 392, 397, 717 |
| Caswall | 411, 679 |
| Charminster | 491, 534 |
| Chester | 625 |
| Christ Church | 557, 580 |
| Christ is risen | 450 |
| Christ the Lord | 451 |
| Christchurch | 762 |
| Christe du Beistand | 763 |
| Christ's own Martyrs | 571 |
| Christus Agonistes | 423, 429 |
| Christus, der ist mein | 316, 538, 657 |
| Clewer | 630 |
| Cœlestia | 524 |
| Cœna Domini | 606 |
| Cologne | 370 |
| Colwall | 624 |
| Come, O Jesu | 600 |
| Come, Thou Saviour | 324, 659 |
| Consummatum est (i.) | 414 |
| Consummatum est (ii.) | 414 |
| Corde natus | 355 |
| Corinth | 380, 799, 850 |
| Croft's Old 148th | 762 |
| Crüger | 381, 505, 652 |
| Daily, daily | 515, 710 |
| Dedication | 588, 698 |
| Deep down | 674 |
| Deo gratias | 622 |
| Descende Spiritus | 484 |
| Desire | 822 |

HYMN

Deus-homo .. .. .. .. 681
Deus meus .. .. .. .. 748
Deus misericors.. .. .. 599, 722
Deus Paraclitus .. .. .. 487
Domus Sanctorum .. .. 551, 795
Donne secours .. .. .. .. 416
Dundee .. .. 389, 471, 530, 631
Durlocks .. .. .. .. 846

Earth to-day .. .. .. .. 342
Easter hymn .. .. .. .. 457
Ecce panis .. .. .. .. 613
Ecclestone .. .. .. 507, 568
Edina .. .. .. .. .. 701
Eisenach .. .. .. .. 643
Elzthal .. .. .. .. 629, 635
Epiphany .. .. .. .. 377
Erhalt uns .. .. 426, 540, 617
Erschienen .. .. .. .. 767
Es ist das Heil .. .. .. 532, 723
Eucharistica .. .. .. .. 606
Evening .. .. .. 312, 680
Ewing .. .. .. .. 820 (iv.)
Exaudi nos .. .. .. .. 803

Fairfield .. .. .. .. 709
Faith of our fathers .. .. .. 712
Fierce was .. .. .. .. 715
Fili Mariæ .. .. .. .. 844
Fons amoris .. .. 305, 546, 584
Franconia .. .. .. 354, 371
Fulda .. .. .. .. .. 641

Gainsboro' .. .. .. .. 473
Gallia .. .. .. 350, 593 677
Germania .. .. .. 446, 792
Gerontius .. .. .. .. 390
Gibbons' Song, 22 .. .. .. 620
Glory to God .. .. .. .. 343
Glory to Thee .. .. .. .. 306
Goad Jesus .. .. .. .. 842
God, That madest .. .. 307, 794
Good Christian men .. .. .. 344
Good King Wenceslas .. .. .. 356
Gopsal .. .. .. .. .. 517
Gott des Himmels .. .. 320, 340
"Gounod" .. .. .. 316, 778
Gras Jesus .. .. .. .. 810
Grosvenor .. .. .. .. 379

Hail, Festal Day (Whitsun) .. .. 483
Hail, harbinger .. .. .. .. 516
Hail the Sign .. .. .. .. 725
Hail! Thou living .. .. .. 603
Hail to Thee .. .. .. .. 604
Hanover.. .. .. .. .. 791
Hard is the painful wood .. .. 412
Hark, my soul .. .. .. .. 726
Havannah .. .. .. .. 714
He is risen .. .. .. .. 456
Heil'ger Geist .. .. .. 399, 442
Helmsley .. .. .. .. 329

HYMN

Heut' ist .. .. .. .. 481
Heut triumphieret .. .. .. 819
Hierusalem luminosa .. .. 497, 718
Himmelsau .. .. .. .. 360
Hollingside .. .. .. .. 746
Holstein .. .. .. .. 368
Holy is the seed-time .. .. .. 649
Holy offerings .. .. .. .. 729
Horbury.. .. .. .. 611, 770
Horsley .. .. .. .. .. 683
Hursley .. .. .. .. .. 712

I love to hear .. .. .. .. 678
Ich begehr .. .. .. 553, 621
Ich dank' .. .. .. .. 634
Ich freue mich .. .. .. .. 719
If we come .. .. .. 741, 837
Ihr Gestirn .. .. .. .. 666
Illsley .. .. .. .. .. 645
In natali .. .. .. 672, 746
In the Christian's home .. .. 742
In the ending .. .. .. .. 347
In vernali .. .. .. .. 383
Innocents .. .. .. .. 676
Innsbruck .. .. .. .. 790
Iste Confessor .. .. .. .. 763
It came upon .. .. .. .. 348

Jam desinant .. .. .. .. 366
Jerusalem .. .. .. 743 (iii.)
Jerusalem exulting .. 552, 820 (ii.)
Jesu, corona .. .. .. .. 569
Jesu, Jesu .. .. .. .. 771
Jesu, leiden .. .. .. .. 749
Jesu, meines Herzens .. .. .. 375
Jesu, Rex .. .. .. .. 695
Jesu, we thus obey .. .. .. 608
Jesu, Word .. .. .. .. 609
Jesus calls .. .. .. .. 494
Jesus, I my cross .. .. .. 751
Jesus, in Thy dear .. .. .. 610
Joy fills .. .. .. .. .. 349
Joy, Joy.. .. .. .. .. 500

King's Norton .. .. 750, 786, 840

Lætare .. .. .. 367, 453, 561
Lætare, Alleluia! .. .. .. 465
Lancaster .. .. .. .. 805
Lasset uns .. .. .. .. 807
Laudate Dominum .. .. .. 690
Laus Tibi .. .. .. .. 630
Lead, kindly Light .. .. .. 754
Leominster .. .. .. .. 687
Leoni .. .. .. .. .. 781
Let all the world .. .. .. 755
Let the song (i.) .. .. .. 459
Let the song (ii.) .. .. .. 459
Let us with a gladsome 543, 650, 756
Libera nos .. .. .. .. 639
Liebe, die du mich .. .. 435, 444
Liebster Gott .. .. .. .. 800

HYMN

Light of the world .. .. .. 757
Lille .. .. .. .. .. 708
Little Bardfield .. .. 626, 675, 747
Lobt Gott .. .. .. .. 812
Look, ye Saints .. .. 477, 799
Lord of mercy .. .. .. 761, 845
Luther .. .. .. .. .. 325
Lux benigna .. .. .. .. 754
Lyræ .. .. .. .. .. 679
Lyte .. .. .. .. 661, 713

Magi .. .. .. .. .. 395
Mainz .. .. .. .. .. 509
Marburg.. .. .. .. .. 727
Martyrdom .. .. 410, 590, 693, 732
Mater sanctorum .. .. .. 832
Mediolanum .. .. .. .. 345
Mein Freund .. .. .. .. 434
Meine Hoffnung .. .. .. 440
Meinen Jesum .. .. .. .. 738
Meinhold .. .. .. .. 673
Melcombe .. .. .. .. 615
Melita .. .. .. .. .. 642
"Mendelssohn" .. .. .. 345
Miles Lane .. .. .. .. 689
"Monsigny" .. .. .. .. 533
Montreal .. .. .. .. 409
Moscow .. .. .. .. .. 656
Most Holy Spirit .. .. .. 486

National Anthem .. .. .. 644
Nicæa .. .. .. .. .. 493
Nicht so traurig (A) .. .. .. 826
Nicht so traurig (B) .. .. 730, 825
None other Lamb .. .. .. 772
Northampton .. .. .. 739, 840
Norwich .. .. .. .. .. 801
Now are the days .. .. .. 404
Now, Father .. .. .. .. 310
Now lift (A) .. .. .. .. 460
Now lift (B) .. .. .. .. 460
Now to God on high .. .. .. 352
Nun bitten wir .. .. .. .. 773
Nun danket all und bringet Ehr .. 831
Nun danket alle Gott .. .. .. 774
Nun sich der Tag .. 419, 431, 765

O Amor .. .. .. .. 566, 694
O Du Liebe .. 382, 449, 527, 583, 614
O Father .. .. .. .. 589
O filii .. .. .. .. .. 462
O gesegnetes .. .. .. .. 646
O Gott, du frommer .. .. .. 821
O Haupt .. .. .. .. 420
O Jesus! Lamb of God .. .. 781
O King of Saints .. .. .. 578
O Lord of Heaven .. .. .. 782
O Paradise .. .. .. .. 784
O perfect Love .. .. .. .. 633
O quanta qualia .. .. .. 789
O Sacred Heart.. .. .. .. 785
O Salutaris (i.) .. .. .. .. 617

HYMN

O Salutaris (ii.).. .. .. .. 617
O to have dwelt.. .. .. .. 788
O Welt .. .. .. .. .. 790
O worship the Lord .. .. .. 792
Oberlin .. .. .. .. .. 758
Of the Martyrs .. .. .. .. 563
Oh! what if .. .. .. .. 562
Old 44th .. .. .. .. 735
Old 77th .. .. .. .. 818
Old 100th .. .. 503, 577, 645, 690
Old 104th .. .. .. .. 791
Old 124th .. .. .. .. 304
Old 136th .. .. .. .. 744
Old 137th .. .. 472, 535, 632, 721
Old 148th .. .. .. .. 744
On the Resurrection .. .. .. 464
Once in royal .. .. .. .. 357
Optatus .. .. .. 506, 573, 806
Oriel .. .. .. 498, 576, 648, 835
Our Master .. .. .. .. 797

Pangbourne .. .. .. .. 702
Peace, perfect .. .. .. .. 798
Pergolesi .. .. .. .. 587
Pleyel's .. .. .. .. .. 623
Plijadur .. .. .. .. .. 780
Praise to the Holiest .. .. .. 390
Praise, Jerusalem .. .. .. 544
Puer natus .. .. .. .. 336

Quadragesima .. .. 396, 413, 667
Quam dilecta .. .. .. .. 839
Quis adest? .. .. .. .. 848

Rathbun.. .. .. .. 494, 716
Ratisbon .. .. .. .. 302
Redhead No. 29 .. .. .. 492
Redhead No. 47 .. .. .. 844
Redhead No. 48 .. .. .. 700
Redhead No. 76 .. .. .. 801
Regnat Deus .. .. .. .. 723
Rex Angelorum .. .. 476, 501, 575
Rheinland .. .. 313, 417, 585
Ringe recht .. 398, 424, 511, 646, 711
Rockingham .. .. .. 427, 433
Romney .. .. .. 522, 671, 775
Rose of Sharon .. .. .. 582, 675
Royal Day .. .. .. .. 358

S. Agatha (Litany) .. .. .. 854
S. Albinus .. .. .. .. 458
S. Alphege .. .. 512, 635, 820
S. Ambrose .. .. .. .. 832
S. Ann .. .. .. 490, 721, 777
S. Anne .. .. .. .. .. 528
S. Barnabas .. .. .. .. 514
S. Bernard .. .. .. .. 372
S. Birinus .. .. .. .. 843
S. Boniface .. .. .. .. 570
S. Bride .. .. .. .. 394, 430
S. Catharine .. .. .. 403, 468
S. Cecilia .. .. .. 769, 833

HYMN
S. Cecilia (Brown) .. .. .. 523
S. Columba .. .. .. .. 319
S. Crispin .. .. .. .. 549
S. Cross.. .. .. .. .. 417
S. Cuthbert .. .. .. .. 796
S. Eleanor .. .. .. .. 309
S. Etheldreda .. .. .. .. 315
S. Ethelwald .. .. .. .. 559
S. Flavian .. .. .. .. 766
S. Fulbert .. ..432, 526, 654, 759
S. George .. .. .. 335, 369
S. Gotebald .. .. .. .. 556
S. Helen .. .. .. .. 614
S. Helena .. .. .. .. 376
S. Hubert .. .. .. .. 673
S. James .. .. 326, 502, 776
S. John .. .. .. .. .. 697
S. Luke .. .. .. .. .. 537
S. Magnus .. .. .. .. 760
S. Martin .. .. .. .. 415
S. Mary's .. .. .. 405, 688
S. Matthew 539, 542, 752, and Appendix ii.
S. Nicolas .. ..521, 536, 564, 736
S. Ninian .. .. .. .. 724
S. Oswald .. .. .. .. 832
S. Pancras .. .. .. 495, 658
S. Paul .. .. .. .. 504, 619
S. Peter.. .. .. .. .. 638
S. Theodulf .. .. .. .. 437
S. Wolfgang .. .. .. 676, 793
Saltwood .. .. .. .. 387
Salve Festa (C. J. R.) .. .. .. 474
Salve Festa (Dedication: Powell) .. 586
Salve Festa (Holy Eucharist) .. .. 601
Salve Festa (Easter: Powell) .. .. 455
Salzburg .. .. 384, 448, 647
Sarum .. .. .. .. .. 665
Schumann .. ..301, 513, 577, 705
Sea of Galilee .. .. .. .. 715
Security .. .. .. .. 802
See amid .. .. .. .. 359
Shall we gather.. .. .. .. 804
Sicilian Mariners .. .. .. 682
Sieh, hier .. .. .. .. 824
Sleep, Holy Babe .. .. .. 361
Sleep on, beloved .. .. .. 669
Sleep thy last sleep .. .. .. 670
Sol cordis .. .. .. .. 313
Soldiers of the .. .. .. .. 660
Souls of men .. .. 525, 659, 808
Southwell (C.M.) .. .. 431, 743
Southwell (S.M.) .. .. 334, 400
Spohr .. .. .. .. .. 612
Stabat Mater (i.) .. .. .. 436
Stabat Mater (ii.) .. .. .. 436
Stephanos .. .. .. .. 692
Suisse .. .. .. .. .. 333
Sunset and Evening Star .. .. 809
Supplices .. .. .. .. 597
Surge Victor .. .. .. .. 478
Suspiria .. .. .. .. 749
Swabia .. .. .. .. .. 322
Sweet Saviour .. .. .. 314, 592

HYMN
Take up thy cross .. .. .. 810
Tallis .. .. .. .. .. 306
Tallis' Ordinal .. .. .. 591, 779
Tantum ergo (i.) .. .. .. 598
Tantum ergo (ii.) .. .. .. 598
Tantum ergo (iii.) .. .. .. 598
Tantum ergo (iv.) .. .. .. 598
Tell it out .. .. .. .. 811
Tenebræ.. .. .. .. 318, 734
That day of wrath .. .. .. 332
The Cedar of Lebanon.. .. .. 362
The day of Resurrection .. .. 466
The foe behind .. .. .. .. 467
The Land beyond .. .. .. 816
The Martyrs' tune .. .. .. 724
The Maundy .. .. .. .. 439
The race that .. .. .. .. 385
The radiant .. .. .. 317, 767
The snow lay .. .. .. .. 363
The wandering sheep .. .. .. 823
The world itself .. .. .. 469
Their names .. .. .. .. 565
There is a happy .. .. .. 822
They leave the land .. .. .. 386
Those eternal bowers .. .. .. 827
Thou art gone up .. .. 480, 687
Thou didst leave .. .. .. 829
Tibi, Christe .. .. .. .. 571
Toronto .. .. .. .. 662
Tours .. .. .. 618, 718 (ii.)
Treves .. .. .. 327, 346, 685
Treuer Heiland .. .. .. 377
'Twas about .. .. .. .. 470

Unicum .. .. .. .. 520, 814
University College .. .. .. 825
Unser Herrscher .. .. .. 707
Urbs Syon .. ..531, 628, 820 (iii.)

Vater unser .. .. .. 418, 783
Veni Emmanuel .. .. .. 330
Venite post me .. .. .. .. 692
Vesper Hymn .. .. .. 323, 668
Victoria .. .. .. .. .. 475
Victory .. .. .. .. .. 461
Vienna .. .. .. .. 374, 567
Vigilate .. .. .. 706, 820 (i.)
Vivit Jesus .. .. .. .. 458

Wareham .. .. .. 489, 545
Warum betrübst du .. 452, 488, 594
Was Gott thut .. .. .. 454, 624
We are but little .. .. .. 686
We are but strangers .. .. .. 836
We come to Thee .. .. .. 408
We speak of the realms .. .. 841
Welt ade .. .. .. .. 784
Wenn meiner Sund'n .. .. .. 560
Wenn wir in höchsten .. .. .. 303
Westminster .. .. .. 743, 765
What shall we .. .. .. .. 364

| | HYMN |
|---|---|
| Where the Sacred | 718 (iii.) |
| While Shepherds | Appendix i. |
| While the Cross | 847 |
| Wie schön | 731 |
| Wie soll ich | 402, 696, 778 |
| Wiltshire | 831 |
| Winchester Old | 365, 691, 740 |
| Windsor and Eton | 406 |
| Wir danken dir | 617, 637 |
| Wir pflügen | 651 |
| Wirksworth | 813 |
| With pain | 555 |
| Work, for the night | 849 |
| Worship, honour | 850 |
| Wurzburg | 328, 351 |
| Ye that pass by | 428 |
| York | 574 |
| Yorkshire Noel | 341 |

| LITANIES OF | HYMN |
|---|---|
| Blessed Sacrament, The (i.) | 857 |
| Blessed Sacrament, The (ii.) | 857 |
| Church, The | 856 |
| Faithful Departed, The (i.) | 859 |
| Faithful Departed, The (ii.) | 859 |
| Holy Childhood, The (i.) | 860 |
| Holy Childhood, The (ii.) | 860 |
| Holy Spirit, The | 855 |
| Our Lord Jesus Christ (i.) | 853 |
| Our Lord Jesus Christ (ii.) | 853 |
| Passion, The (i.) | 852 |
| Passion, The (ii.) | 852 |
| Penitence | 851 |
| Rogation Days | 854 |
| Times of Trouble | 858 |
| Additional Litany Tune | 860 |

# METRICAL INDEX TO PARTS III. & IV.


**L.M.**

HYMN

A Child is born .. .. .. .. 336
Abbotsford .. .. .. .. 332
Altona .. .. .. 331, 438, 445, 519
Angels' song .. .. .. .. 541
Angelus .. .. .. .. .. 554
Aquæ Granæ .. .. .. 548, 636
Benedicamus .. .. .. 615, 622
Breslau .. .. .. .. 518, 705
Bromley .. .. .. .. 427, 433
Christus Agonistes .. .. 423, 429
Deo gratias .. .. .. .. 622
Eisenach .. .. .. .. 643
Erhalt uns .. .. 426, 540, 617
Fulda .. .. .. .. .. 641
Gras Jesus .. .. .. .. 810
Illsley .. .. .. .. .. 645
Jesu, corona .. .. .. .. 569
Laudate Dominum .. .. .. 690
Melcombe .. .. .. .. 615
O Amor .. .. .. .. 566, 694
O Salutaris .. .. .. .. 617
O Salutaris (Gallican) .. .. .. 617
Old 100th .. .. 503, 577, 645, 690
Rheinland .. .. 313, 417, 585
Rockingham .. .. .. 427, 433
S. Cross .. .. .. .. .. 417
S. Pancras .. .. .. 495, 658
Schumann .. .. 301, 513, 577, 705
Sol cordis .. .. .. .. 313
Take up thy cross .. .. .. 810
Tallis .. .. .. .. .. 306
That day of wrath .. .. .. 332
Wareham .. .. .. 489, 545
We are but little .. .. .. 686
Wenn wir in höchsten .. .. .. 303
Wir danken dir .. .. .. 617, 637

**D.L.M.**

Heut triumphieret .. .. .. 819
Saltwood .. .. .. .. 387
They leave the land .. .. .. 386
Ye that pass by .. .. .. .. 428

**S.M.**

Ben Rhydding .. .. .. .. 373
Carlisle .. .. .. 392, 397, 717
Dedication .. .. .. 588, 698
Franconia .. .. .. 354, 371
Jam desinant .. .. .. .. 366
Lyte .. .. .. .. 661, 713
Now, Father .. .. .. .. 310
Oh! what, if we are .. .. .. 562
Optatus .. .. .. 506, 573, 806
S. Bride .. .. .. .. 394, 430

HYMN

S. Catharine .. .. .. 403, 468
S. Ethelwald .. .. .. .. 559
S. George .. .. .. 335, 369
S. Helena .. .. .. .. 376
Southwell (Ravenscroft) .. 334, 400
Swabia .. .. .. .. .. 322
Wirksworth .. .. .. .. 813

**D.S.M.**

Fairfield .. .. .. .. .. 709
Jesu, we thus obey .. .. .. 608
Leominster .. .. .. .. 687
Suisse .. .. .. .. .. 333
Thou art gone up .. .. 480, 687

**C.M.**

Abridge .. .. .. 401, 529, 815
Aldermary .. .. .. .. 828
Bedford .. .. .. 496, 595, 616
Belmont .. .. .. .. 425, 664
Blackburn .. .. .. .. 311
Bristol .. .. .. .. 482, 733
Burford .. .. .. .. .. 640
Dundee .. .. .. 389, 471, 530, 631
Fons amoris .. .. 305, 546, 584
Gainsboro' .. .. .. .. 473
Gerontius .. .. .. .. 390
Havannah .. .. .. .. 714
Horsley .. .. .. .. .. 683
Jerusalem .. .. .. .. 743
Jesus, in Thy dear .. .. .. 610
King's Norton .. .. 750, 786, 840
Lancaster .. .. .. .. 805
Martyrdom .. 410, 590, 693, 732
Miles Lane .. .. .. .. 689
Northampton .. .. .. 739, 840
Nun danket all und bringet Ehr .. 831
Praise to the Holiest .. .. .. 390
Redhead No. 29 .. .. .. 492
S. Ann .. .. .. 490, 721, 777
S. Flavian .. .. .. .. 766
S. Fulbert .. .. 432, 526, 654, 759
S. James .. .. 326, 502, 776
S. Magnus .. .. .. .. 760
S. Mary's .. .. .. 405, 688
S. Nicolas .. .. 521, 536, 564, 736
S. Paul .. .. .. .. 504, 619
S. Peter .. .. .. .. .. 638
Southwell (Irons) .. .. 431, 743
Tallis' Ordinal .. .. .. 591, 779
The race that long .. .. .. 385
Westminster .. .. .. 743, 765
Wiltshire .. .. .. .. 831
Winchester Old .. 365, 691, 740
Windsor and Eton .. .. .. 406
York .. .. .. .. .. 574

**D.C.M.** HYMN

It came upon .. .. .. .. 348
Joy fills .. .. .. .. .. 349
Old 44th .. .. .. .. 735
Old 77th .. .. .. .. 818
Old 137th .. .. 472, 535, 632, 721
S. Matthew .. .. 539, 542, 752

**4.6.4.6. D.**

Sleep thy last sleep .. .. .. 670

**4.6.8.8.4.**

O Sacred Heart.. .. .. .. 785

**5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.**

Hanover .. .. .. .. 791
Old 104th .. .. .. .. 791

**6.4.6.4.**

Their names .. .. .. .. 565

**6.4.6.4. D.**

Ad sepulcrum .. .. .. .. 703
Fierce was .. .. .. .. 715
Sea of Galilee .. .. .. .. 715

**6.4.6.4.6.6.4.**

Horbury.. .. .. .. 611, 770

**6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.**

Desire .. .. .. .. .. 822
There is a happy Land.. .. .. 822
We are but strangers .. .. .. 836

**6.4.6.6.**

S. Columba .. .. .. .. 319

**6.5.6.5.**

Caswall .. .. .. .. 411, 679
Durlocks .. .. .. .. 846
Evening.. .. .. .. 312, 680
Little Bardfield.. .. 626, 675, 747

**6.5.6.5. D.**

Exaudi nos .. .. .. .. 803
Grosvenor .. .. .. .. 379
Jesu, Rex .. .. .. .. 695
Lyræ .. .. .. .. .. 679
Magi .. .. .. .. .. 395
"Monsigny" .. .. .. .. 533
Rose of Sharon .. .. .. 582, 675
Those eternal bowers .. .. .. 827
While the Cross .. .. .. 847

**6.5.6.5.6.5.**

Clewer .. .. .. .. .. 630

**6.5.** (12 lines).

Domus Sanctorum .. .. 551, 795
Edina .. .. .. .. .. 701

**6.6.4.6.6.6.4.**

Moscow .. .. .. .. .. 656
National Anthem .. .. .. 644
Surge Victor .. .. .. .. 478

**6.6.6.4.8.8.4.** HYMN

S. John .. .. .. .. 697

**6.6.6.6.**

Ave Maris Stella (Troch.) .. .. 415
Cologne .. .. .. .. .. 370
Quam dilecta .. .. .. .. 839
S. Cecilia (Iamb., Hayne) .. 769, 833
S. Martin (Troch.) .. .. .. 415

**6.6.6.6. D.**

Ich freue mich .. .. .. .. 719
O Gott, du frommer .. .. .. 821
Of the Martyrs .. .. .. .. 563

**6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.**

Atherstone .. .. .. .. 407
Gopsal .. .. .. .. .. 517
Old 136th .. .. .. .. 744
Old 148th .. .. .. .. 744

**6.6.6.6.6.6.**

Joy, Joy.. .. .. .. .. 500
S. Birinus .. .. .. .. 843

**6.6.6.6.8.8.**

Christchurch .. .. .. .. 762
Croft's Old 148th .. .. .. 762

**6.6.6.6.8.8.6.**

O King of Saints .. .. .. 578

**6.6.6.8.8.6.**

What shall we bring .. .. .. 364

**6.6.7.7.** (with Alleluias).

Christ the Lord .. .. .. 451

**6.6.8.4.**

Deus Paraclitus .. .. .. 487
O Jesus! Lamb of God .. .. 781

**6.6.8.4. D.**

Leoni .. .. .. .. .. 781

**6.6.10. D.**

Hail, harbinger .. .. .. .. 516

**6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.**

Nun danket alle Gott .. .. .. 774

**6.8.6.8.**

Deus-homo .. .. .. .. 681

**7.4.7.4. D.**

Easter Hymn .. .. .. .. 457

**7.5.7.5.**

S. Luke .. .. .. .. .. 537

**7.5.7.5. D.**

Jesu, meines Herzens .. .. .. 375

**7.6.7.6.** HYMN

Ascendit .. .. 337, 499, 508
Christus, der ist mein .. 316, 538, 657
"Gounod" .. .. .. 316, 778
Nun sich der Tag .. 419, 431, 765
S. Alphege .. .. 512, 635, 820

**7.6.7.6. D.**

Auf, auf, mein Herz .. .. 764, 768
Blest Jesu .. .. .. .. 737
Cantemus Jesu .. .. .. .. 684
Crüger .. .. .. 381, 505, 652
Elzthal .. .. .. .. 629, 635
Ewing .. .. .. .. 820 (iv.)
Good King Wenceslas (Troch.) .. 356
Ich dank' dir .. .. .. .. 634
Jerusalem exulting .. 552, 820 (ii.)
Jesu, leiden (Troch.) .. .. .. 749
Lætare (Troch.) .. 367, 453, 561
Mainz .. .. .. .. .. 509
O Haupt .. .. .. .. 420
Plijadur .. .. .. .. 780
S. Crispin .. .. .. .. 549
S. Theodulf .. .. .. .. 437
Suspiria (Troch.) .. .. .. 749
The day of Resurrection .. .. 466
Unicum fundamentum .. .. 520, 814
Urbs Syon .. .. 531, 628, 820 (iii.)
Vigilate .. .. .. 706, 820 (i.)
Wie soll ich .. .. 402, 696, 778

**7.6.7.6.6.6.7.6.**

Aus meines Herzens Grunde (Iamb.) 321, 834

**7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.**

Work .. .. .. .. .. 849

**7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4.**

Wir pflügen .. .. .. .. 651

**7.6.** (12 lines).

I love to hear .. .. .. .. 678
Security .. .. .. .. 802
With pain .. .. .. .. 555

**7.6.8.6.**

Lobt Gott .. .. .. .. 812

**7.6.7.6.8.8.**

S. Etheldreda .. .. .. .. 315

**7.7.4.4.7.**

Colwall .. .. .. .. .. 624
Was Gott thut .. .. .. .. 624

**7.7.6.7.7.6.**

Innsbruck .. .. .. .. 790
O Welt .. .. .. .. .. 790

**7.7.7.**

Heil'ger Geist .. .. .. 399, 442

**7.7.7.3.**

Pangbourne .. .. .. .. 702

**7.7.7.5.** HYMN

Capetown .. .. 391, 653, 830
Lord of mercy .. .. .. 761, 845
S. Eleanor .. .. .. .. 309

**7.7.7.7.**

Aus der Tiefen .. .. .. 728, 771
Canterbury .. .. .. 579, 745
Easter Hymn (with Alleluia) .. .. 457
Fili Mariæ .. .. .. .. 844
Hark, my soul .. .. .. .. 726
Holstein .. .. .. .. 368
Innocents .. .. .. .. 676
Jesu, Jesu .. .. .. .. 771
Let us with a gladsome 543, 650, 756
Litany of Our Lord Jesus Christ .. 853
Litany of Penitence .. .. .. 851
Litany of the Blessed Sacrament .. 857
Litany of the Church .. .. .. 856
Litany of the Holy Childhood .. .. 860
Litany of the Holy Spirit .. .. 855
Litany of the Passion .. .. .. 852
Mediolanum .. .. .. .. 345
Nicht so traurig (A) .. .. .. 826
Nicht so traurig (B) .. .. 730, 825
Pleyel's .. .. .. .. .. 623
Quadragesima .. .. 396, 413, 667
Redhead No. 47 .. .. .. 844
S. Barnabas (Iamb.) .. .. .. 514
S. Wolfgang .. .. .. 676, 793
Soldiers of the Cross .. .. .. 660
Tune for any Litany .. .. .. 861
University College .. .. .. 825
Victoria (with Alleluia).. .. .. 475
Vienna .. .. .. .. 374, 567

**7.7.7.7. D.**

Christ Church .. .. .. 557, 580
Hollingside .. .. .. .. 746
In natali .. .. .. 672, 746
Lasset uns den Herren .. .. 807
S. Boniface .. .. .. .. 570
Salzburg .. .. 384, 448, 647
See amid the winter's snow .. .. 359

**7.7.7.7.7.7.**

Ach! was soll ich .. .. .. 443
Alle Menschen .. .. .. .. 859
Deus misericors .. .. 599, 722
Epiphany .. .. .. .. 377
Ihr Gestirn .. .. .. .. 666
Litany of the Faithful Departed .. 859
Norwich .. .. .. .. 801
Ratisbon .. .. .. .. 302
Redhead No. 76 .. .. .. 801
S. Anne .. .. .. .. .. 528
Treuer Heiland .. .. .. .. 377

**7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.**

"Mendelssohn" .. .. . 345

**7.7.8.7.**

Break forth, O Earth .. .. .. 699

**7.8.7.8.7.7.** HYMN

Meinhold .. .. .. .. 673
S. Hubert .. .. .. .. 673

**8.4.8.4.**

Puer natus .. .. .. .. 336

**8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.**

God, That madest .. .. 307, 794

**8.6.8.4.**

S. Cuthbert .. .. .. .. 796

**8.6.8.6.8.6.**

All Hallows (Brown) .. .. .. 547

**8.6.8.8.6.**

S. Bernard .. .. .. .. 372
Wenn meiner Sund'n .. .. .. 560

**8.6.8.8.8.6.**

Deep down .. .. .. .. 674
Light of the world .. .. .. 757

**8.7.8.7.**

Ad inferos .. .. 441, 704, 753
Ave! Caro Christi (Iamb.) .. .. 602
Batty .. .. .. 398, 511, 711
Charminster .. .. .. 491, 534
Gallia .. .. .. 350, 593, 677
Hail, Thou living .. .. .. 603
Jesus calls us .. .. .. .. 494
Libera nos .. .. .. .. 639
Mater sanctorum .. .. .. 832
Quis adest? .. .. .. .. 848
Rathbun .. .. .. 494, 716
Ringe recht .. .. 398, 424, 511, 646
S. Ambrose .. .. .. .. 832
S. Cecilia (Brown) .. .. .. 523
Souls of men .. .. 525, 659, 808
Toronto (with refrain) .. .. .. 662
Treves .. .. .. 327, 546, 685

**8.7.8.7. D.**

A rhyme (Iamb.) .. .. .. 447
Alla Trinita .. .. .. 550, 800
Alleluia! sing to .. .. 596, 627
Austria .. .. .. .. 479, 720
Bretten .. .. .. .. 485, 655
Come, Thou Saviour .. .. 324, 659
Corinth .. .. .. 380, 799, 850
Germania .. .. .. 446, 792
Jesu, Word .. .. .. .. 609
Jesus, I my cross .. .. .. 751
Liebster Gott .. .. .. .. 800
O Du Liebe .. 382, 449, 527, 583
O gesegnetes .. .. .. .. 646
Redhead No. 48 .. .. .. 700
Rex Angelorum .. .. 476, 501, 575
S. Gotebald .. .. .. .. 556
Vesper Hymn .. .. .. 323, 668
Worship, honour .. .. .. 850
Wurzburg .. .. .. 328, 351

**8.7.8.7.7.7.** HYMN

All Saints .. .. .. .. 553
Cœlestia .. .. .. .. 524
Gott des Himmels .. .. 320, 340
He is risen .. .. .. .. 456
Ich begehr .. .. .. 553, 621
Liebe, die du mich .. .. 435, 444
Once in royal .. .. .. .. 357

**8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.**

Ainsi que la biche rée .. .. .. 787

**8.7.8.7.8.3.**

On the Resurrection .. .. .. 464

**8.7.8.7.8.7.**

Alleluia, dulce .. .. .. .. 388
Chester .. .. .. .. .. 625
Christ's own Martyrs .. .. .. 571
Consummatum est (i.) .. .. .. 414
Consummatum est (ii.) .. .. .. 414
Daily, daily .. .. .. 515, 710
Hierusalem luminosa .. .. 497, 718
Litany in Times of Trouble .. .. 858
Look, ye saints .. .. .. 477, 799
Now to God on high .. .. .. 352
O Du Liebe .. .. .. .. 614
Oberlin .. .. .. .. .. 758
Oriel .. .. 498, 576, 648, 835
S. Helen .. .. .. .. 614
Sicilian Mariners .. .. .. 682
Spohr .. .. .. .. .. 612
Tantum ergo (Glück) .. .. .. 598
Tantum ergo (Schubert) .. .. 598
Tantum ergo (Webb) .. .. .. 598
Tantum ergo (iv.) .. .. .. 598
Tibi, Christe .. .. .. .. 571
Tours .. .. .. 618, 718 (ii.)
Unser Herrscher .. .. .. 707
Was Gott thut (Iamb.) .. .. .. 454
Where the Sacred .. .. .. 718

**8.7.** (12 lines).

Sieh, hier bin ich (Troch.) .. .. 824

**8.7.8.7.8.8.7.** (Iamb.).

Allein Gott .. .. .. .. 421
Aus tiefer .. .. .. .. 421
Es ist das Heil .. .. .. 532, 723
Luther .. .. .. .. .. 325

**8.8.** (with Alleluia).

Heut' ist gefahren .. .. .. 481
Lætare, Alleluia! .. .. .. 465

**8.8.6.8.8.6.**

Ave Maria .. .. .. .. 581
Ecclestone .. .. .. 507, 568
Warum betrübst du .. 452, 488, 594

**8.8.7. D.** HYMN

Alles ist an Gottes Segen .. .. 600
Come, O Jesu .. .. .. .. 600
Meine Hoffnung .. .. .. 440
Stabat Mater (A) .. .. .. 436
Stabat Mater (B) .. .. .. 436

**8.8.8. (with Alleluia).**

O filii .. .. .. .. .. 462
Victory .. .. .. .. .. 461

**8.8.8.4.**

Ar joa .. .. .. .. .. 782
None other Lamb .. .. .. 772
O Lord of Heaven .. .. .. 782
The radiant .. .. .. 317, 767

**8.8.8.6.**

Most Holy Spirit .. .. .. 486

**8.8.8.7. (Iamb.).**

Litany of S. Agatha .. .. .. 854

**8.8.8.8.**

Alleluia! Lord most Holy (Troch.) .. 339
We speak of the realms (Amphibr.) .. 841

**8.8.8.8.8.**

Regnat Deus .. .. .. .. 723

**8.8.8.8.8.8.**

Carey's .. .. .. .. 748, 817
Deus meus .. .. .. .. 748
Faith of our fathers .. .. .. 712
Hursley .. .. .. .. .. 712
Melita .. .. .. .. .. 642
S. Pancras .. .. .. 495, 658
Sweet Saviour .. .. .. 314, 592
Vater unser .. .. .. 418, 783
Veni Emmanuel .. .. .. 330

**8.8.8.8.8.8.8.**

Allein Gott .. .. .. .. 463

**10.6.10.6.10.6.**

Hard is the painful wood .. .. 412

**10.10.**

Peace, perfect .. .. .. .. 798
The snow lay .. .. .. .. 363

**10.10.10.**

Allhallows (French) .. .. .. 572
Hail, Festal Day .. .. .. 483
Salve, Festa Dies (C. J. R.) .. 474, 601
Salve, Festa Dies (Dedication: Powell) 586
Salve, Festa Dies (Morley) .. .. 483
Salve, Festa Dies (Easter: Powell) .. 455
Sarum, 296 .. .. .. .. 665

**10.10.10.2.**

Sleep on, beloved .. .. .. 669

**10.10.10.10.** HYMN

Adoro te.. .. .. .. .. 620
Cœna Domini .. .. .. .. 606
Eucharistica .. .. .. .. 606
Gibbons's Song, 22 .. .. .. 620
Lille (Troch.) .. .. .. .. 708
Marburg (Amphibr.) .. .. .. 727
Montreal .. .. .. .. 409
O quanta qualia .. .. .. 789
Old 124th .. .. .. .. 304
Preise, Jerusalem (Dactyl.) .. .. 544
The Maundy .. .. .. .. 439

**10.10.10.10. D.**

Mein Freund .. .. .. .. 434

**10.10.10.10.10.10.**

Supplices .. .. .. .. 597
Yorkshire Noel .. .. .. .. 341

**11.10.11.10.**

Brightest and best .. .. 378, 663
Donne secours .. .. .. .. 416
O perfect Love (Iamb.) .. .. 633
S. Ninian .. .. .. .. 724
The Martyrs' tune .. .. .. 724

**11.11.11.5.**

Christe du Beistand .. .. .. 763
Iste Confessor .. .. .. .. 763

**11.11.11.11.**

Anima Christi .. .. .. .. 422
Holy is the seed-time .. .. .. 649

**11.11.11.11.11.11.**

A Virgin most pure .. .. .. 338
The Cedar of Lebanon .. .. .. 362

**12.9.12.9.**

If we come .. .. .. 741, 837

**12.10.12.10.**

O worship the Lord .. .. .. 792

**12.10.12.10. D.**

Germania .. .. .. 446, 792

**12.11.12.11.12.11.**

Romney .. .. .. 522, 671, 775

**13.14.13.14.**

Pergolesi .. .. .. .. 587

**14.6.14.6.**

Ballerma .. .. .. .. 510

**14.14.**

Tenebræ .. .. .. .. 318, 734

**14.14.14.14.**

Again our Lent .. .. .. 393, 558

**Irregulars.**


| | HYMN |
|---|---|
| Adeste fideles | 353 |
| Ave verum Corpus (i.) | 605 |
| Ave verum Corpus (ii.) | 605 |
| Ave verum Corpus (iii.) | 605 |
| Bradfield | 838 |
| Christ is risen | 450 |
| Corde natus | 355 |
| Descende Spiritus | 484 |
| Earth to-day | 342 |
| Ecce panis | 613 |
| Goad Jesus | 842 |
| Good Christian men | 344 |
| Hail the Sign | 725 |
| Hail to Thee | 604 |
| Himmelsau | 360 |
| Holy Offerings | 729 |
| In the Christian's home | 742 |
| In the ending of the year | 347 |
| In vernali | 383 |
| Laus Tibi Christe | 630 |
| Lead, kindly Light | 754 |
| Let all the world | 755 |
| Let the song | 459 |
| Lux benigna | 754 |
| Meinen Jesum | 738 |
| Nicæa | 493 |
| Now are the days | 404 |
| Now lift | 460 |
| Nun bitten wir | 773 |
| O Father, Thou | 589 |
| O to have dwelt | 788 |
| O Paradise | 784 |
| Our Master | 797 |
| Royal Day | 358 |
| S. Albinus | 458 |
| Shall we gather | 804 |
| Sleep, holy Babe | 361 |
| Stephanos | 642 |
| Sunset and evening star | 809 |
| Tell it out | 811 |
| The foe behind | 467 |
| The Land beyond | 816 |
| The wandering sheep | 823 |
| The world itself | 469 |
| Thou didst leave | 829 |
| 'Twas about | 470 |
| Venite post me | 692 |
| Vivit Jesus | 458 |
| We come to Thee | 408 |
| Welt ade | 784 |
| Wie schön | 731 |

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

*N.B.—The Hymns within brackets are to be found in Parts I. and II.*


| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| A Child is born | *tr. E. R. Charles and W. J. Blew* | 336 |
| A few more years shall roll | *Dr. Bonar* | 687 |
| A great and mighty wonder | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 337 |
| [A Hymn for Martyrs (see *The Sequences*) | | 120] |
| A pilgrim through this lonely world | *Sir E. Denny* | 688 |
| A rhyme, a rhyme for Easter time | *Dr. Neale* | 447 |
| A Virgin most pure | *W. Sandys and E. Sedding* | 338 |
| [A wondrous type, a vision fair (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 251] |
| Abide with me; fast falls the eventide | *H. F. Lyte* | 304 |
| Again our Lent has come to us | *J. Wilson* | 393 |
| Ah! my Sweet Home Jerusalem (Part II.) | *J. Brerely, S.J.* | 743 |
| All glory, laud, and honour (*Palm Sunday Procession*) | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 437 |
| All hail, dear Conqueror! all hail | *Dr. Faber* | 445 |
| All hail the power of Jesus' Name | *E. Perronet* | 689 |
| [All hail! ye infant Martyr flowers (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 189] |
| All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay | *W. C. Dix* | 587 |
| All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow | *G. Moultrie* | 444 |
| All people that on earth do dwell | *W. Kethe* | 690 |
| All praise to Thee, O Lord | *Emma Toke* | 371 |
| [All Saints, who share one glory bright (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 264] |
| All ye who seek for sure relief | *tr. E. Caswall* | 691 |
| [All ye who seek in hope and love (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 252] |
| Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heav'n | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 446 |
| Alleluia; Lord most Holy | *H. N. Oxenham* | 339 |
| Alleluia, sing to Jesus | *W. C. Dix* | 596 |
| Alleluia, song of sweetness | *tr. Dr. Neale and others* | 388 |
| [Almighty God, Who, from the flood (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 172] |
| An exile for the Faith | *tr. E. Caswall* | 369 |
| And now, O Father, mindful of the love | *Dr. Bright* | 597 |
| And now our Eucharist is o'er | *Lt.-Col. Turton, R.E.* | 622 |
| And wilt Thou pardon, Lord | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 394 |
| Angels from the Realms of Glory | *J. Montgomery* | 340 |
| [Anna, Mother fairest (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 247] |
| Anointed One! Thy work is done | *tr. W. J. Blew* | 472 |
| Apostle of our own dear home | *J. E. Millard* | 513 |
| Around the Throne of God a band | *Dr. Neale* | 541 |
| Art thou weary, art thou languid | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 692 |
| As now the sun's declining rays | *tr. J. Chandler* | 305 |
| As pants the hart for cooling streams | *N. Tate* | 693 |
| As with gladness men of old | *W. C. Dix* | 377 |
| Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord | *J. Grigg and Bp. How* | 694 |
| At the cross her station keeping | *tr. Bp. Mant and others* | 436 |
| At the Lamb's high Feast we sing | *tr. R. Campbell* | 448 |
| At the Name of Jesus | *C. M. Noel* | 695 |
| [At this our Solemn Feast (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 227] |
| At war, and on the tented field | *Dean Bullock* | 641 |
| [Author of all things (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 253] |
| Ave Maria! blessed Maid | *J. Keble* | 581 |
| [Ave, Mary full of grace (see *The Sequences*) | | 131] |
| Awake, awake, O Zion | *B. Gough* | 696 |
| Awake my soul, and with the sun | *Bp. Ken* | 301 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| [Be present, Holy Trinity (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 223] |
| [Be the Cross our theme and story (see *The Sequences*) | | 133] |
| [Before the ending of the day (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 295] |
| Behold an Israelite indeed | *Bp. Cleveland Coxe* | 535 |
| Behold and see Christ's chosen Saint | *J. Keble* | 548 |
| [Behold the golden dawn arise (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 171] |
| Behold the Lamb of God | *M. Bridges* | 697 |
| Behold the Master passeth by | *Bp. Ken and Bp. How* | 540 |
| Bless'd are the pure in heart | *J. Keble and W. J. Hall* | 698 |
| [Blessed City, Heav'nly Salem (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 280] |
| [Blessed Feasts of blessed Martyrs (see *The Sequences*) | | 144] |
| Bow we then in veneration. *Tantum ergo, tr.* | | 598 |
| Bread of Heav'n, on Thee we feed | *J. Conder* | 599 |
| Break forth, O earth, in praises | *Sir E. Denny* | 699 |
| [Bride of Christ, in warfare glorious (see *The Sequences*) | | 139] |
| [Bride of Christ, thy thanks declaring (see *The Sequences*) | | 145] |
| Brief life is here our portion (Part II.) | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 820 |
| Bright among the Virgin-Martyrs | *W. C. Dix* | 556 |
| Bright the vision that delighted | *Bp. Mant* | 700 |
| Brightest and best of the sons of the morning | *Bp. Heber* | 378 |
| Brightly gleams our banner | *T. J. Potter and Dr. Littledale* | 701 |
| Bringing Life and Peace and Gladness | *H. A. Rawes* | 449 |
| Brother, now thy toils are o'er | *G. Moultrie* | 666 |
| Call them in! the poor, the wretched | *Anna Shipton* | 659 |
| Christ is gone up; yet ere He passed | *Dr. Neale* | 631 |
| [Christ is made the sure foundation (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 290] |
| Christ is risen! Christ is risen | *Archer Gurney* | 450 |
| [Christ, of the Angels praise and adoration (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 260] |
| Christ the Lord hath risen | *tr. G. R. Woodward* | 451 |
| Christ, Whose glory fills the skies | *C. Wesley* | 302 |
| Christ will gather in His own | *tr. C. Winckworth* | 667 |
| Christian, dost thou see them | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 395 |
| Christian, seek not yet repose | *C. Elliott* | 702 |
| Christians, awake | *J. Byrom* | 341 |
| [Christians to the Paschal Victim (see *The Sequences*) | | 122] |
| Christ's own Martyrs, valiant Cohort | *Dr. Neale* | 571 |
| Cling to the Mighty One | *H. Bennett* | 703 |
| Close beside the Heart that loves me | *tr. J. Brownlie* | 704 |
| [Come, Blest Redeemer of the earth (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 183] |
| [Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 218] |
| [Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 219] |
| [Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 292] |
| Come, let us raise our voices | *Bp. Jenner* | 509 |
| Come, let us sing the song of songs | *J. Montgomery* | 705 |
| Come, O Jesu, to Thy Table | *R. Brown-Borthwick* | 600 |
| Come! our Father's Voice is calling | *L. Tuttiett* | 593 |
| [Come, pure hearts (see *The Sequences*) | | 142] |
| Come, see the place where Jesus lay | *T. Kelly (altered)* | 452 |
| [Come, Thou Holy Paraclete (see *The Sequences*) | | 126] |
| Come, Thou Saviour, long expected | *C. Wesley* | 324 |
| Come unto Me, ye weary | *W. C. Dix* | 706 |
| Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem | *J. Hupton and Dr. Neale* | 707 |
| Come, ye faithful, raise the strain | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 453 |
| Come, ye thankful people, come | *Dean Alford* | 647 |
| Comes at times a stillness as of even | *I. Gregory Smith* | 708 |
| Creator of the rolling flood | *Bp. Heber* | 519 |
| [Creator of the starry height (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 180] |
| [Creator, Who from Heav'n Thy Throne (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 175] |
| Crown Him with many crowns | *M. Bridges* | 709 |
| Daily, daily sing the praises | *S. Baring Gould* | 710 |
| [Darkness to daylight (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 159] |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| Daughters of Zion! royal maids | *tr. E. Caswall* | 431 |
| [Dawn sprinkles all the east (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 177] |
| [Day of wrath (see *The Sequences*) | | 140] |
| Days and moments quickly flying | *E. Caswall* | 711 |
| Dear Angel, ever at my side | *Dr. Faber* | 546 |
| Deep down beneath th' unresting surge | *Dr. Bonar* | 674 |
| Do no sinful action | *C. F. Alexander* | 675 |
| Dread Jehovah! God of nations | *Anon., 1804* | 639 |
| Earth to day rejoices | *Dr. Neale* | 342 |
| [Earth's bounteous Maker (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 166] |
| Eight days amid this world of woe | *J. Anstice* | 372 |
| Ere we leave Thine Altar, Lord | *vv. 1, 2, Provost Ball* | 623 |
| Eternal Father, strong to save | *W. Whiting, l. v. C. P. Hopkins* | 642 |
| [Eternal Glory of the sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 174] |
| [Eternal Monarch, King most High (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 216] |
| [Eternal Ruler of the sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 261] |
| Evensong is hush'd in silence | *J. Purchas* | 323 |
| Ev'ry generation, Mary, calls thee blest | *W. C. Dix* | 582 |
| [Fair Queen of cities, joy of earth (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 191] |
| Faith of our fathers! living still | *Dr. Faber* | 712 |
| [Faithful Cross! above all other (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 235] |
| Far from my Heav'nly Home | *H. F. Lyte* | 713 |
| Far over the mountains in gladness of springtime | *Is. Leefe* | 522 |
| Father, before Thy Throne of Light | *Dean Farrar* | 542 |
| Father, let me dedicate | *Laurence Tuttiett* | 375 |
| [Father of lights! one glance of Thine (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 243] |
| Father of mercies, God of love | *A. Flowerdew* | 529 |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss | *Anne Steele* | 714 |
| [Feast of Feasts! to-day we tell (see *The Sequences*) | | 123] |
| Fierce was the wild billow | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 715 |
| Firmly I believe and truly | *Card. Newman* | 716 |
| First of Martyrs, thou whose name | *tr. I. Williams and others* | 368 |
| For all Thy love and tenderness | *F. J. Douglas (altered)* | 510 |
| For all Thy Saints, who from their labours | *Bp. W. W. How* | 572 |
| For ever with the Lord | *J. Montgomery* | 717 |
| [For his Lord a soldier glorious (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 230] |
| For the fount of Life Eternal | *tr. A. D. Wackerbarth and others* | 718 |
| For thee, O dear, dear Country (Part III.) | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 820 |
| For Thy dear Saint, O Lord | *Bp. Mant (altered)* | 573 |
| For Thy mercy and Thy grace | *H. Downton* | 374 |
| Forty days and forty nights | *G. H. Smyttan (altered)* | 396 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains | *Bp. Heber* | 652 |
| [From lands that see the sun arise (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 185] |
| From Sinai's trembling peak | *tr. E. Caswall* | 559 |
| From the princely city | *tr. J. D. Chambers* | 379 |
| [From thee, illustrious Teacher Paul (see *The Sequences*) | | 130] |
| [Fulfill'd is now what David told (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 234] |
| 'Gainst what foeman art thou rushing | *tr. J. Chandler* | 498 |
| Give ear, give ear, good Christian men | *Dr. Neale* | 454 |
| Give me the wings of faith to rise | *Dr. Watts* | 574 |
| Give us our Daily Bread | *A. A. Procter* | 719 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken | *J. Newton* | 720 |
| [Glory and honour and praise (*Palm Sunday Procession*) (see *The Introits, &c.*) | | 27] |
| Glory be to Jesus | *tr. E. Caswall* | 411 |
| Glory to God in the Highest is ringing | *Dr. Irons* | 343 |
| Glory to Thee, my God, this night | *Bp. Ken* | 306 |
| God Eternal, Mighty King | *Dr. Millard* | 676 |
| God is gone up with a merry noise | *Bp. Heber* | 473 |
| God moves in a mysterious way | *W. Cowper* | 721 |
| God of grace, O let Thy Light | *Archdeacon E. Churton* | 653 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| God of mercy, God of grace | *H. F. Lyte* | 722 |
| God reigns Above, He reigns Alone | *E. B. Browning* | 723 |
| God save our gracious King | *Anon., 1743* | 644 |
| God the All-terrible | *H. F. Chorley and J. Ellerton* | 724 |
| God the Father, Who in mercy | *tr. A. M. Y. Baylay* | 668 |
| God the Father, Whose creation | *Dr. Neale* | 648 |
| God the Father, Whose relation | *F. Oakeley* | 491 |
| God, Who madest Earth | *Bp. Heber, l.v. Archbp. Whateley* | 307 |
| Good Christian men, rejoice | *Dr. Neale* | 344 |
| Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 391 |
| Great God, what do I see and hear | *Dr. Collier and others* | 325 |
| [Hail, bright and glowing day (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 239] |
| [Hail, bright Star of ocean (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 285] |
| [Hail day! whereon the One in Three (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 156] |
| Hail! Festal Day (*Ascension Procession*) | *tr. T. A. Lacey* | 474 |
| Hail! Festal Day (*Corpus Christi Procession*) | *tr. G. Moultrie* | 601 |
| Hail! Festal Day (*Dedication Procession*) | *tr. G. Moultrie* | 586 |
| Hail! Festal Day (*Easter Procession*) | *tr. T. A. Lacey* | 455 |
| Hail! Festal Day (*Whitsuntide Procession*) | *tr. T. A. Lacey* | 483 |
| Hail, gladdening Light | *tr. J. Keble* | 308 |
| Hail, harbinger of morn | *tr. C. S. Calverley* | 516 |
| Hail! Holy Flesh of Jesus Christ | *tr. A. M. N.* | 602 |
| [Hail! Joyful Day, with blessing fraught (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 221] |
| [Hail, O thou of women born (see *The Sequences*) | | 135] |
| Hail, Spear and Nails | *tr. E. Caswall* | 432 |
| Hail the day that sees Him rise | *C. Wesley (altered)* | 475 |
| Hail the love and power amazing | *J. Wilson* | 497 |
| Hail the Sign, the Sign of Jesus | *S. Baring-Gould* | 725 |
| Hail, Thou Living Bread from Heaven | *tr. E. Caswall* | 603 |
| Hail, Thou Source of ev'ry blessing | *Basil Woodd* | 380 |
| Hail to another year | *H. F. Lyte* | 376 |
| Hail to the Lord's Anointed | *J. Montgomery* | 381 |
| Hail to Thee, True Body sprung. *Ave verum, tr.* | | 604 |
| Hail, True Body, born of Mary. *Ave verum, tr.* | | 605 |
| Hard is the painful wood | *Lady C. Petre* | 412 |
| Hark, my soul! it is the Lord | *W. Cowper* | 726 |
| Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes | *Dr. Doddridge* | 326 |
| Hark! the Herald Angels sing | *C. Wesley* | 345 |
| [Hark! the Hosts of Heaven are singing (see *The Sequences*) | | 117] |
| Hark, the sound of holy voices | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 575 |
| [Hark to the voice whose thrilling tone (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 182] |
| Have mercy, Lord, on me | *N. Tate* | 397 |
| Have mercy on us, God Most High | *Dr. Faber* | 492 |
| He comes with the swell of the Angels' Song | *Richard Gurney* | 727 |
| He is coming, He is coming | *C. F. Alexander* | 327 |
| He is risen, He is risen | *C. F. Alexander (altered)* | 456 |
| He the Confessor of the Lord, whose story (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 276 |
| He Who once in righteous vengeance | *tr. E. Caswall* | 435 |
| Hear Thy children, Gentle Jesus | *H. N. Oxenham* | 677 |
| [Hence, gloomy shades (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 168] |
| Herald in the wilderness | *Dean Alford* | 537 |
| Heralds of Jesus, through all time | *tr. E. Caswall* | 560 |
| Here in Thy Presence, dread and sweet | *Anon., 1860* | 594 |
| Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face | *Dr. Bonar* | 606 |
| Hermits of the desert waste | *tr. E. Caswall* | 567 |
| [Holiest Father, Merciful and Loving (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 225] |
| Holy Anna, Judah's glory | *tr. E. Caswall* | 527 |
| Holy Father, cheer our way | *R. H. Robinson* | 309 |
| Holy Father, hear my cry | *Dr. Bonar* | 728 |
| Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children | *Dr. Faber* | 484 |
| Holy Ghost, Divine Creator | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 485 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty | *Bp. Heber* | 493 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| Holy is the seed-time | *M. Headlam* | 649 |
| Holy Mother, be there (Part II.) | *tr. Provost Ball and others* | 436 |
| Holy Offerings, rich and rare | *Dr. Monsell* | 729 |
| Holy Spirit, Truth Divine | *S. Longfellow* | 730 |
| Hosanna in the Highest | *J. and C. Wesley* | 624 |
| How blessèd is the force of prayer | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 530 |
| How brightly beams the Morning Star | *J. C. Jacobi and others* | 731 |
| How shalt thou bear the Cross that now | *Dr. Faber* | 732 |
| How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds | *J. Newton* | 733 |
| [Humbly I adore Thee. *Adoro Te, to Plainsong Melody* | | 229] |
| I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be | *A. A. Procter* | 734 |
| I heard the Voice of Jesus say | *Dr. Bonar* | 735 |
| I love to hear the story | *E. H. Miller* | 678 |
| I loved the beauty of the earth | *H. N. Oxenham* | 736 |
| I need Thee, precious Jesu | *F. Whitfield* | 737 |
| I was a wandering sheep | *Dr. Bonar* | 661 |
| I was wandering and weary | *Dr. Faber* | 738 |
| I wish to have no wishes left | *Dr. Faber* | 739 |
| I worship Thee, sweet will of God | *Dr. Faber* | 740 |
| If there be that skills to reckon | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 576 |
| If we come to our Lord and in penitence | *S. Baring-Gould* | 741 |
| In a silence deep at midnight | *H. A. Rawes* | 346 |
| In days of old on Sinai | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 531 |
| In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord | *Dean Bullock* | 640 |
| In Heav'n 'tis given to rest thee | *tr. W. J. Blew* | 514 |
| [In our common celebration (see *The Sequences*) | | 129] |
| In the brightness of the sunshine | *H. A. Rawes* | 476 |
| In the Christian's Home in glory | *S. Y. Harmer* | 742 |
| In the Cross of Christ I glory | *Sir J. Bowring* | 511 |
| In the ending of the year | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 347 |
| In the Lord's atoning grief | *tr. F. Oakeley* | 413 |
| In token that thou shalt not fear | *Dean Alford* | 590 |
| It came upon the midnight clear | *E. H. Sears* | 348 |
| It is finish'd! Blessed Jesus | *Archbp. Maclagan* | 441 |
| It is finish'd! Types and symbols | *Mrs. J. Turner* | 414 |
| [It reach'd the brooding tyrant's ear (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 188] |
| [Jerusalem and Sion's daughters fair (see *The Sequences*) | | 150] |
| Jerusalem! my happy home | *John Brerely, S.J.* | 743 |
| Jerusalem on High | *S. Crossman* | 744 |
| Jerusalem the Golden (Part IV.) | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 820 |
| Jesu Christ, we know full surely | *G. H. Bourne* | 625 |
| [Jesu, Delight of Angel Hosts (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 257] |
| Jesu, God Incarnate. *Ave Verum, tr.* | | 607 |
| Jesu, grant me this I pray | *tr. Sir H. Baker* | 745 |
| Jesu, Lover of my soul | *C. Wesley* | 746 |
| Jesu, meek and gentle | *G. R. Prynne* | 747 |
| Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all | *H. Collins* | 748 |
| [Jesu, Redeemer of the world (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 184] |
| [Jesu, Salvation's Sun Divine (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 196] |
| Jesu, Solace of my soul | *tr. Dr. H. Kynaston* | 749 |
| [Jesu, the Law and Pattern, whence (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 199] |
| [Jesu, the very thought is sweet (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 255] |
| Jesu, the very thought of Thee | *tr. E. Caswall* | 750 |
| [Jesu, the Virgin's Crown (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 281] |
| [Jesu, the world's Redeeming Lord (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 299] |
| Jesu, we thus obey | *J. and C. Wesley* | 608 |
| Jesu, Word of God Incarnate. *Ave verum, tr.* | | 609 |
| Jesus! as though Thyself wert here | *tr. E. Caswall* | 433 |
| Jesus calls us o'er the tumult | *C. F. Alexander* | 494 |
| Jesus came, the Heavens adoring | *G. Thring* | 328 |
| Jesus Christ is risen to-day | *Anon., 1749* | 457 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| Jesus, gentlest Saviour | *Dr. Faber* | 626 |
| Jesus, High in glory | *Anon., 1847* | 679 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken | *H. F. Lyte* | 751 |
| Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament | *H. N. Oxenham* | 610 |
| Jesus is God! The solid earth | *Dr. Faber* | 752 |
| Jesus is here with us | *G. Moultrie (altered)* | 611 |
| Jesus lives! Thy terrors now | *tr. F. E. Cox* | 458 |
| Jesus, meek and lowly | *H. Collins* | 415 |
| [Jesus, Nazarene they name Thee (see *The Sequences*) | | 137] |
| Jesus, Refuge of the weary | *Anon., 1855* | 753 |
| Joy fills our inmost heart to-day | *W. C. Dix* | 349 |
| Joy! Joy! the Mother comes | *Dr. Faber* | 500 |
| [Joy to thee! to souls despairing (see *The Sequences*) | | 136] |
| [Keep the glorious Mother's Feast Day (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 241] |
| King of Israel, Word Incarnate | *H. A. Rawes* | 382 |
| King of Saints for ever | *Lt.-Col. Turton, R.E.* | 551 |
| Laud the grace of God victorious | *Dr. F. G. Lee* | 515 |
| Lead, kindly light | *Card. Newman* | 754 |
| Let all mortal flesh keep silence | *tr. G. Moultrie* | 612 |
| Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing | *G. Herbert* | 755 |
| [Let Angels chant thy praise (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 233] |
| [Let ev'ry heart exulting beat (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 256] |
| Let heart and voice together raise | *J. Wilson* | 495 |
| Let our Choir new anthems raise | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 561 |
| Let the Church of God rejoice | *Dean Alford* | 557 |
| Let the song be begun | *Dr. Neale* | 459 |
| [Let to-day above all other (see *The Sequences*) | | 148] |
| Let us with a gladsome mind | *John Milton (altered)* | 756 |
| Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart | *Sir E. Denny* | 654 |
| [Light of the soul, Thou Saviour Blest (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 254] |
| Light of the world, O shine on us | *A. Cambridge* | 757 |
| Light's abode, Celestial Salem | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 758 |
| Lilies white and roses red | *Anon.* | 570 |
| Lo! Angels' Bread. *Panis Angelicus* (Part II.) | | 227 |
| Lo! from the desert homes | *tr. I. Williams* | 517 |
| Lo! He comes | *C. Wesley and others* | 329 |
| [Lo! now is our accepted day (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 197] |
| Lo! round the Throne, a glorious | *Roland Hill and others* | 577 |
| [Lo! the blest Cross is display'd (see *The Sequences*) | | 134] |
| Lo! the Bread, which Angels feedeth. *Ecce Panis, tr.* | | 613 |
| [Lo! the Fount of earth's Salvation (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 242] |
| Lo! the Sacrifice Atoning | *Is. Leefe* | 627 |
| [Lo! with the morning (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 158] |
| Lone and weary, sad and dreary | *A. Starbright* | 398 |
| Look in pity, Lord of glory | *E. Caswall* | 646 |
| Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious | *T. Kelly* | 477 |
| Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee | *J. H. Gurney* | 759 |
| Lord, enthroned in Heav'nly splendour | *G. H. Bourne* | 614 |
| Lord, I hear of showers of blessing | *E. Codner* | 662 |
| Lord, in this Thy mercy's day | *I. Williams* | 399 |
| Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead | *J. Keble* | 471 |
| Lord, it belongs not to my care | *R. Baxter* | 760 |
| Lord Jesus, think on me | *A. W. Chatfield* | 400 |
| Lord of all, Thy glory veiling | *tr. R. Campbell* | 350 |
| Lord of mercy and of might | *Bp. Heber* | 761 |
| Lord of our life, and God of our salvation | *P. Pusey* | 763 |
| Lord of the worlds above | *Dr. Watts* | 762 |
| Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on High | *J. Montgomery* | 636 |
| Lord, to-day we praise Thee | *Is. Leefe* | 533 |
| Lord, we implore Thy mighty grace | *M. Winthrop* | 503 |
| Lord, when we bend before Thy Throne | *J. D. Carlyle* | 401 |
| Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast | *Anon.* | 632 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| [Maker of all, Eternal King (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 157] |
| [Maker of all things, God of love (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 167] |
| [Monarch of ages, hear us (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 266] |
| Most Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove | *Bp. Jenner* | 486 |
| [Most merciful! by Whom is sway'd (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 176] |
| Mother, from whose bosom's veil | *G. Moultrie* | 528 |
| My Father's Home Eternal | *Dr. Neale (altered)* | 764 |
| My God, accept my heart this day | *M. Bridges* | 595 |
| My God and Father, while I stray | *C. Elliott* | 767 |
| My God, and is Thy Table spread | *Dr. Doddridge* | 615 |
| My God! how wonderful Thou art | *Dr. Faber* | 765 |
| My God, I love Thee; not because | *tr. E. Caswall* | 766 |
| My Lord in glory reigning | *S. Baring-Gould* | 768 |
| My Lord, my Master, at Thy Feet | *tr. T. B. Pollock* | 416 |
| My sins, my sins, my Saviour | *Dr. Monsell* | 402 |
| My spirit longs for Thee | *J. Byrom* | 769 |
| Nearer, my God, to Thee | *S. F. Adams* | 770 |
| Never further than Thy Cross | *E. Rundle Charles* | 771 |
| New ev'ry morning is the love | *J. Keble* | 303 |
| No more of strife! no more of pain | *tr. F. Pott* | 461 |
| No more sadness now, nor fasting | *Dr. Neale* | 351 |
| None other Lamb, none other Name | *C. G. Rossetti* | 772 |
| Not all the blood of beasts | *Dr. Watts* | 403 |
| Not by the Martyr's death alone | *tr. I. Williams* | 566 |
| Now are the days of humblest prayer | *Dr. Faber* | 404 |
| [Now Christ returning to His own (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 220] |
| Now Father, we commend | *Bp. Bickersteth* | 310 |
| Now let each cheer his comrade (Part II.) | *T. B. Pollock* | 837 |
| [Now let our voices rehearse (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 300] |
| [Now let the earth with joy resound (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 267] |
| Now lift your glad voices | *H. Ware* | 460 |
| Now on the Holy Ghost let us call | *v. 1 tr. G. R. Woodward* | 773 |
| Now our Heav'nly Aaron enters (Part II.) | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 479 |
| Now returns the Awful Morning | *J. Anstice and J. Ellerton* | 440 |
| Now thank we all our God | *tr. C. Winkworth* | 774 |
| [Now that the daylight fills the sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 291] |
| Now the day is over | *S. Baring-Gould* | 680 |
| [Now the thirty years accomplish'd (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 202] |
| Now to God on High be glory | *Alfred Gurney* | 352 |
| [O Blest Creator, God Most High (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 178] |
| [O child of God, remember (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 298] |
| [O Christ, Thou art our Joy alone (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 217] |
| [O Christ, Thou Lord of worlds (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 265] |
| O Christ, Thou Son of Mary | *W. C. Dix* | 549 |
| [O Christ, Who art the Light and Day (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 297] |
| O come, all ye faithful | (*Adeste, fideles*) *tr. F. Oakley and others* | 353 |
| O come and mourn with me awhile | *Dr. Faber* | 417 |
| O come, O come, Emmanuel | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 330 |
| O come to the merciful Saviour | *Dr. Faber* | 775 |
| O day of rest and gladness | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 321 |
| O Father, Thou Who hast created all | *tr. C. Winkworth* | 589 |
| [O glorious Virgin, ever blest (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 287] |
| [O God, Creation's Force and Stay (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 294] |
| O God of Hosts, the Mighty Lord | *N. Tate and N. Brady* | 776 |
| [O God of Truth, O Lord of might (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 293] |
| O God, our help in ages past | *Dr. Watts* | 777 |
| O God, unseen yet ever near | *Ed. Osler* | 616 |
| O God, Who metest in Thine Hand | *Dr. Littledale* | 643 |
| [O God, Whose Hand hath spread the sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 169] |
| O Great Absolver (Part II.) | *S. J. Stone* | 409 |
| [O great Apostle Paul (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 231] |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| [O great Creator of the sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 163] |
| O happy band of pilgrims | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 778 |
| O Heav'nly Jerusalem | *tr. I. Williams* | 552 |
| [O Heav'nly Word, Eternal Light (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 181] |
| O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace | *tr. J. Chandler* | 779 |
| O Jerusalem, belovèd | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 501 |
| O Jesu! as we watch Thee hang | *Mrs. J. Turner* | 418 |
| O Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear | *tr. C. Winkworth* | 592 |
| [O Jesu, Crown above the sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 280] |
| O Jesu, in Thy torture | *Dr. Littledale* | 419 |
| [O Jesu, Life-spring of the Soul (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 259] |
| [O Jesu, Lord of Heav'nly grace (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 162] |
| O Jesu, Lord, remember | *E. Caswall* | 628 |
| [O Jesu, Saviour of the earth (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 262] |
| O Jesu, Thou art standing | *Bp. W. W. How* | 780 |
| O Jesus, God and Man | *Dr. Faber* | 681 |
| O Jesus, Lamb of God | *Anon.* | 781 |
| O joyful was the morn | *tr. R. Campbell* | 354 |
| O King enthroned on High | *tr. J. Brownlie* | 487 |
| O King of kings, Thy blessing shed | *Anon., 1819* | 645 |
| O King of Saints, to Thee | *Lt.-Col. Turton, R.E.* | 578 |
| O Lamb of God, Whose love Divine | *V. S. S. Coles* | 569 |
| O Lord of Heav'n and earth and sea | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 782 |
| O Lord, to Whom the spirits live | *Dr. Littledale* | 554 |
| O Lord, turn not Thy Face from me | *J. Marckant* | 405 |
| O Love, Who formedst me to wear | *tr. C. Winkworth* | 783 |
| [O Merciful Creator, hear (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 195] |
| O my tongue, the praise and honour | *tr. Provost Ball* | 583 |
| O noble Martyr, thee we sing | *Dr. Littledale* | 507 |
| O Paradise! O Paradise | *Dr. Faber* | 784 |
| O Perfect Love, all human thought transcending | *D. Blomfield* | 633 |
| [O Peter, Shepherd good. *June 29* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 240] |
| [O Peter, Shepherd good. *August 1* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 250] |
| O Priestly Hands, which on the cruel Cross | *G. F. L. Bampfield* | 434 |
| O Sacred Head surrounded | *tr. Sir H. Baker* | 420 |
| O Sacred Heart | *Father Stanfield* | 785 |
| [O Saint most blessed (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 238] |
| O Saving Victim, op'ning wide. *O Salutaris, tr.* | | 617 |
| [O Saviour of the world, we pray (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 296] |
| O sinner, lift the eye of faith | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 421 |
| O Sion, open wide thy gates | *tr. E. Caswall* | 502 |
| O Sons and daughters, let us sing | *tr. Dr. Neale and others* | 462 |
| O Soul of Jesus, sick to death | *Dr. Faber* | 429 |
| [O that to sinners (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 236] |
| O the Mystery, passing wonder | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 618 |
| O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows | *T. Haweis* | 786 |
| [O Thou, of light Creator Blest (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 160] |
| O Thou sweetest Source of gladness | *tr. J. C. Jacobi* | 787 |
| O Thou, th' Eternal Father's Word | *tr. E. Caswall* | 568 |
| [O Thou, the Heav'ns' Eternal King (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 211] |
| [O Thou, the Martyrs' Glorious King (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 273] |
| O Thou, the weary pilgrim's rest | *tr. E. Caswall* | 488 |
| O Thou, Who makest souls to shine | *Bp. Armstrong* | 637 |
| [O Thou, Whose all-redeeming might (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 279] |
| O Thou, Whose love Paternal | *S. J. Stone* | 634 |
| [O Three in One, and One in Three. *Fri. Morn.* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 173] |
| [O Three in One, and One in Three. *Trinity Sun.* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 224] |
| O to have dwelt in Bethlehem | *A. A. Procter* | 788 |
| O what if we are Christ's | *Sir H. Baker* | 562 |
| O what their joy and their glory must be | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 789 |
| [O with what glorious (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 288] |
| O Word of God above | *tr. I. Williams and others* | 588 |
| O Word of Truth! in devious paths | *tr. J. Brownlie* | 311 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| O world, I must forsake thee | *tr. C. Winkworth* | 790 |
| O worship the King | *Rt. Hon. Sir R. Grant* | 791 |
| O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness | *Dr. Monsell* | 792 |
| O'er the hill and o'er the vale | *Dr. Neale* | 383 |
| O'erwhelm'd in depths of woe | *tr. E. Caswall* | 430 |
| [Of all Thy warrior Saints, O Lord (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 272] |
| Of the Father's Love begotten | *tr. Dr. Neale and others* | 355 |
| [Of the glorious Body telling (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 226] |
| Of the Martyrs we sing | *tr. I. Williams* | 563 |
| [Offspring, yet Maker. *Virgin and Martyr* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 282] |
| [Offspring, yet Maker. *Virgin, not Martyr* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 283] |
| Oft in danger, oft in woe | *H. Kirke White (altered)* | 793 |
| On Easter Morn Christ rose again | *tr. J. W. Hewett* | 463 |
| On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry | *tr. J. Chandler* | 331 |
| On the Bosom of the Saviour | *Dr. Faber* | 625 |
| On the Resurrection morning | *S. Baring-Gould* | 464 |
| Once again, O blessèd time | *Dr. Bright* | 356 |
| Once in royal David's City | *C. F. Alexander* | 357 |
| Once more the solemn season calls | *tr. J. Chandler and others* | 406 |
| Once, only once, and once for all | *Dr. Bright* | 619 |
| One there is above all others | *M. Nunn* | 794 |
| Only one prayer to-day | *W. C. Dix* | 392 |
| Onward, Christian soldiers | *S. Baring-Gould* | 795 |
| Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed | *H. Auber* | 796 |
| [Our festal strains to-day reveal (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 277] |
| Our Master hath a Garden | *tr. S. S. Greatheed* | 797 |
| | | |
| Palms of glory, raiment bright | *J. Montgomery* | 579 |
| Peace, perfect peace | *Bp. Bickersteth* | 798 |
| [Pelican of mercy. *Pie Pelicane* (to *Plainsong Melody*) | | 229] |
| Praise my soul, the King of Heaven | *H. F. Lyte* | 799 |
| [Praise, O Sion, praise thy Pastor (see *The Sequences*) | | 128] |
| Praise the Lord! ye Heav'ns adore Him | *Anon., 1800* | 800 |
| Praise to God, immortal praise | *A. L. Barbauld* | 650 |
| Praise to God Who reigns above | *Father R. M. Benson* | 543 |
| Praise to the Holiest in the Height | *Card. Newman* | 390 |
| Praise we our God this day | *Anon., 1847* | 506 |
| [Praise we the woman, who, endued (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 284] |
| [Pure Light of Light (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 164] |
| | | |
| Quite through the streets (Part III.) | *John Brerely, S.J.* | 743 |
| | | |
| [Raise your voices. *Christmas* (see *The Sequences*) | | 118] |
| [Raise your voices. *Dedication of a Church* (see *The Sequences*) | | 149] |
| [Regard us with a pitying eye (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 245] |
| Rescue the perishing | *F. J. van Alstyne* | 663 |
| Resting from His work to-day | *T. Whytehead* | 443 |
| Return, O wand'rer, to thy Home | *T. Hastings* | 664 |
| Ride on! ride on in majesty | *Dean Milman* | 438 |
| [Right wondrously released (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 248] |
| Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise | *M. Bridges* | 478 |
| [Robes of royal honour wearing (see *The Sequences*) | | 141] |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for me | *A. Toplady* | 801 |
| Royal Day that chasest gloom | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 358 |
| | | |
| Safe in the arms of Jesus | *F. J. van Alstyne* | 802 |
| Safely, safely gathered in | *H. O. Dobrée* | 672 |
| [Saint of God, elect and precious (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 186] |
| Saint of the Sacred Heart | *Dr. Faber* | 370 |
| Saint of the thorns and roses | *Is. Leefe* | 505 |
| Saints of God, whom faith united | *Dr. Neale* | 550 |
| Sanctify me wholly | *tr. Provost Ball* | 422 |
| Saviour, amid the throng that press'd | *Sir E. Denny* | 423 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| Saviour, Blessèd Saviour | *G. Thring* | 803 |
| Saviour, like a shepherd lead us | *H. Lyte* | 682 |
| [Saviour of men, Who dost impart (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 215] |
| Saviour, sprinkle many nations | *Bp. Cleveland Coxe* | 655 |
| See, amid the winter's snow | *E. Caswall* | 359 |
| See the Conqueror mounts in triumph | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 479 |
| Shall we gather at the river | *R. Lowry* | 804 |
| Shall we not love thee, Mother dear | *Sir H. Baker* | 584 |
| Shine on our souls, Eternal God | *P. Doddridge* | 805 |
| Silent night! hallow'd night | *tr. from J. Mohr* | 360 |
| [Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 201] |
| [Sing vict'ry, O ye seas and lands (see *The Sequences*) | | 125] |
| [Sing we all with jubilation (see *The Sequences*) | | 143] |
| Sing we the praise of Peter | *tr. F. Oakeley* | 520 |
| Sleep, Holy Babe | *E. Caswall* | 361 |
| Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest | *S. Doudney* | 669 |
| Sleep thy last sleep | *S. A. Dayman* | 670 |
| Soldiers of Christ, arise | *C. Wesley* | 806 |
| Soldiers of the Cross, arise | *Bp. W. W. How* | 660 |
| Songs of praise the Angels sang | *J. Montgomery* | 807 |
| Songs of thankfulness and praise | *Bp. C. Wordsworth* | 384 |
| Souls of men, why will ye scatter | *Dr. Faber* | 808 |
| Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love | *Anon., 1774* | 489 |
| Starry hosts are gleaming | *E. L. Lee* | 312 |
| Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 544 |
| Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear | *J. Keble* | 313 |
| Sunset and evening star | *Lord Tennyson* | 809 |
| Sweet Saviour, bless us, ere we go | *Dr. Faber* | 314 |
| Sweet the moments, rich in blessing | *J. Allen and Hon. W. Shirley* | 424 |
| | | |
| Take up thy Cross, the Saviour said | *C. W. Everest* | 810 |
| Tell it out among the heathen | *F. R. Havergal* | 811 |
| Ten thousand times ten thousand | *Dean Alford* | 812 |
| Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd | *tr. C. Winkworth* | 673 |
| That day of wrath, that dreadful day | *Sir W. Scott* | 332 |
| [That Eastertide with joy is bright (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 270] |
| [That which of old time (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 232] |
| The Advent of our King | *tr. J. Chandler* | 333 |
| [The Apostles' hearts were full of pain (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 269] |
| The Cedar of Lebanon | *Dr. Littledale* | 362 |
| The Church has waited long | *Dr. Bonar* | 813 |
| [The Church on earth, with answering love (see *The Sequences*) | | 146] |
| The Church's One Foundation | *S. J. Stone* | 814 |
| The clouds of night | *tr. Dr. Neale and G. R. Woodward* | 465 |
| The Cross, the Cross! Oh, bid it rise | *Anon., 1862* | 539 |
| The dawn is purpling all the sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 212 |
| The day is past and over | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 315 |
| The Day of Resurrection | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 466 |
| [The eternal gifts of Christ the King (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 268] |
| [The faithful stem of Jesse blooms (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 246] |
| [The Fast, as taught by holy lore (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 193] |
| [The Father's pardon from above (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 263] |
| [The Father's Sole-begotten Son (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 192] |
| [The fiery sun now fades from sight. *Saturday* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 179] |
| [The fiery sun now fades from sight. *Trinity* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 222] |
| The foe behind, the deep before | *Dr. Neale* | 467 |
| [The God, Whom earth, and sea, and sky (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 286] |
| The great Apostle call'd by Christ | *Dean Alford* | 521 |
| The Head that once was crown'd with thorns | *T. Kelly* | 815 |
| [The Heav'nly Word proceeding forth (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 228] |
| [The herald bird in accents clear (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 165] |
| The highest and the holiest place | *Dean Alford* | 504 |
| [The Lamb's high banquet call'd to share (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 213] |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| [The Lamb's high banquet we await (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 214] |
| The Land beyond the Sea! | *Dr. Faber* | 816 |
| The Leaders of the Church of Christ | *tr. G. Phillimore* | 558 |
| [The Life of God's Incarnate Word (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 187] |
| [The limbs, which slumber hath set free (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 161] |
| The Lord is risen indeed | *T. Kelly* | 468 |
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare | *J. Addison* | 817 |
| [The Martyrs' wondrous deeds we sing (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 275] |
| [The merits of the Saints (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 274] |
| The night is closing o'er us | *tr. W. J. Blew* | 316 |
| [The praises that the Blessèd know (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 278] |
| The race that long in darkness sat | *Dr. J. Morrison* | 385 |
| The radiant morn hath pass'd away | *G. Thring* | 317 |
| The roseate hues of early dawn | *C. F. Alexander* | 818 |
| [The Royal Banners forward go (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 200] |
| The shadows of the evening hours | *A. A. Procter* | 318 |
| [The sighs and the sorrows (see *The Sequences*) | | 132] |
| The snow lay on the ground | *Anon.* | 363 |
| The Son of God goes forth to war | *Bp. Heber* | 564 |
| The spacious firmament on high | *J. Addison* | 819 |
| [The strain upraise (see *The Sequences*) | | 124] |
| The sun is sinking fast | *tr. E. Caswall* | 319 |
| [The veil of night but lately laid (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 170] |
| The Voice that breathed o'er Eden | *J. Keble* | 635 |
| The world is very evil | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 820 |
| The world itself keeps Easter Day | *Dr. Neale* | 469 |
| The year begins with Thee | *J. Keble* | 373 |
| [Thee, O Christ, the Father's Splendour (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 258] |
| Thee, we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee | *tr. Bp. Woodford* | 620 |
| Their names are names of Kings | *S. J. Stone* | 565 |
| There is a blessèd Home | *Sir H. Baker* | 821 |
| There is a book, who runs may read | *J. Keble* | 389 |
| There is a Fountain fill'd with Blood | *W. Cowper* | 425 |
| There's a Friend for little children | *A. Midlane* | 684 |
| There is a green hill far away | *C. F. Alexander* | 683 |
| There is a happy Land | *A. Young* | 822 |
| There no waxing moon (Part II.) | *tr. A. D. Wackerbarth and others* | 718 |
| There were ninety and nine | *E. C. Clephane* | 823 |
| They are waiting for our coming | | 824 |
| They come, God's Messengers of love | *R. Campbell* | 545 |
| They could not make his shrine too bright | *Is. Leefe* | 547 |
| They leave the land of gems and gold | *Aubrey de Vere* | 386 |
| They whom many a land divides | *Dr. Neale* | 825 |
| They whose course on earth is o'er (Part II.) | *Dr. Neale* | 825 |
| Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old | *Dean Plumptre* | 638 |
| Thine for ever! God of love | *M. F. Maude* | 826 |
| This is My Body Which is given for you | *C. L. Ford* | 439 |
| [This is the day. *Antiphon for Easter* (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 203 to 209] |
| This is the day of Light | *J. Ellerton* | 322 |
| Those Eternal Bowers | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 827 |
| Thou art gone to the grave | *Bp. Heber* | 671 |
| Thou art gone up on High | *Emma Toke* | 480 |
| Thou art the Way; to Thee alone | *Bp. Doane* | 828 |
| Thou didst leave Thy Throne | *E. S. Elliott* | 829 |
| [Thou for ever our Salvation (see *The Sequences*) | | 116] |
| [Thou in the desert (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 237] |
| [Thou Martyr of unconquer'd might (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 271] |
| [Thou only Hope of all below (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 194] |
| Thou shalt be crown'd, O Mother blest | *E. Rundle Charles* | 585 |
| Thou, Whose Almighty Word | *J. Marriott* | 656 |
| Though the lowliest Form (Part II.) | *G. H. Bourne* | 614 |
| Thousands have felt Thy healing power | *C. M. Caddell* | 426 |
| Three in One, and One in Three | *G. Rorison* | 830 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| Through all the changing scenes of life | *N. Tate* | 831 |
| Through Rome's immuriate city | *tr. Dr. Littledale* | 512 |
| Through the day Thy love has spared us | *T. Kelly* | 320 |
| Through the night of doubt and sorrow | *tr. S. Baring-Gould* | 832 |
| Thy pains, not mine, O Christ | *Dr. Bonar* | 407 |
| Thy way, not mine, O Lord | *Dr. Bonar* | 833 |
| To Jesus' Heart all burning | *Anon.* | 834 |
| To the Name that brings Salvation | *tr. Dr. Neale* | 835 |
| To-day above the sky He soar'd | *tr. J. W. Hewitt and Dr. Neale* | 481 |
| To-day Thy mercy calls me | *O. Allen* | 629 |
| [Trinity, Unity, Deity (see *The Sequences*) | | 127] |
| 'Twas about the dead of night | *Dr. Neale* | 470 |
| Two brothers freely cast their lot | *Card. Newman* | 526 |
| | | |
| Unfurl the blood-red banner | *Benj. Gough* | 657 |
| [Unto Jesus hasten ye (see *The Sequences*) | | 121] |
| Up in Heaven, up in Heaven | *C. F. Alexander* | 685 |
| Uplift the banner! Let it float | *Bp. Doane* | 658 |
| | | |
| [Virgin Saints of high renown (see *The Sequences*) | | 147] |
| Virgin, thou of virgins (Part III.) | *tr. Provost Ball and others* | 436 |
| | | |
| We are but little children weak | *C. F. Alexander* | 686 |
| We are but strangers here | *T. R. Taylor* | 836 |
| We are soldiers of Christ | *T. B. Pollock* | 837 |
| We come to Thee, Sweet Saviour | *Dr. Faber* | 408 |
| We have not seen, we cannot see | *Dr. Neale* | 496 |
| We keep the Feast in gladness | *tr. Dr. Littledale* | 538 |
| We know not a voice of that River | *C. G. Rossetti* | 838 |
| We love the place, O God | *Dean Bullock and others* | 839 |
| We plough the fields and scatter | *tr. J. M. Campbell* | 651 |
| We praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry soul | *Father R. M. Benson* | 840 |
| We praise Thy grace, O Saviour | *Bp. W. W. How* | 508 |
| We sing the glorious conquest | *J. Ellerton* | 499 |
| We speak of the Realms of the Blest | *E. Mills* | 841 |
| Weary of earth and laden with my sin | *S. J. Stone* | 409 |
| Weeping as they go their way | *W. S. Raymond* | 442 |
| [Welcome, Festival Day. *Ascension Procession* (see *The Introits, &c*) | | 45] |
| [Welcome, Festival Day. *Corpus Christi Procession* (see *The Introits, &c.*) | | 53] |
| [Welcome, Festival Day. *Dedication Procession* (see *The Introits, &c.*) | | 104] |
| [Welcome, Festival Day. *Easter Procession* (see *The Introits, &c.*) | | 36] |
| [Welcome, Festival Day. *Whitsunday Procession* (see *The Introits, &c.*) | | 48] |
| Welcome that star in Judah's sky | *R. S. Hawker* | 387 |
| Welcome to us is Christmas Morn | *Anon.* | 482 |
| What are these in bright array | *J. Montgomery* | 580 |
| What are these that glow from afar | *C. G. Rossetti* | 842 |
| [What beauty hath this solemn tide (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 198] |
| What shall we bring to Thee | *tr. J. Brownlie* | 364 |
| [Whate'er on earth below (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 249] |
| When Christ the Lord would come on earth | *Dean Alford* | 518 |
| When day's shadows lengthen | *Dr. F. G. Lee (altered)* | 630 |
| When God of old came down from Heav'n | *J. Keble* | 490 |
| When Holy Church went forth to war | *G. W. Cox* | 536 |
| When I survey the wondrous Cross | *Dr. Watts* | 427 |
| When morning gilds the skies | *tr. E. Caswall* | 843 |
| When our heads are bow'd with woe | *Dean Milman* | 844 |
| When the day of toil is done | *J. Ellerton* | 845 |
| When the Lord makes up His jewels | *Is. Leefe* | 524 |
| When the Patriarch was returning | *tr. E. Caswall* | 621 |
| When Thou shalt come, O Lord | *tr. J. Brownlie* | 334 |
| When wounded sore the stricken heart | *C. F. Alexander* | 410 |
| Where the mourner weeping | *tr. F. E. Cox* | 846 |
| Where the Sacred Body (Part III.) | *tr. A. D. Wackerbarth and others* | 718 |

| | | HYMN |
|---|---|---|
| While Shepherds watch'd | *N. Tate* | 365 |
| While the Cross | *Mrs. J. Turner, l.v. Canon Stowell* | 847 |
| Whither thus in holy rapture | *tr. E. Caswall* | 523 |
| Who are these like stars appearing | *tr. F. E. Cox* | 553 |
| Who is this so weak and helpless | *Bp. W. W. How* | 848 |
| Who is this that shines so bright | *G. Moultrie* | 534 |
| [Who the pilgrim soul defendeth (see *The Sequences*) | | 138] |
| [Why ruthless Herod vainly fear (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 190] |
| [With chasten'd look and reverence meet (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 244] |
| With Christ we share a mystic grave | *Dr. Neale* | 591 |
| With pain earth's joys are mingled | *tr. Dr. Littledale* | 555 |
| With trembling awe the chosen three | *Bp. W. W. How* | 532 |
| Work, for the night is coming | *S. Dyer* | 849 |
| Worship, honour, glory, blessing | *E. Osler* | 850 |
| [Ye choirs of New Jerusalem (see *The Office Hymns*) | | 210] |
| Ye people, cease from tears | *tr. R. Campbell* | 366 |
| Ye servants of the Lord | *Dr. Doddridge* | 335 |
| Ye that pass by, behold the Man | *C. Wesley* | 428 |
| [Yesterday, with exultation (see *The Sequences*) | | 119] |
| Yet there is room | *Dr. Bonar* | 665 |
| Young and old must raise the lay | *Dr. Neale* | 367 |


## LITANIES.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Litany of the Blessed Sacrament | *tr. H. Collins (?)* | 857 |
| Litany of the Church | *T. B. Pollock* | 856 |
| Litany of the Faithful Departed | *G. Moultrie* | 859 |
| Litany of the Holy Childhood | *A Committee of Clergy* | 860 |
| Litany of the Holy Spirit | *T. B. Pollock* | 855 |
| Litany of our Lord Jesus Christ | *H. Collins* | 853 |
| Litany of the Passion | *A Committee of Clergy* | 852 |
| Litany of Penitence | *T. B. Pollock* | 851 |
| Litany of the Rogation Days | *tr. J. Brownlie* | 854 |
| Litany of Times of Trouble | *J. J. Cummins* | 858 |

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## PART III.

## HYMNS NEW AND OLD, SACRED SONGS AND CAROLS.


| | HYMNS. |
|---|---|
| Morning ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 301—303 |
| Evening ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 304—320 |
| Sunday ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 321—323 |
| The Christian Year from Advent to Trinity ... ... ... | 324—493 |
| Proper of Saints ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 494—556 |
| Common of Saints: | |
| Common of Apostles ... ... ... ... ... ... | 557, 558 |
| Common of Evangelists ... ... ... ... ... | 559, 560 |
| Common of Martyrs ... ... ... ... ... ... | 561—565 |
| Common of Confessors ... ... ... ... ... ... | 566 |
| Hermit Saints ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 567 |
| Doctors of the Church ... ... ... ... ... ... | 568 |
| Virgins ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 569 |
| Virgin Martyrs ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 570 |
| Common of any Saint ... ... ... ... ... ... | 571—580 |
| Common of Blessed Virgin Mary ... ... ... ... | 581—585 |
| Dedication of a Church ... ... ... ... ... ... | 586—588 |
| Sacramental: | |
| Holy Baptism ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 589—592 |
| Confirmation ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 593—595 |
| Holy Eucharist ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 596—628 |
| Penance ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 629 |
| Last Sacraments ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 630 |
| Holy Order ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 631 |
| Holy Matrimony ... ... ... ... ... ... | 632—635 |
| Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings: | |
| Ember Days ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 636, 637 |
| Hospitals ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 638 |
| Time of Trouble... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 639 |
| Time of Pestilence ... ... ... ... ... ... | 640 |
| Time of War ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 641 |
| For those at Sea ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 642, 643 |
| Accession of the Sovereign ... ... ... ... ... | 644, 645 |
| Renewal of Baptismal Vows ... ... ... ... ... | 646 |
| Harvest ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 647—651 |

| | HYMNS. |
|---|---|
| MISSIONS: | |
| Foreign Missions ... ... ... ... ... ... | 652—658 |
| Home Missions ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 659, 660 |
| Parochial Missions ... ... ... ... ... ... | 661—665 |
| BURIAL OF THE DEAD: | |
| Burial of an Adult ... ... ... ... ... ... | 666—671 |
| Burial of a Child ... ... ... ... ... ... | 672, 673 |
| Burial at Sea ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 674 |
| CHILDREN'S HYMNS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 675—686 |
| GENERAL HYMNS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 687—850 |


## PART IV.

## LITANIES.


| | |
|---|---|
| Litany of Penitence ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 851 |
| Litany of the Passion ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 852 |
| Litany of our Lord Jesus Christ ... ... ... ... ... | 853 |
| Litany of the Rogation Days ... ... ... ... ... ... | 854 |
| Litany of the Holy Spirit ... ... ... ... ... ... | 855 |
| Litany of the Church ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 856 |
| Litany of the Blessed Sacrament ... ... ... ... ... | 857 |
| Litany of Times of Trouble ... ... ... ... ... ... | 858 |
| Litany of the Faithful Departed ... ... ... ... ... | 859 |
| Litany of the Holy Childhood ... ... ... ... ... ... | 860 |


## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.


| | PAGE. |
|---|---|
| FORM I. .. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 619 |
| FORM II. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 620 |
| FORM III. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 620 |
| FORM IV. (CHILDREN'S VESPERS) ... ... ... ... ... | 621 |

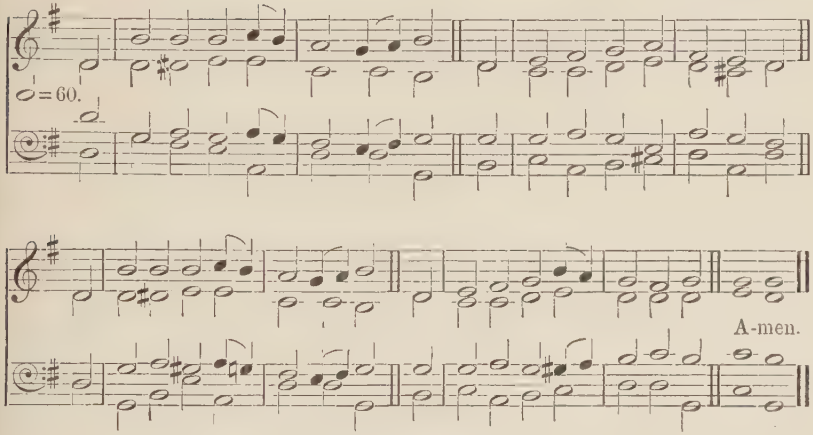
PART III.

# HYMNS NEW AND OLD, SACRED SONGS AND CAROLS.

## Hymns for the Week.

**301** *MORNING.*

SCHUMANN. From R. SCHUMANN.




1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning Sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how th' All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**302**

RATISBON.

Formed on the Melody of *Grosser Prophete*, NEANDER's Collection, 1680. (See Cowan and Love.)

♩=78.

A- men.

1 CHRIST, Whose Glory fills the skies,
Christ, the True, and Only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on High, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

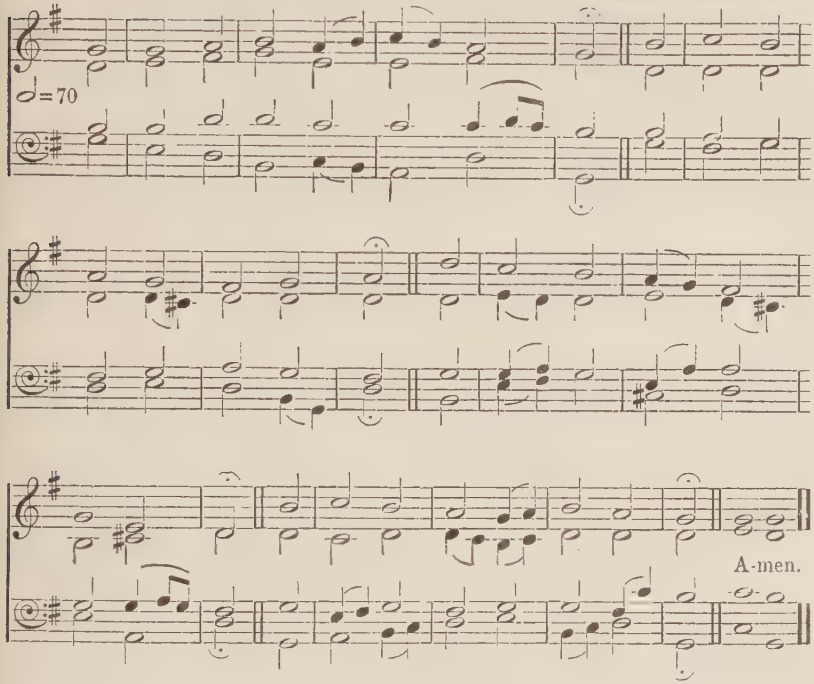
3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display
Shining to the Perfect Day.

# Morning.

**303**

WENN WIR IN HÖCHSTEN NÖTHEN SEIN.

JOHANN BAPTISTA,
Musician in Vienna, 1560.




1 NEW ev'ry morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us, while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heav'n.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and ev'ry day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

## 304 *EVENING.*

OLD 124TH PSALM. L. BOURGEOIS, 1551.

♩=110.

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me,

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

1 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me. (*bis.*)

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me. (*bis.*)

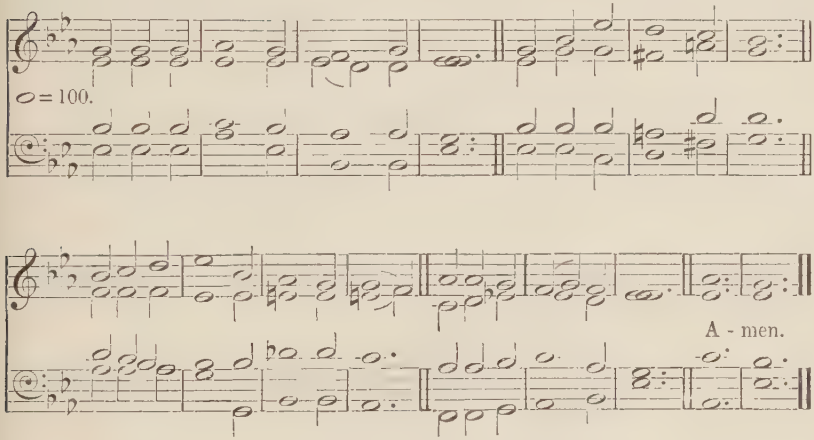
3 I need Thy Presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's pow'r?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me. (*bis.*)

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me. (*bis.*)

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. (*bis.*)

## 305

FONS AMORIS. C. J. RIDSDALE.



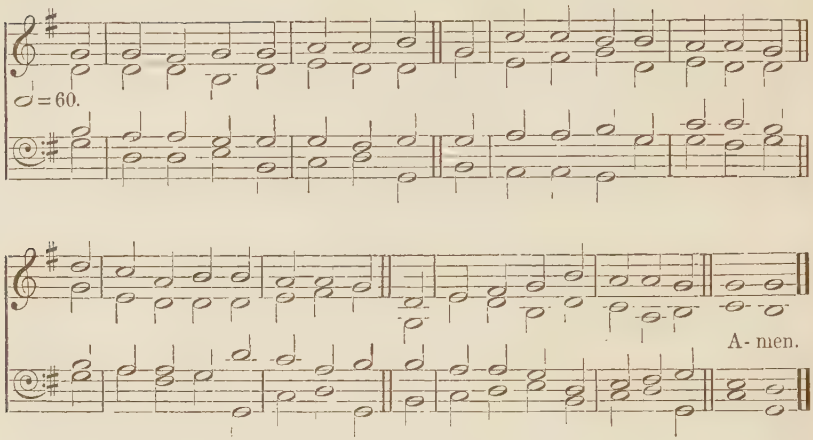

1 As now the sun's declining rays
Towards the West descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

2 Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretch'd
To draw Thy people nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.

3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

306

TALLIS. T. TALLIS.




1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Awful Day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with Heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

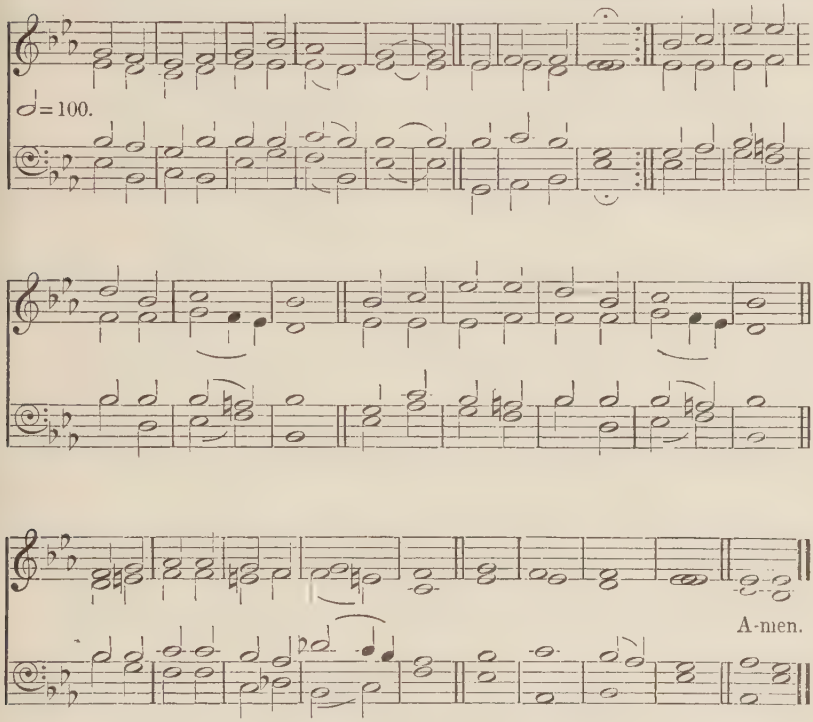
6 O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love Angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 307

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Founded on the Melody *Schmücke dich* by CRÜGER.




1 GOD, That madest earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, O God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

308

LAUDES VESPERTINAE.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

♩=94. Hail, gladd'ning Light, of His pure glo - ry pour'd,

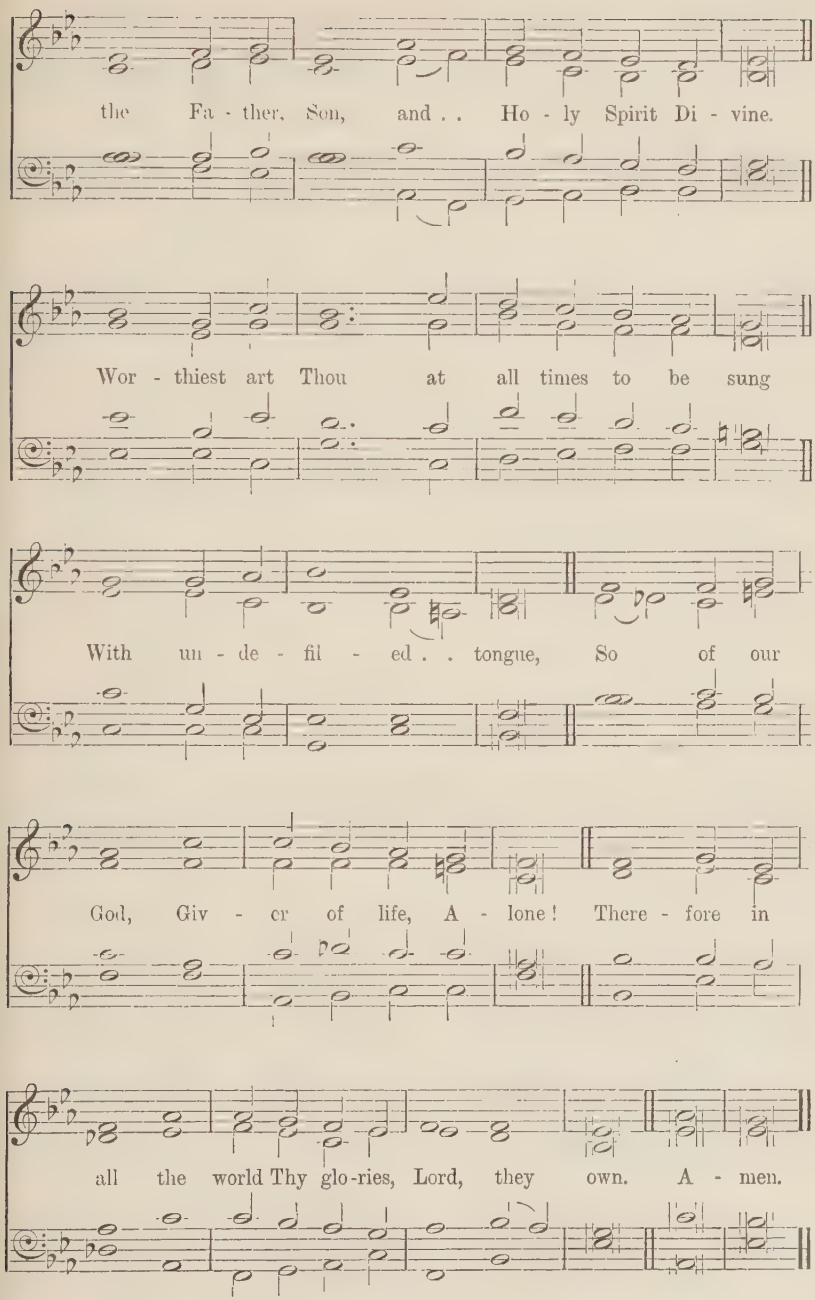
Who is th' Im - mor - tal . . Fa - ther, Heav'n-ly, Blest,

Ho - liest of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord!

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,

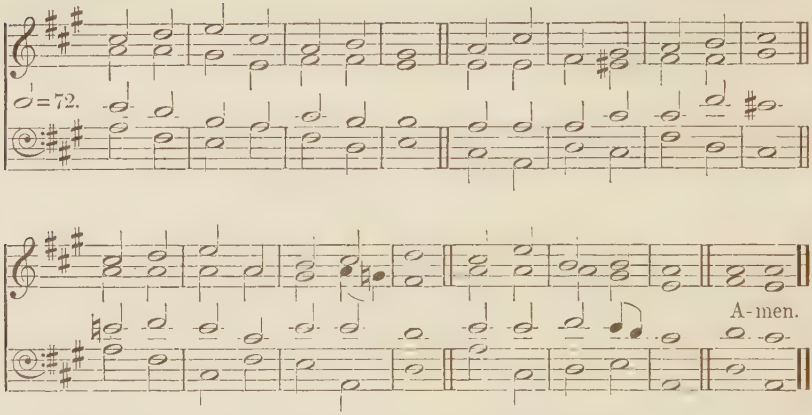
The lights of eve - ning round us shine, We hymn

# Evening.


the Fa - ther, Son, and . . Ho - ly Spirit Di - vine.
Wor - thiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With un - de - fil - ed . . tongue, So of our
God, Giv - er of life, A - lone! There - fore in
all the world Thy glo-ries, Lord, they own. A - men.

## 309

S. ELEANOR. J. S. GEIKIE.




1 HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us ev'ry closing day
Light at evening time.

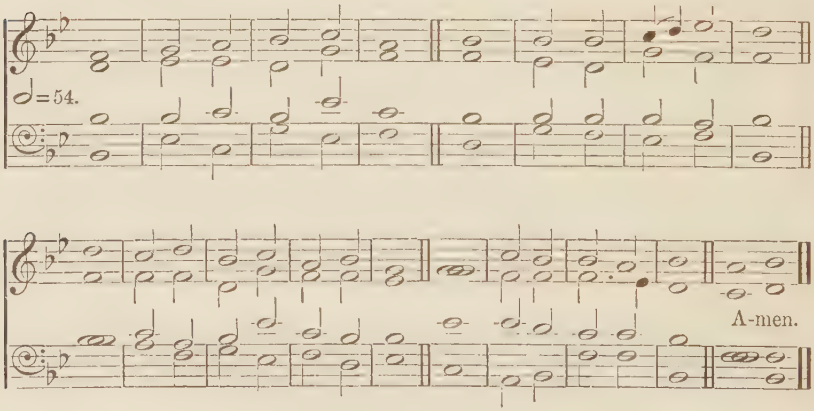
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

## 310

NOW, FATHER. HAYNE.

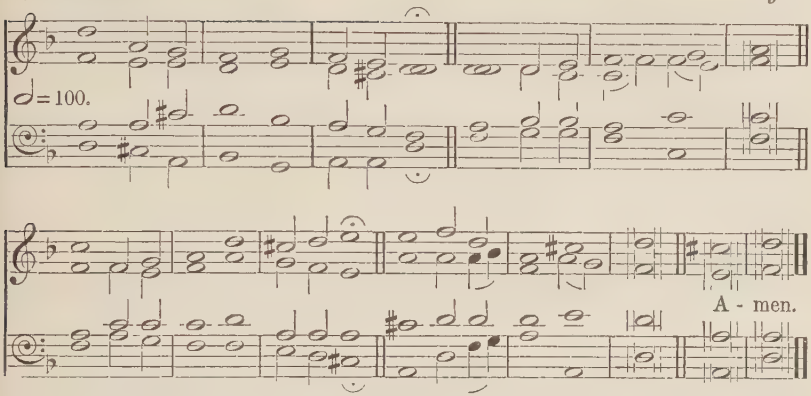



1 Now, Father, we commend
Ourselves to Thee this night;
Oh, watch us, keep us, and defend,
Till break of morning light.

## 311

BLACKBURN.

From R. A. Smith's *Sacred Harmony.*




1 O Word of Truth! in devious paths
My wayward feet have trod;
I have not kept the day serene
I gave at morn to God.

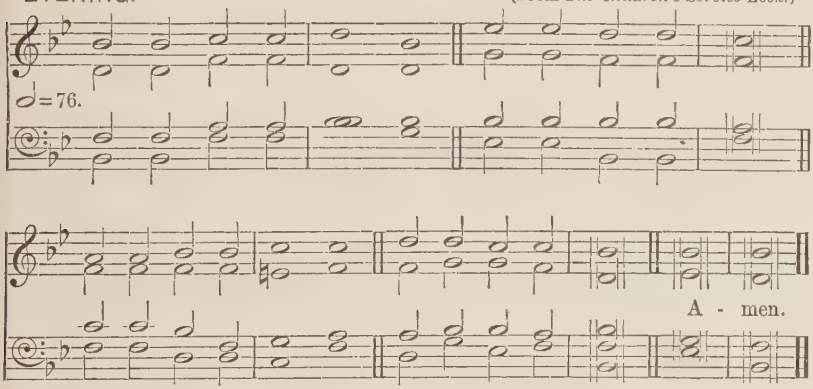
2 And now 'tis night, and night within;
O God, the Light hath fled!
I have not kept the vow I made,
When morn its glories shed.

3 For clouds of gloom from nether world
Obscured my upward way;
O Christ the Light, Thy light bestow,
And turn my night to day.

## 312

EVENING.

French Melody.
(From *The Children's Service Book.*)




1 Starry hosts are gleaming,
Solemn night draws on,
Calm the moon's soft beaming,
Toilsome day is done.

2 Hear our plaint, Sweet Jesu,
We are tired of sin;
From our bonds release us,
Give us peace within.

3 Now we seek a City
Where our feet may rest;
Bring us, in Thy pity,
To those Mansions blest.

4 Light, 'mid darkness, send us,
Till our tramp be o'er;
Angel-guards attend us
To the Palace door.

5 Then a welcome meet us,
Words of grace and love;
Joyful voices greet us
In the Home above.

## 313

RHEINLAND (*First Tune*). *Trier Gesangbuch.* (*The Children's Service Book.*)

♩=90.

A - men.

SOL CORDIS (*Second Tune*). Ancient Melody.

*Unison. To be sung freely according to the accent of the words.*

A - men.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
By my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's Breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

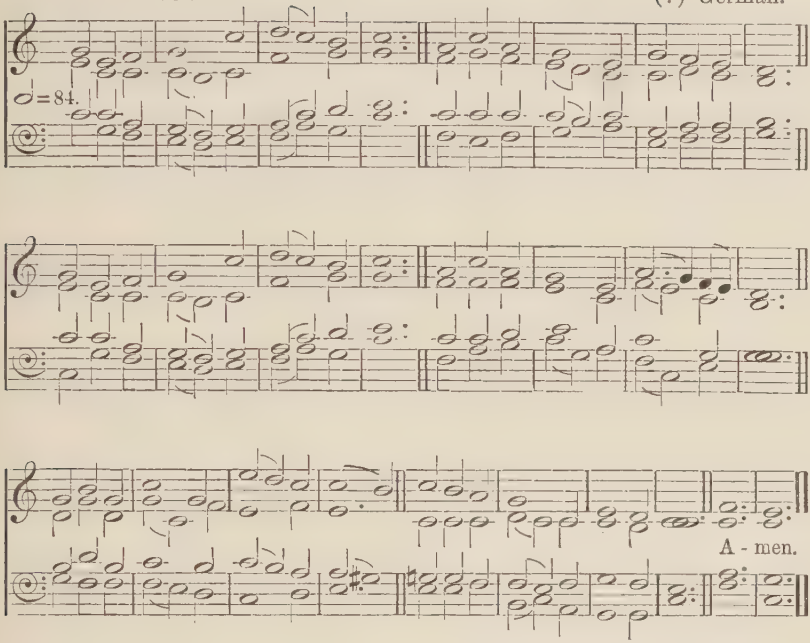
4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.

## 314

SWEET SAVIOUR. (?) German.




1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark [night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is gone; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, &c.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soil'd,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

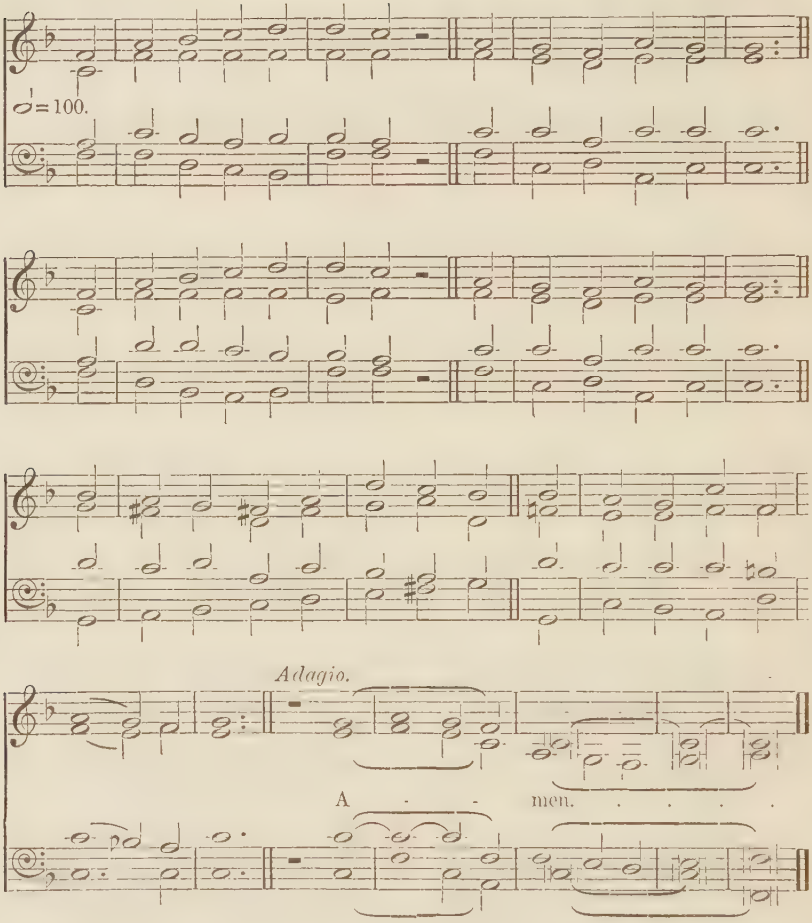
6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day, &c.

7 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thy Holy Presence with us be;
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

## 315

ST. ETHELDREDA.

From *The Children's Service Book.*




1 The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

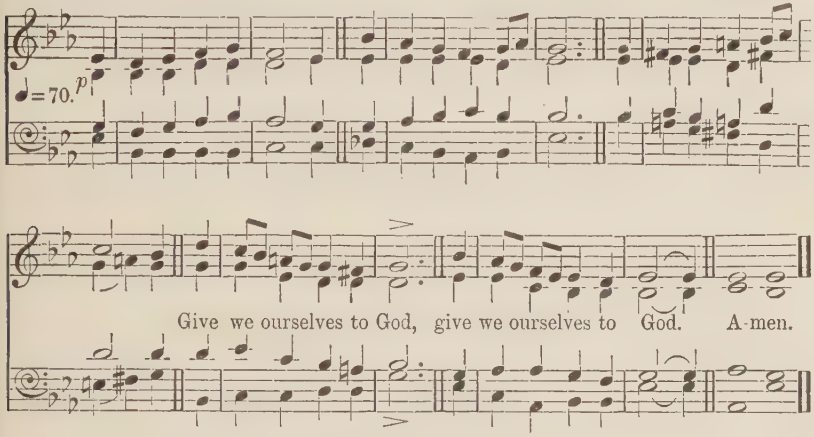
2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go;
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

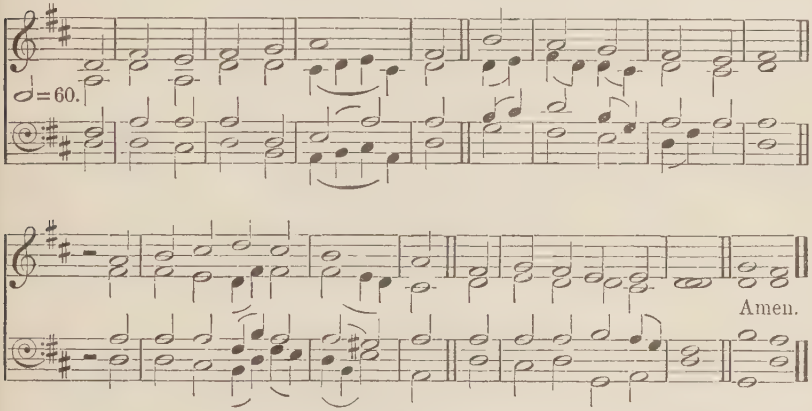
## 316

GOUNOD (*First Tune*). C. GOUNOD.




By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN (*Second Tune*). VULPIUS.




1 THE night is closing o'er us,
And shadows stalk abroad;
With hymn, then, and with anthem,
Give we ourselves to God.

2 And Thou, O Sun of Angels,
Watch o'er us from above;
We fear no midnight terrors,
Protected by Thy love.

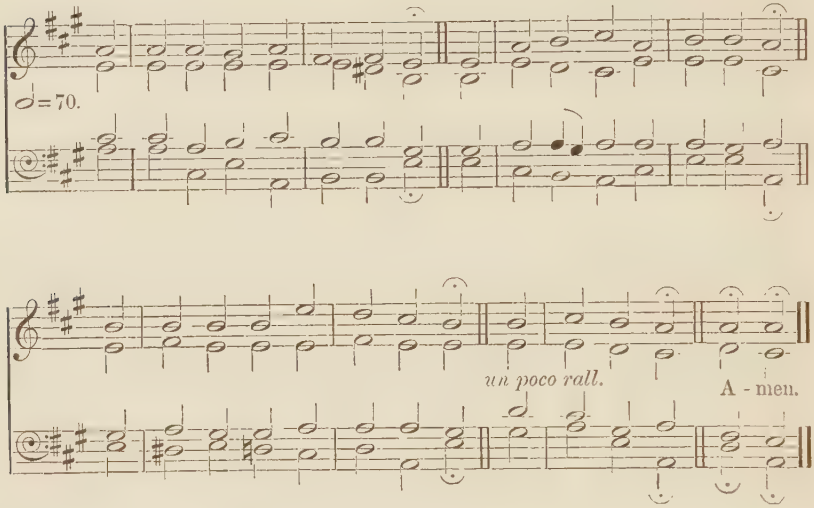
3 True Light shine forth; let darkness
Far from our soul be thrust;
Let peace to all flow richly,
Who Thee their Saviour trust.

4 So when as Judge Thou sittest,
In robes of light array'd;
We all may joy before Thee,
Untroubled, undismay'd.

5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesu,
Sun of the Angel-host;
With God th' Eternal Father,
And God the Holy Ghost.

## 317

THE RADIANT MORN. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 The radiant morn hath pass'd away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
Safe home at last.

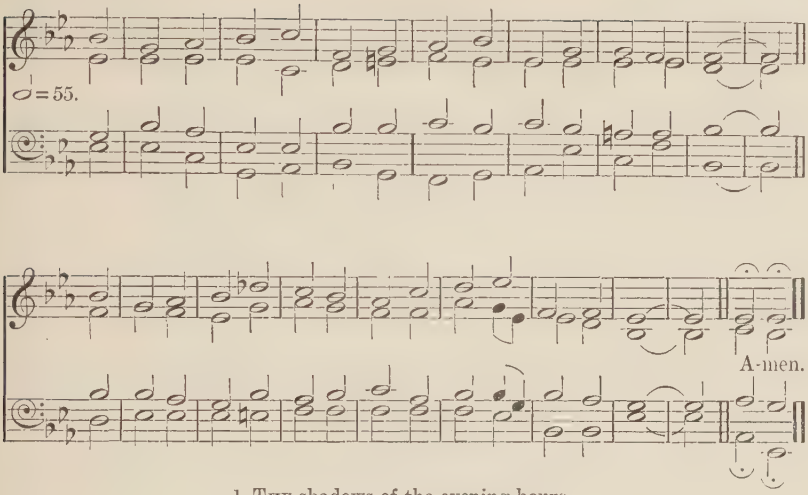
3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to Realms on High;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

4 Where Light, and Life, and Joy, and Peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging Angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

# Evening.

TENEBRÆ. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the dark'ning sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.

2 Before Thy Throne, O Lord of Heav'n,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on High,
And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.

4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of Future Glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade, within our heart,
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That, one by one, depart.

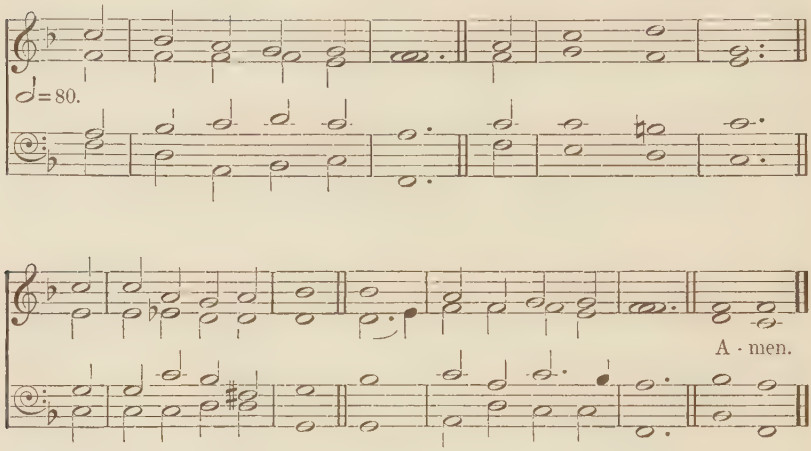
6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the Heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heav'n,
And trust in things Divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord;
O give us now repose.

319

ST COLUMBA. H. S. Irons.




1 The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake and pay
Her Evening Sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's Hands
His parting Soul resign'd,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live ;

4 So now beneath His Eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

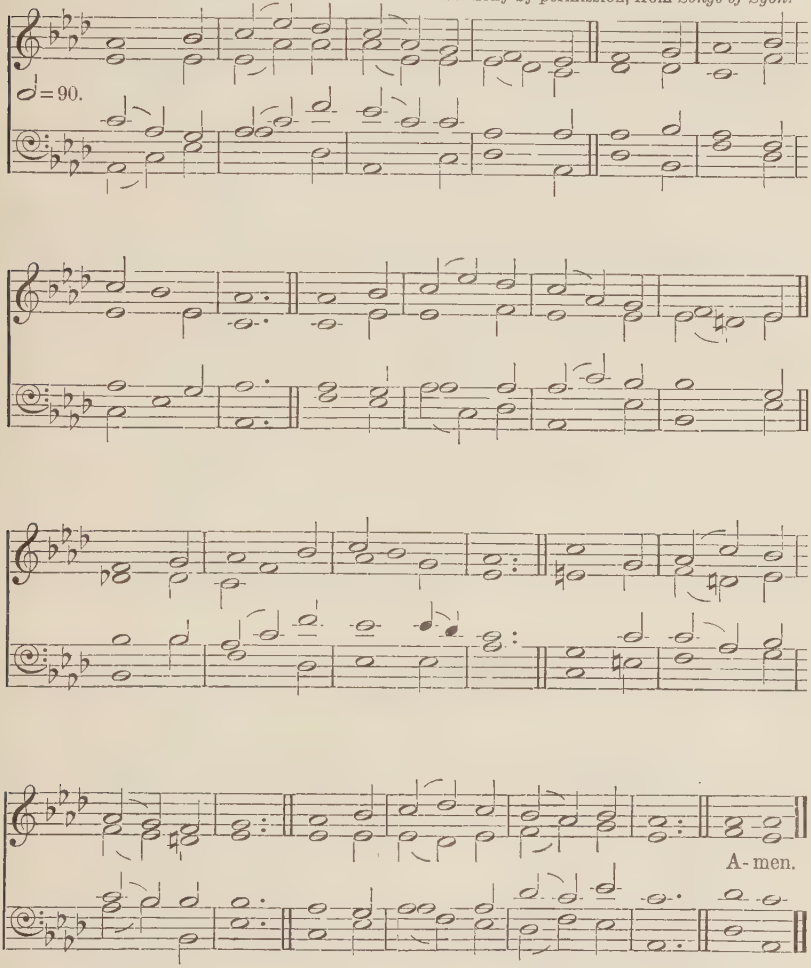
6 Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

## 320 *NIGHT.*

GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN. H. Alberti, 1642.

The harmony by permission, from *Songs of Syon.*




1 Through the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

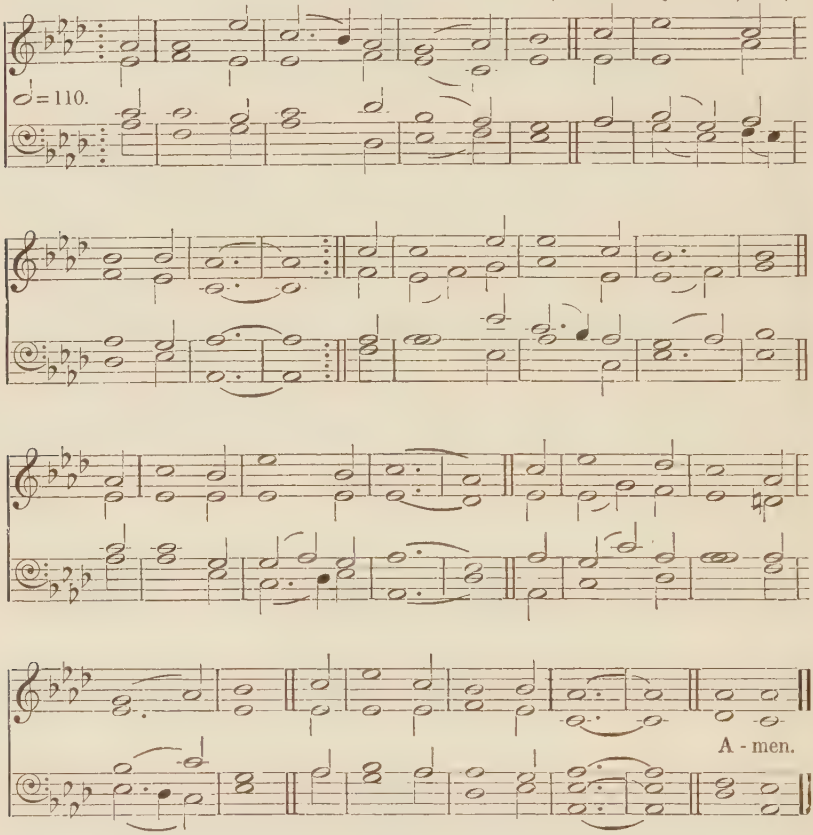
2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine Arms may we repose,
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.

## SUNDAY MORNING.

**321**

AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE.

An Old Melody.
(Remodelled by SCHEIN, 1627.)




1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O Day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Before th' Eternal Throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

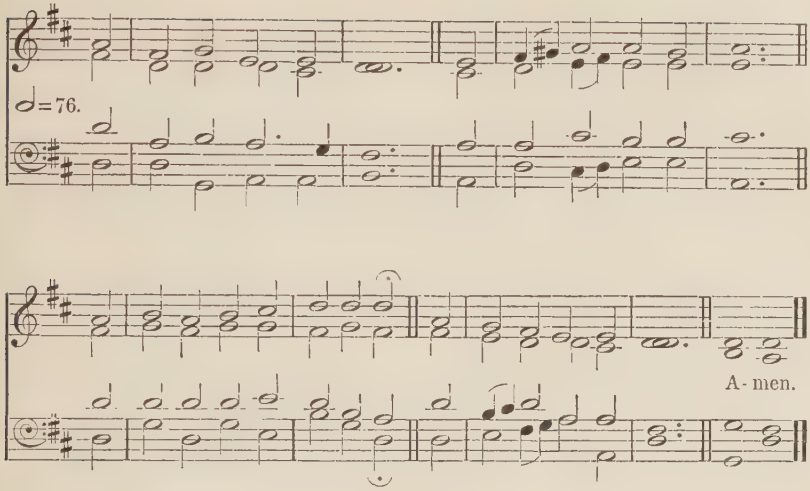
2 On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from Heav'n;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple Light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The Heav'nly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where Gospel-light is glowing,
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our Day of Rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the Blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, Blest Three in One.

# 322 Sunday Morning.

SWABIA. German.




1 This is the day of Light:
Let there be Light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of Rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning Dew.

3 This is the day of Peace:
Thy Peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

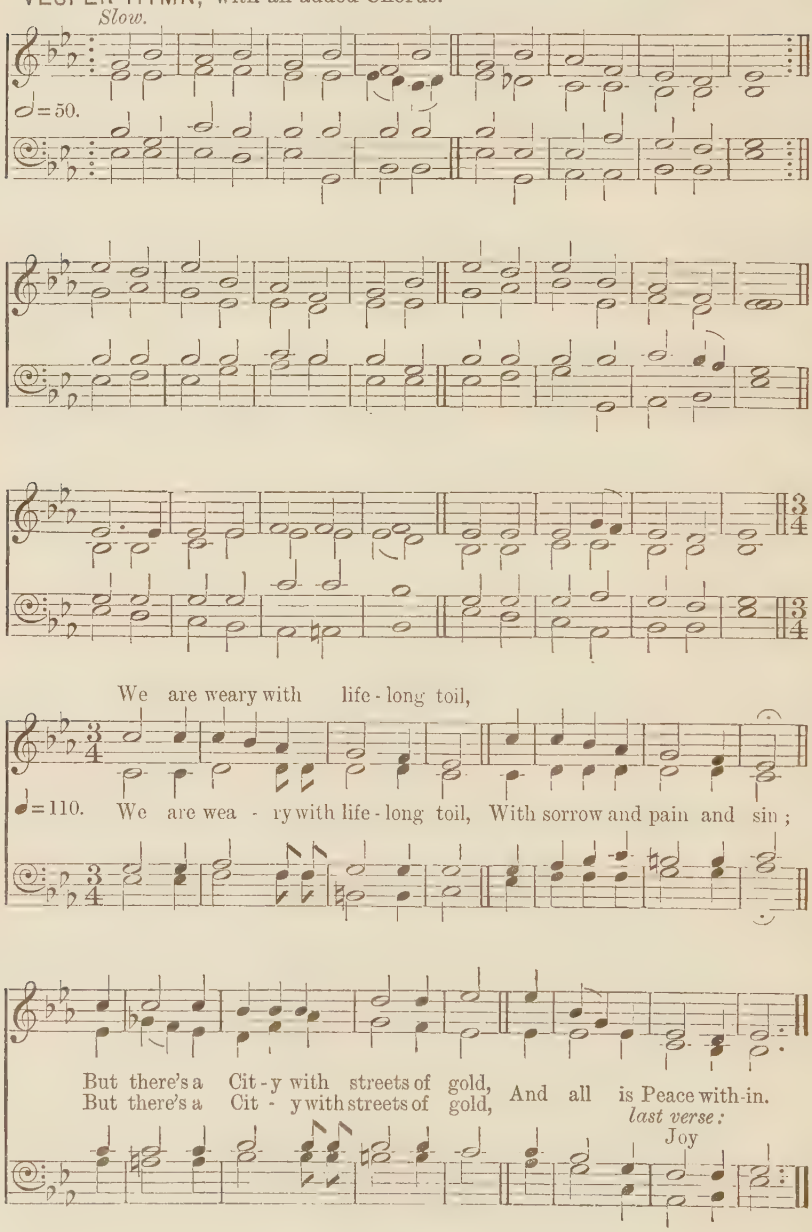
4 This is the day of Prayer:
Let earth to Heav'n draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:
Send forth Thy quick'ning Breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

## SUNDAY EVENING.

**323**

VESPER HYMN, with an added Chorus.



# Sunday Evening.

1 Evensong is hush'd in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary, God Most High!
Thou, Who, in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

2 We have sung the Psalms Thou sangest
In Thy Father's House of old,
When the voices of the Levites
In a storm of music roll'd;
We have done as Thou hast order'd;
Off'ring up the Bread and Wine;
Words of might were softly spoken,
Jesus came with Power Divine.
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

3 How are we to reach that City,
Whose delights no tongue may tell?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
Who sat weary by the well.
Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away;
He will take us to the Sheepfold,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

4 When we enter that bright City
What the vision we behold?
Gates of pearl and Walls of jasper,
Streets of pure transparent gold.
Are the many Mansions empty?
Lone the terraces so fair?
Jesus and His Angels pace them,
How He longs to see us there!
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Peace within.

5 There the dear ones, who have left us,
We shall some day meet again;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
Lighten Thou our darkness, Jesu,
Son of Mary, God Most High!
We are weary with life-long toil,
With sorrow and pain and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is Joy within.

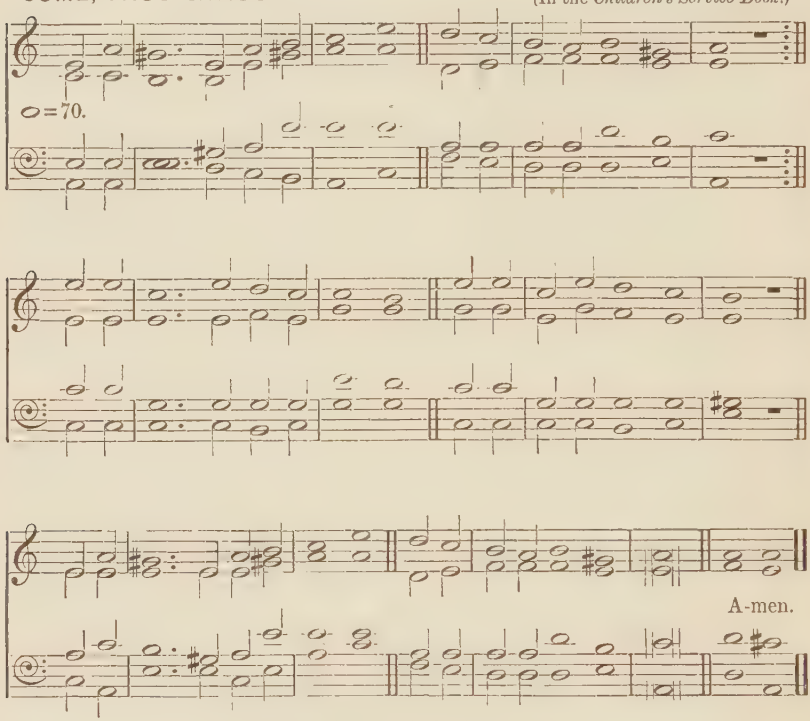
# Proper of the Season.

## 324

COME, THOU SAVIOUR.

*ADVENT.*

French Air.
(In the *Children's Service Book.*)




NOTE.—This is set in G minor at 659.

1 COME, Thou Saviour, long expected,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

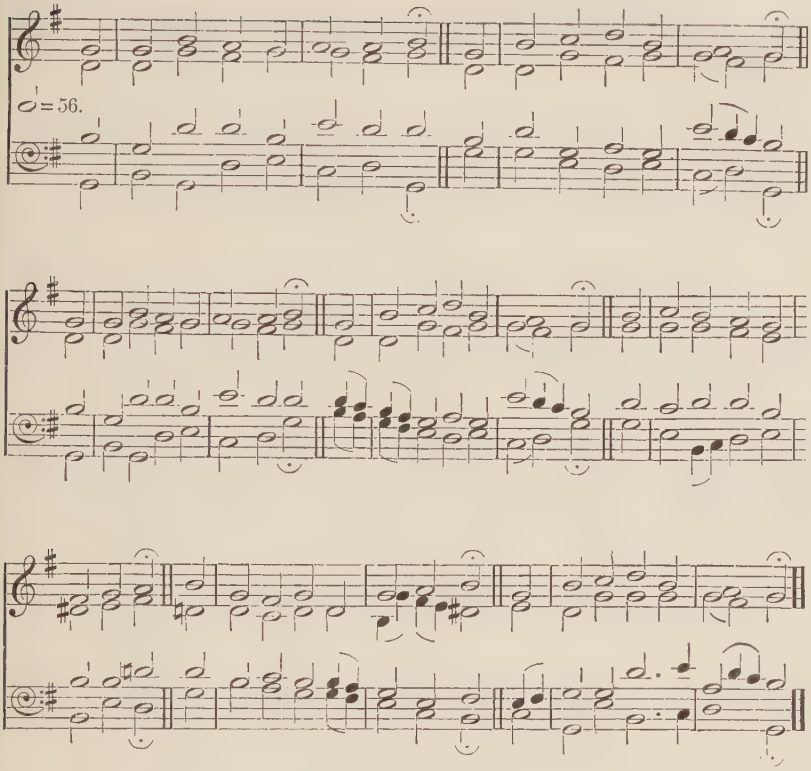
3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy Glorious Throne.

325

LUTHER.

Attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.




1.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2.

The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His Presence sheds Eternal Day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3.

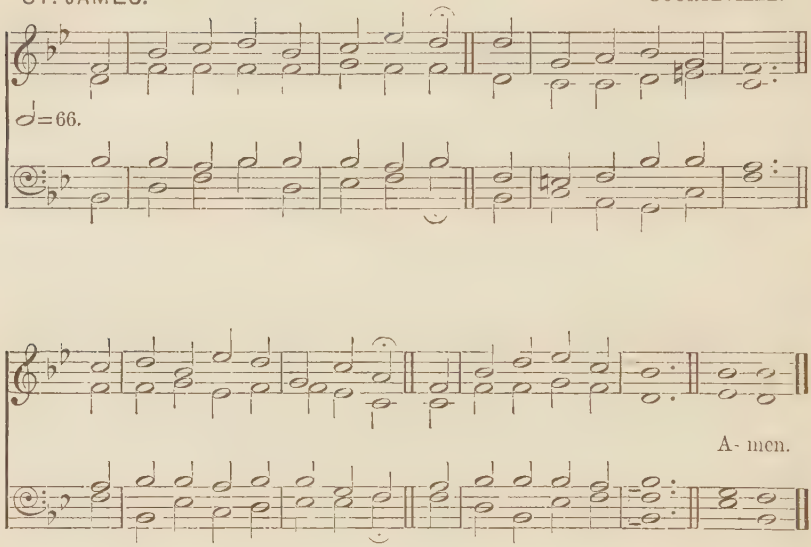
But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His Throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4.

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath His Cross I view the day
When Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

326

ST. JAMES. COURTEVILLE.



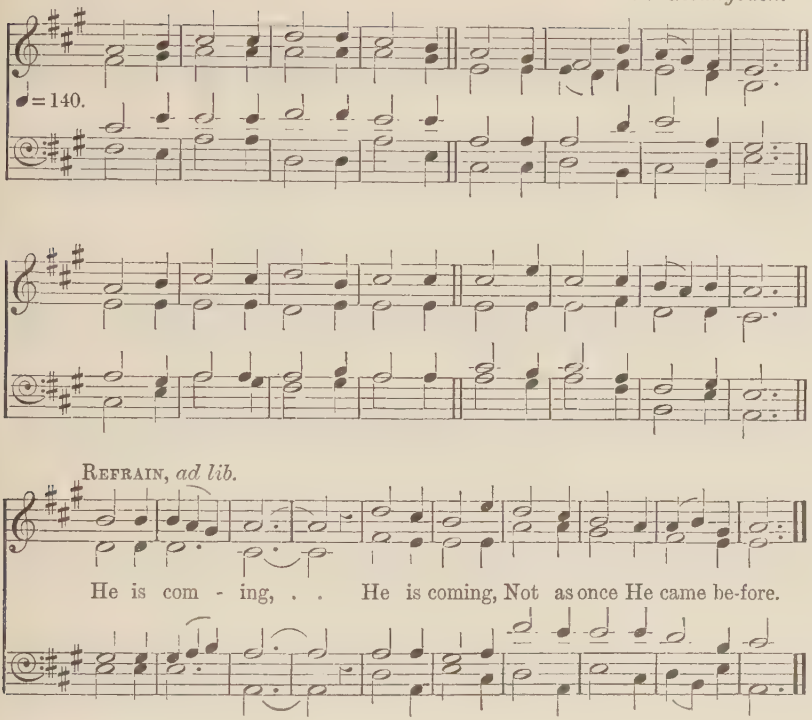

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heav'n's Eternal Arches ring
With Thy belovéd Name.

TREVES. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1.
He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He came before,
Wailing Infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:

2.
But upon His Cloud of Glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

3.
He is coming, He is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorns upon His Forehead,
And the Blood-drops on His Brow;

4.
But with His gold crown upon Him,
And the sceptre in His Hand,
And the Dead all ranged before Him,
Raised from fire and sea and land.

5.
He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few:

6.
But with all the holy Angels
Waiting round His Judgement-seat
And those Awful Twelve Apostles
Sitting crowned at His Feet.

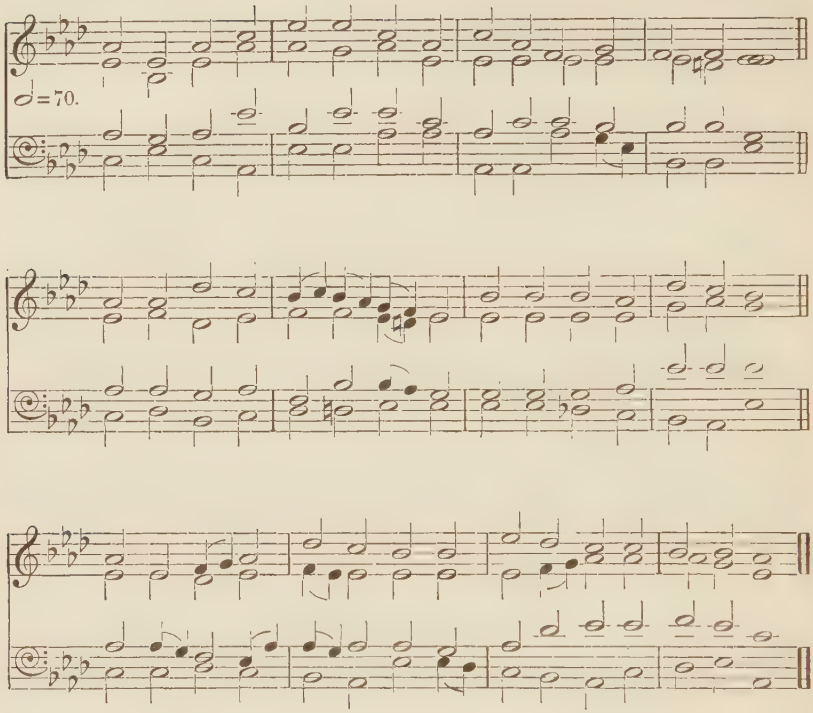
7.
He is coming, He is coming;
Let His lowly first estate,
Let His tender love so teach us,
That in faith and hope we wait:

8.
Till, in glory Eastward burning,
Our Redemption draweth near;
And we see the Sign in Heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

**328**

WURZBURG.

*Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 Jesus came—the Heav'ns adoring—came with peace from Realms on High;
Jesus came for man's redemption, lowly came on earth to die;
Alleluia, Alleluia, came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy, when our hearts are bow'd with care;
Jesus comes again in answer to an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
Alleluia, Alleluia, comes to save us from despair.

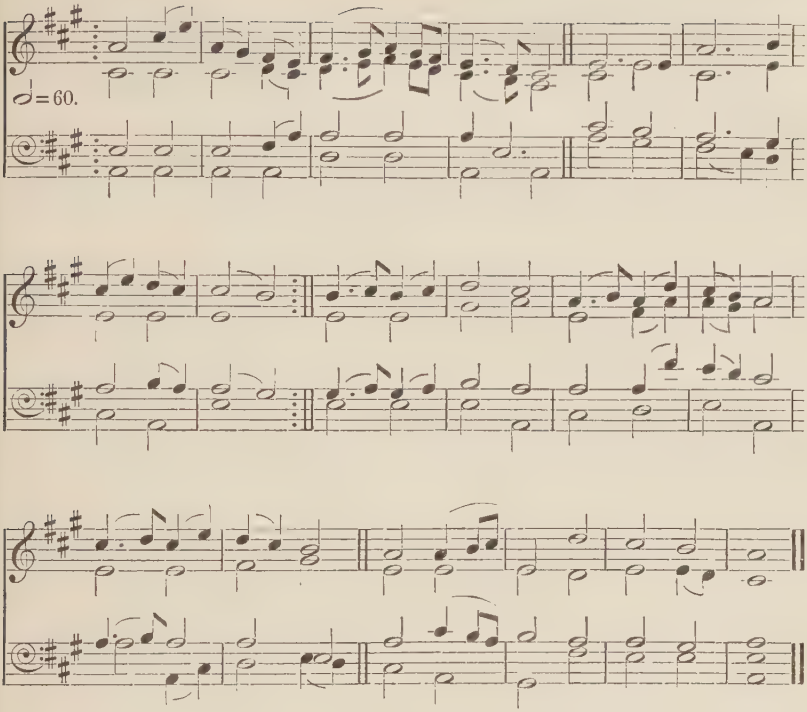
3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing, bringing news of sins forgiv'n;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness, leading souls redeem'd to Heav'n;
Alleluia, Alleluia, now the gate of death is riv'n.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow, shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us, glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia, Alleluia, cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant, when the Heav'ns shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory; let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia ever singing, till the dawn of Endless Day.

# 329 Advent.

HELMSLEY. MADAN.




1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the Day;
Come to Judgement!
Come to Judgement! come away!

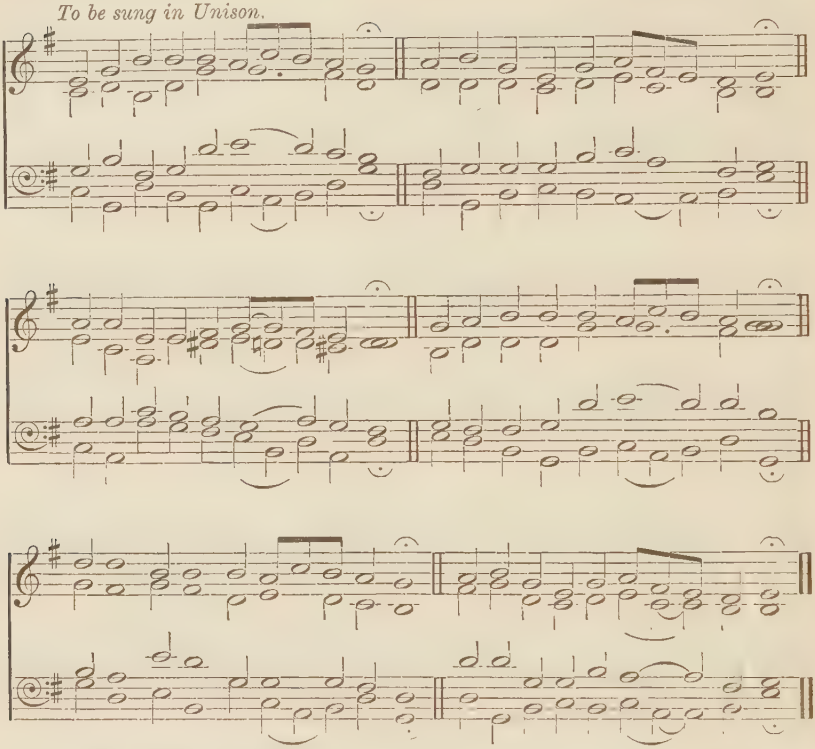
4 Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on Those Glorious Scars!

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine Eternal Throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone!

330

VENI EMMANUEL. Ancient Melody.

*To be sung in Unison.*



1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of Hell Thy people save,
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our Heav'nly Home;
Make safe the way that leads on High,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's Height,
In ancient times didst give the Law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

# 331 Advent.

ALTONA.

*Slow.*

Attributed to Martin Luther.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach.

♩=60.

A - men.

Note.—There is a setting of this Tune in the key of D at 519.

1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

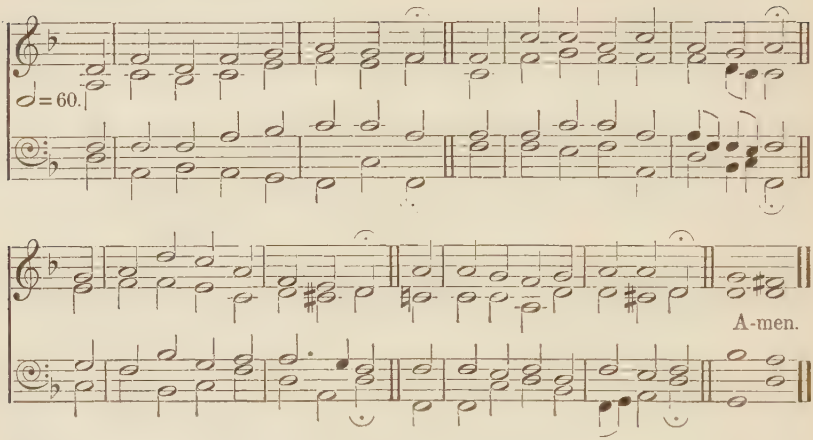
2 Then cleansed be ev'ry Christian breast,
And furnish'd for so great a Guest!
Yea! let us all our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward;
Without Thy grace we fade away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal our sore stretch forth Thine Hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with Love Divine.

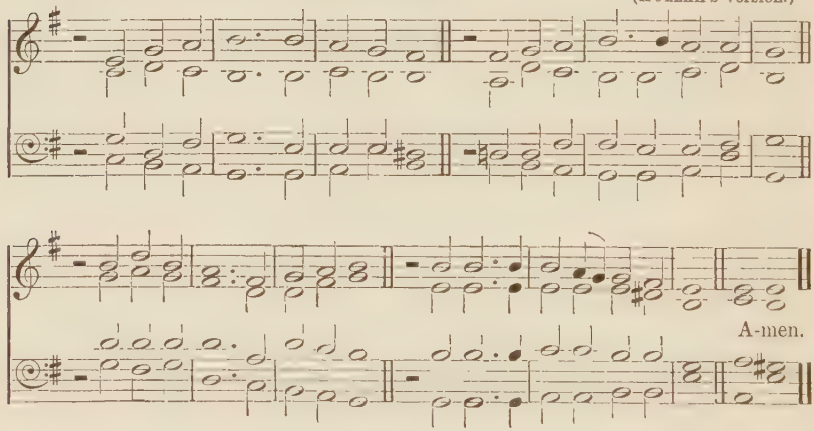
5 To Him, Who left the Throne of Heav'n
To save mankind, all praise be giv'n;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

ABBOTSFORD (*First Tune*).




THAT DAY OF WRATH (*Second Tune*).

T. Campion.
(Hullah's version.)




1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

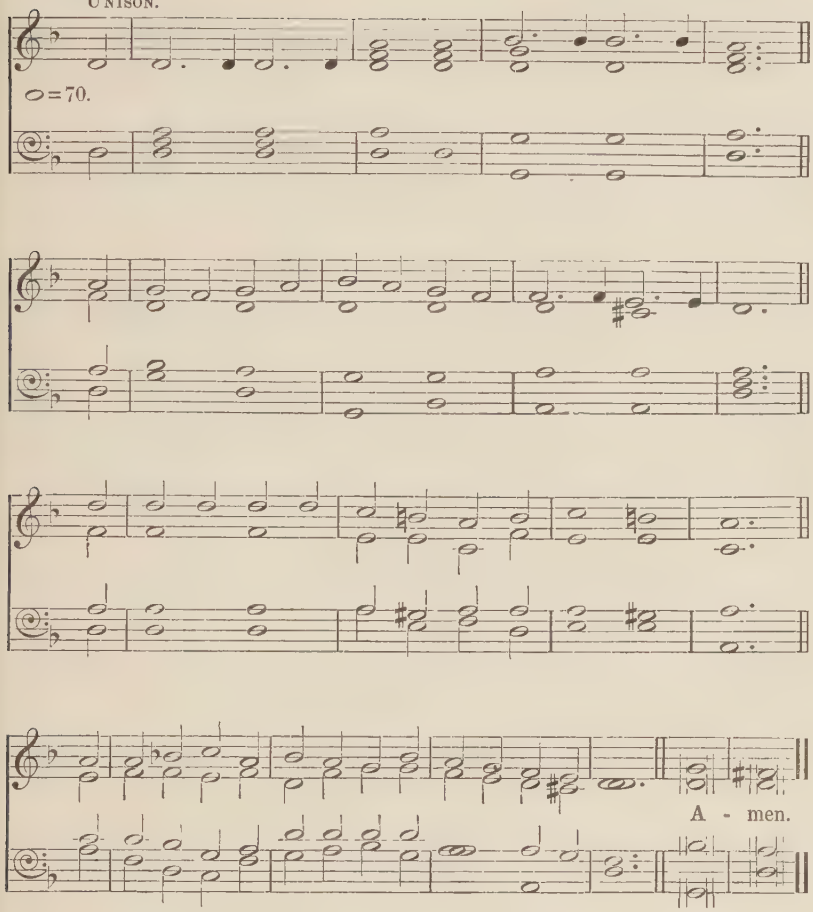
2 When, shriv'lling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming Heav'ns together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

# 333 Advent.

SUISSE. Ancient Swiss "Noel."

UNISON.




1 THE Advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be;
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To make His servants free.

3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To greet thy lowly King;
And do not wickedly despise
The peace He comes to bring.

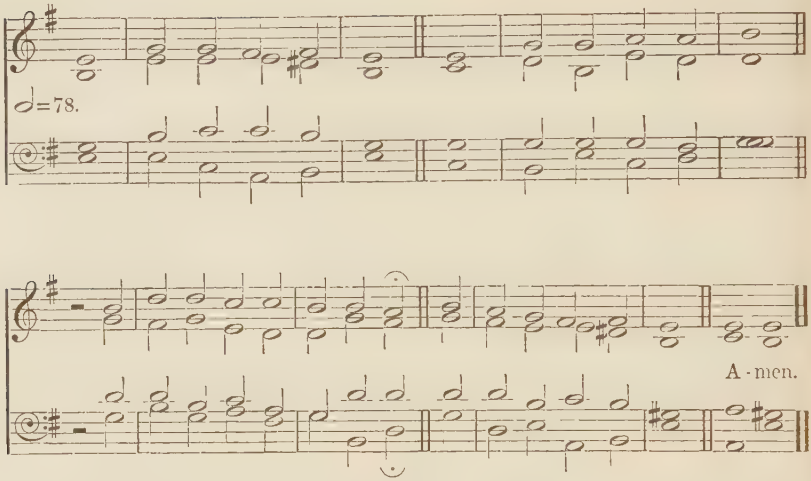
4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
He soon will come again,
And His true members all unite
With Him in Heav'n to reign.

5 Before that dreadful day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

6 All glory to the Son
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all Eternity.

334

SOUTHWELL. RAVENSCROFT.




1 WHEN Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Wrapt in Thy Glory bright,
Then shall the earth in terror quake,
The sun withhold his light.

2 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Then to Thy Judgement-bar,
E'en as a mighty stream shall flow
The sons of men from far.

3 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Then shall the books be spread;
And from their secrets Thou shalt judge
The living and the dead.

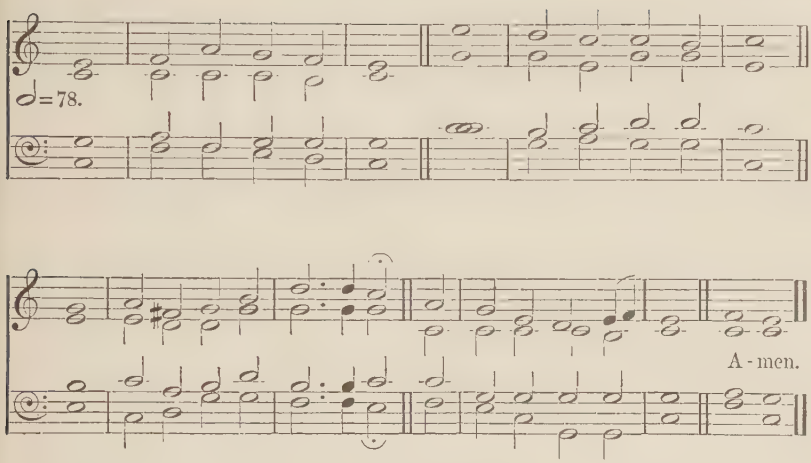
4 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
Then save me by Thy power;
Let not the flames of wrath o'ertake
Thy servant in that hour.

5 When Thou shalt come, O Lord,
In mercy let me stand—
No guilt upon my conscience laid—
Approved, at Thy Right Hand.

# Advent.

**335**

ST. GEORGE. GAUNTLETT.




1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His Heav'nly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis the Lord's command;
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His Hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own Royal Hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid th' Angelic band.

6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all Eternity.

## 336 CHRISTMAS.

A CHILD IS BORN (*First Tune*). German.

♩=180.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

THE DESCANT OF "PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM" (*Second Tune*) 1300-1400. Newly Harmonized.

♩=180.

Al - le - - - lu - ia!

Al - le - - - - - lu - ia!

1 A Child is born in Bethlehem,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem.
Alleluia.

2 He in a narrow crib doth lie,
Whose Kingdom hath no boundary.
Alleluia.

3 The ox and ass with one accord
Confess that Babe to be the Lord.
Alleluia.

4 While crownéd Kings from Saba bring
Gold, incense, myrrh, their offering.
Alleluia.

5 Born of a Virgin Mother mild,
Seed of the Woman, wondrous Child.
Alleluia.

6 The Serpent's venom knows Him not,
Though of our blood His Blood He got
Alleluia.

7 Made like to us in human kin,
Unlike us in respect of sin;
Alleluia.

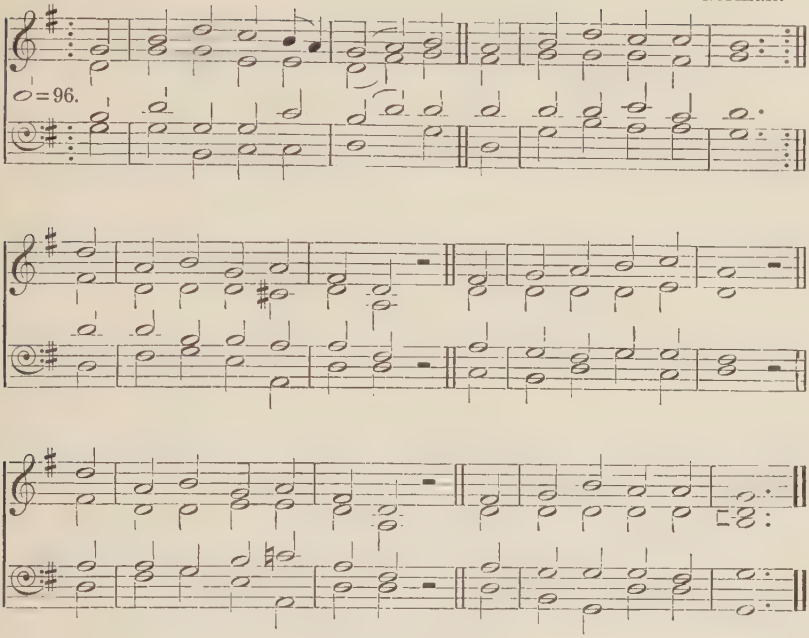
9 That He might make us, sinful men,
Like God, and like Himself, again.
Alleluia.

9 In this our Christmas happiness,
The Lord with festive hymns we bless.
Alleluia.

10 The Holy Trinity be praised;
Glad thanks to God Almighty raised.
Alleluia.

# 337 Christmas.

ASCENDIT. German.




1 A GREAT and mighty wonder!
A full and holy cure!
The Virgin bears the Infant,
With Virgin-honour pure.

2 The Word is made incarnate,
And yet remains on High:
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

3 And we, with them triumphant,
Repeat the hymn again;
"To God on High be glory,
And peace on earth to men!"

4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright Angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
Ye oceans, clap your hands!

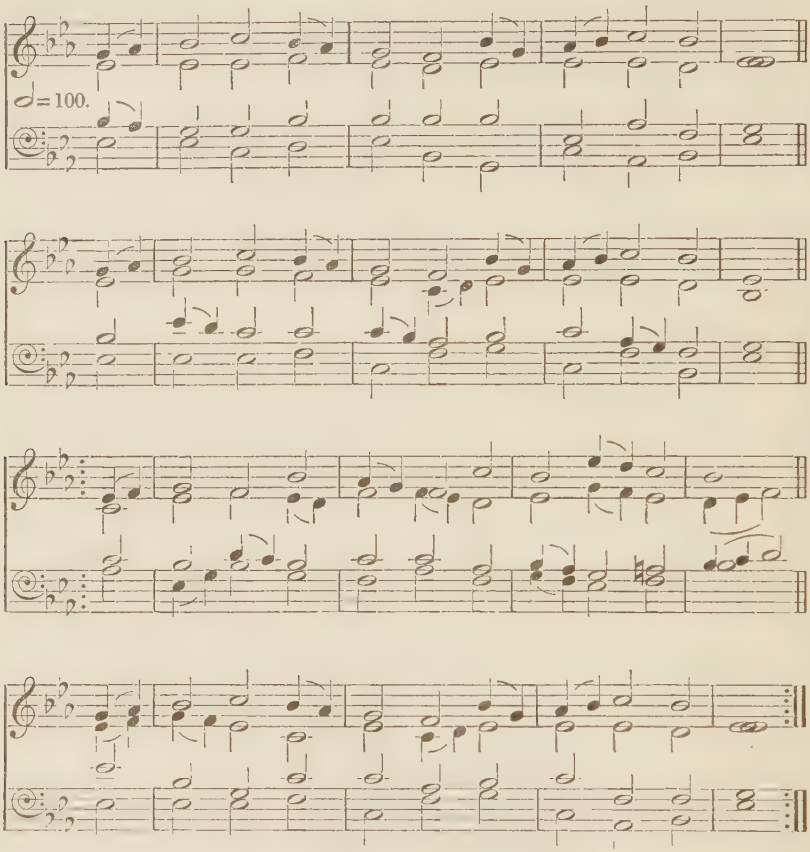
5 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
In Bethlehem the Infant,
The Saviour and the Lord.

6 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His Sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

338

A VIRGIN MOST PURE.

Traditional.




1 A Virgin most pure, as the Prophets do tell,
Hath brought forth a Babe as it hath befell,
To be our Redeemer from death, Hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapp'd us all in.
Rejoice, and be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus, our Saviour, was born at this tide.

2 In Bethlehem City, in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxéd with many one mo',
Great Cæsar commanded the same should be so.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

3 But when they had enter'd the City so fair,
The number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could get in the City no lodging at all.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

4 Then they were constrain'd in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie;
Their lodging so simple, they held it no scorn,
But 'gainst the next morning our Saviour was born.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

5 Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

6 Then, presently after, the shepherds did spy
A number of Angels appear in the sky,
Who joyfully talked and sweetly did sing,
"To God be all glory, our Heavenly King."
Rejoice, and be merry, &c.

## 339

### ALLELUIA! LORD MOST HOLY.

C. J. Ridsdale.

*In strict time.* *ten.* *ten.*

Al - le-lu - ia! Lord most Ho-ly, . . In Thy Manger-throne we hail Thee;

♩=50 : ♩=100.

Al - - le - lu - ia! In Thy Manger-throne we hail . . Thee;

*ten.*

Al - le-lu - ia! meek and low-ly, . . Never shall our worship fail Thee.

Al - - le - lu - ia! Never shall our worship fail Thee.

*At a Eucharist only.*

1 Alleluia! Lord most Holy,
In Thy Manger-throne we hail Thee;
Alleluia! meek and lowly,
Never shall our worship fail Thee.

2 Alleluia! Choirs of Angels
Sing at midnight-hour Thy glory,
To the watchful shepherds telling
From the skies Thy Birthday story.

3 Alleluia! Child of Mary,
Low the shepherds bend before Thee;
Alleluia! Eastern Monarchs
With their costliest gifts adore Thee.

4 Alleluia! still unending
Rings the Angel-note above:
From our shrines in praise ascending
Echoes earth's response of love.

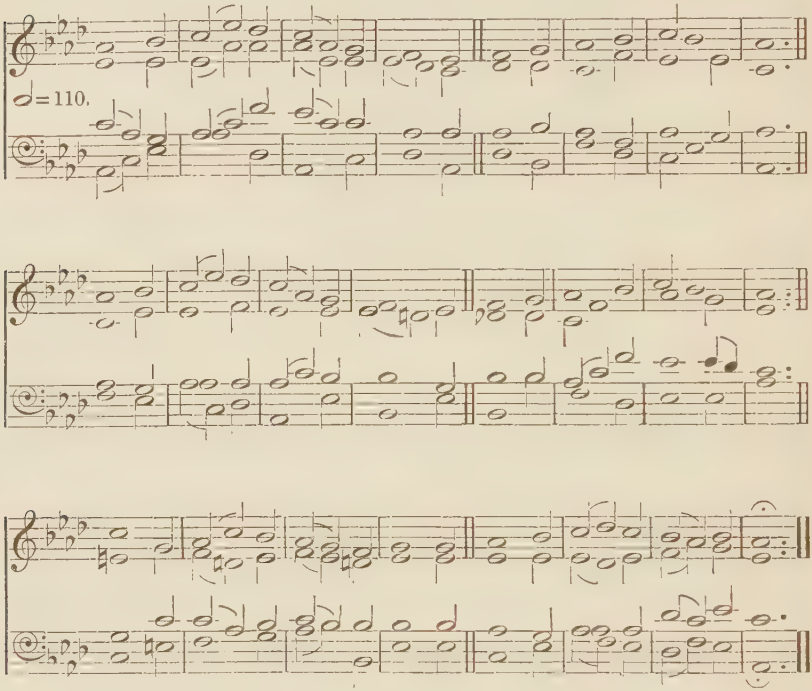
5 Alleluia! shine the tapers,
Gleams the holly's burnish'd spray;
Alleluia! chant the Sanctus,
Christ, we welcome Thee to-day!

6 Down in adoration falling,
Hail, sweet Sacrament Divine!
Hail, to Thee our souls are calling,
Thou art ours, and we are Thine!

## 340

GOTT DES HIMMELS UND DER ERDEN. H. Alberti, 1642.

The harmony by permission, from *Songs of Syon.*




1 Angels, from the Realms of Glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's Birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-Light:
Come and worship, &c.

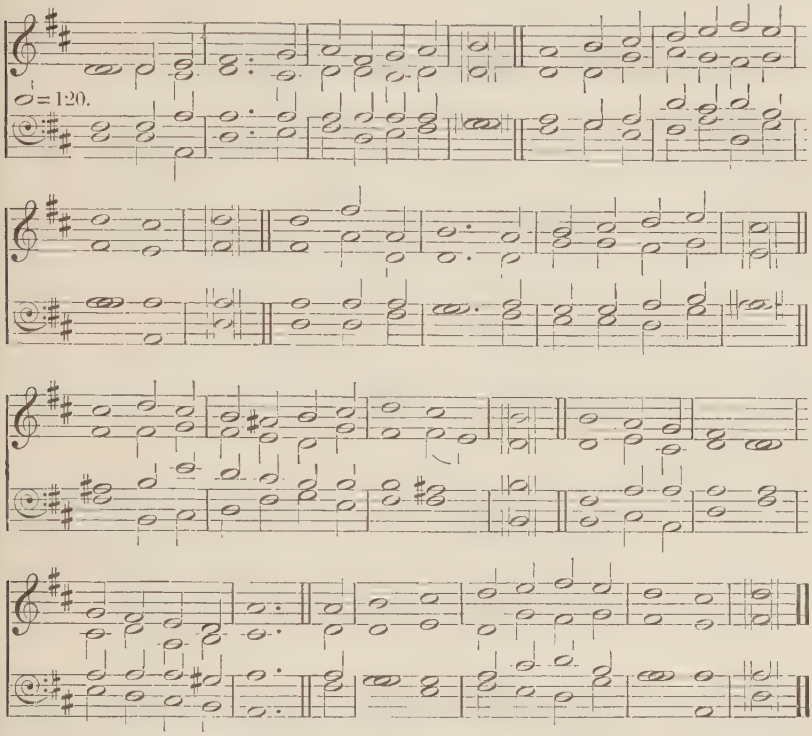
3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship, &c.

4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you, break your chains:
Come and worship, &c.

5 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Evermore your voices raising
To th' Eternal Three in One;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the New-born King.

## 341

YORKSHIRE NOEL. WAINWRIGHT.




1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the Happy Morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born:
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which Hosts of Angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

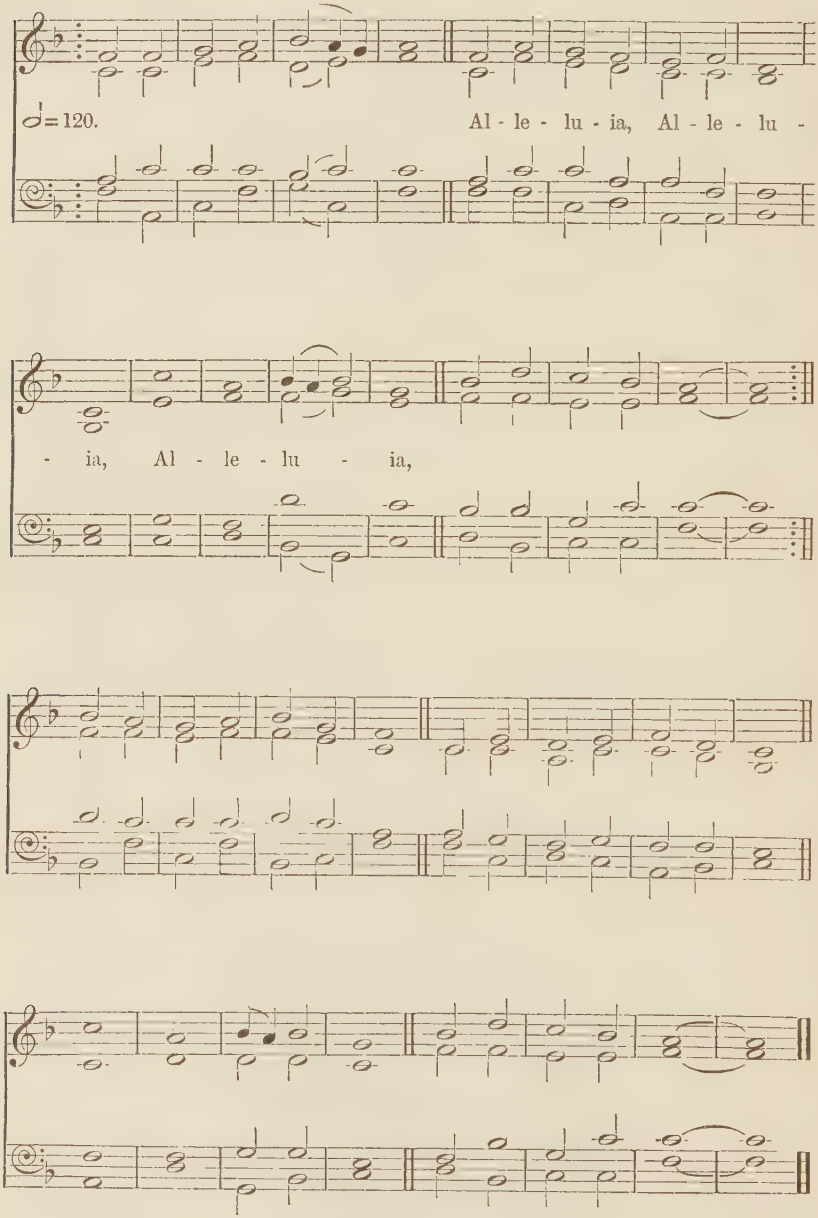
2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' Angelic Herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's Birth
To you, and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the Celestial Choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of Redeeming Love they sang,
And Heav'n's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a Manger laid;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the Saviour's Name.

342

EARTH TO-DAY REJOICES. *Trier Gesangbuch.*



# Christmas.

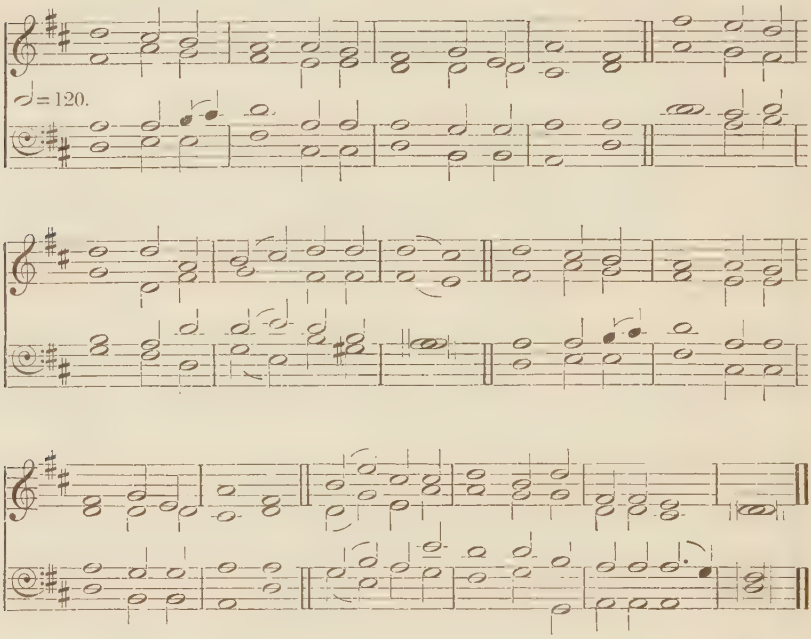
1 Earth to-day rejoices,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Death can hurt no more;
And Celestial voices,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Tell that sin is o'er.
David's sling destroys the foe;
Samson lays the temple low;
War and strife are done;
God and Man are one.

Reconciliation,
Alleluia, Alleluía, Alleluia,
Peace that lasts for aye,
Gladness and salvation,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Came on Christmas Day.
Gideon's fleece is wet with dew;
Solomon is crown'd anew;
War and strife are done;
God and Man are one.

3 Though the cold grows stronger,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Though the world loves night,
Yet the days grow longer,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Christ is born our Light.
Now the Dial's type is learnt;
Burns the Bush that is not burnt;
War and strife are done;
God and Man are one.

## 343

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. MENDELSSOHN.




1 GLORY to God in the Highest is ringing,
Clear from afar it is echoing still,
Glory to God, for the Angels are singing
Peace upon earth to the men of good will.

2 Glory to God, as the Prophets foretold it,
Over the ages the Promise was cast;
Paradise heard it, and now we behold it,
Seed of the Woman, we hail Thee at last.

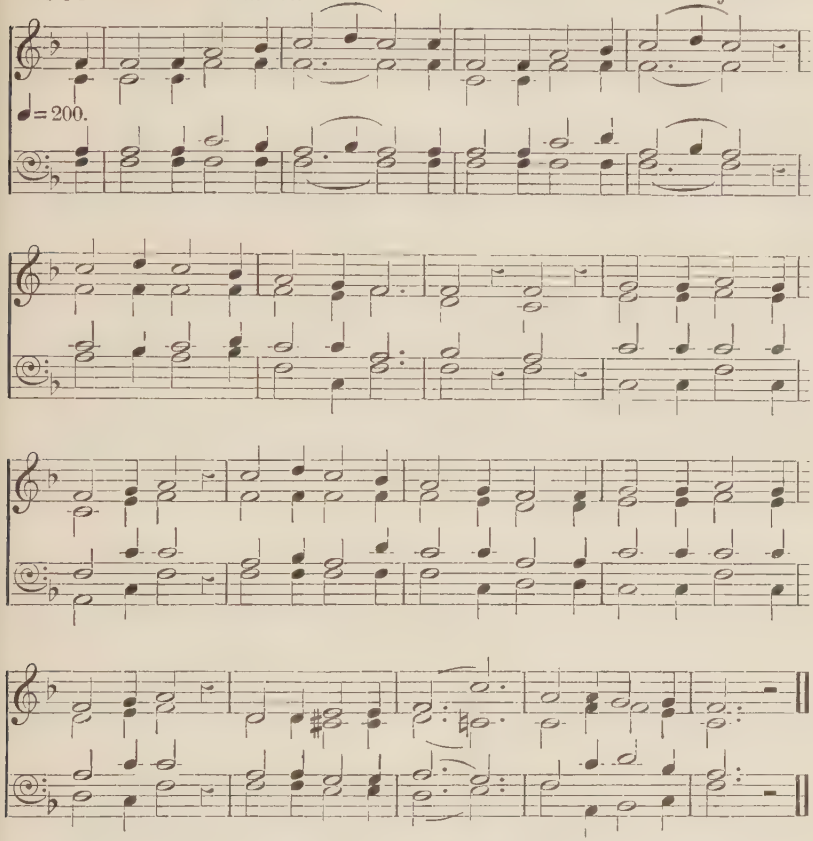
3 Glory to God, for, as dews of the morning,
Songs of Thy Birthday are filling the air;
Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning;
Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there!

4 Glory to God, let the glad exultations
Sound through the world, bringing peace to the wise,
Joy for all people—Desire of the Nations!—
Echo the tidings in songs to the skies!

5 We too, with Shepherd and Magi and Angel,
Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring;
Hail Thee the Saviour, the Christ, the Emmanuel,
Own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

## 344

GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN. The Carol "In dulci jubilo."



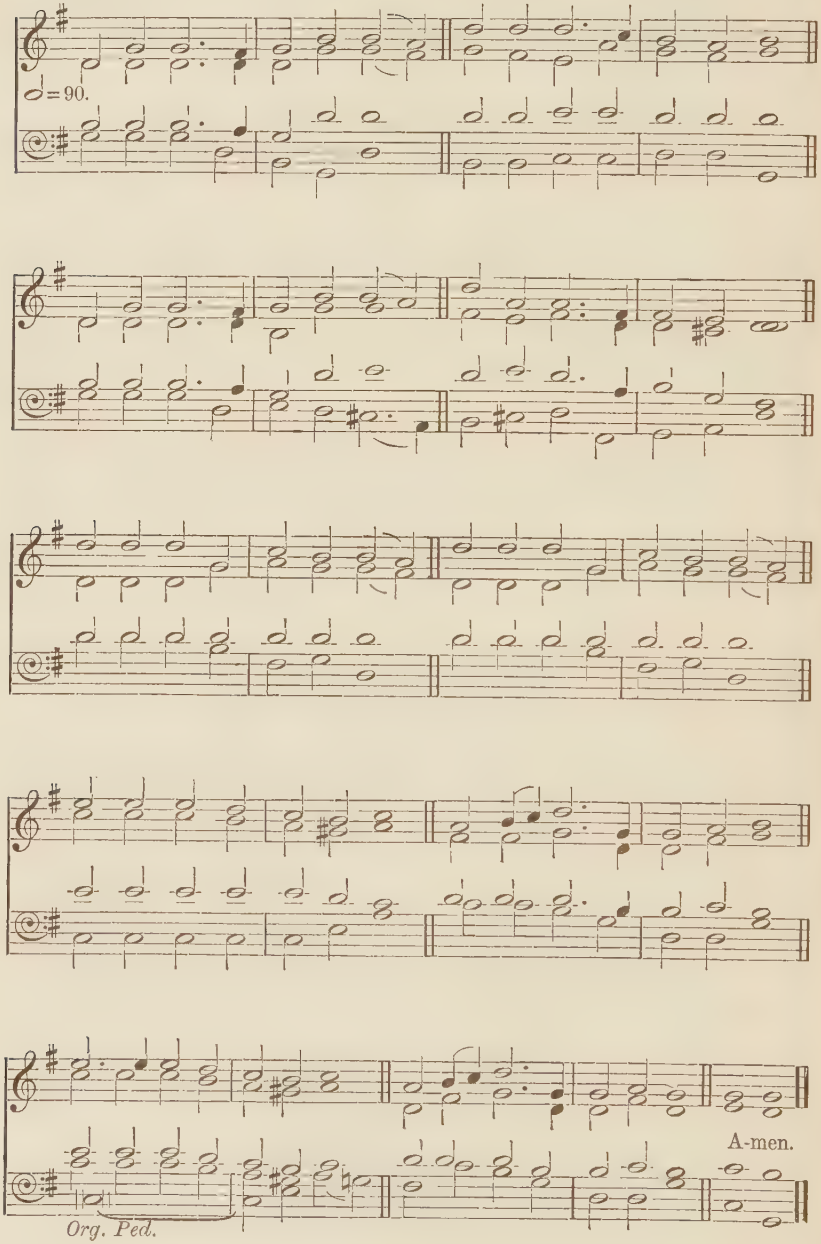

1 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say;
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born to-day:
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the Manger now.
Christ is born to-day! Christ is born to-day!

2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the Heav'nly door,
And man is blesséd evermore:
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

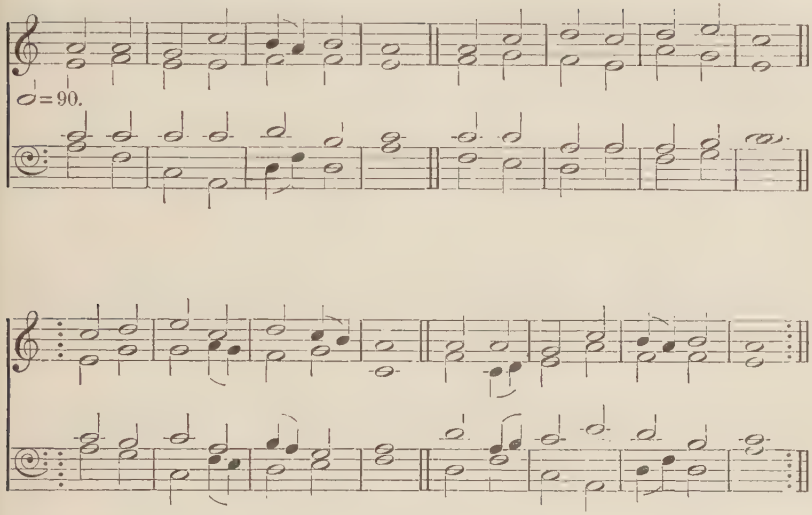
3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one, and calls you all,
To gain His Everlasting Hall:
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

## 345

MENDELSSOHN (*First Tune*). MENDELSSOHN.



MEDIOLANUM (*Second Tune*). A.D., 1524.




1 HARK! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' Angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

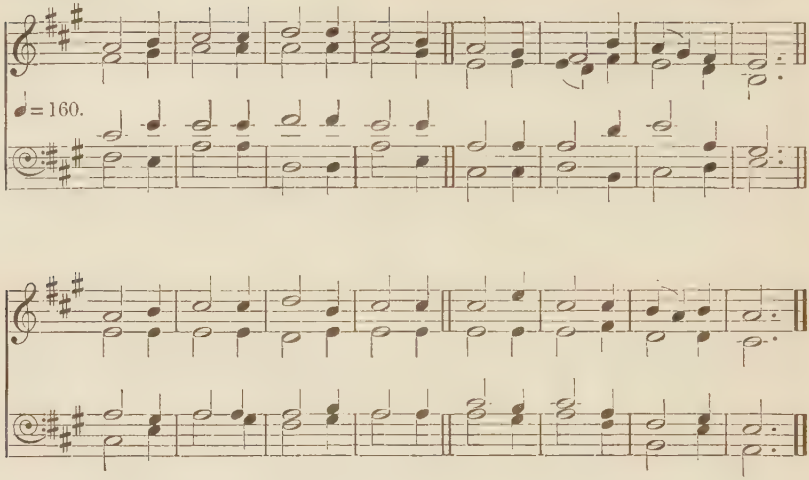
2 Christ, by Highest Heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

3 Hail, the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His Glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the New-born King.

*N.B.*—This Hymn may be sung to the Second Tune by dividing each verse and adding the Refrain to each part.

346

TREVES. German.




1 In a silence deep at midnight,
When the hills were white with snow,
Jesus, the Desired of nations,
Came into this world of woe.

2 Then He came, an Infant Saviour,
To our Lady's sweet embrace,
As she waited for His Coming,
Longing to behold His Face.

3 Swathing-bands were wrapt about Him,
In the Manger He was laid;
There adored the Hebrew shepherds,
Joseph and the Mother-maid.

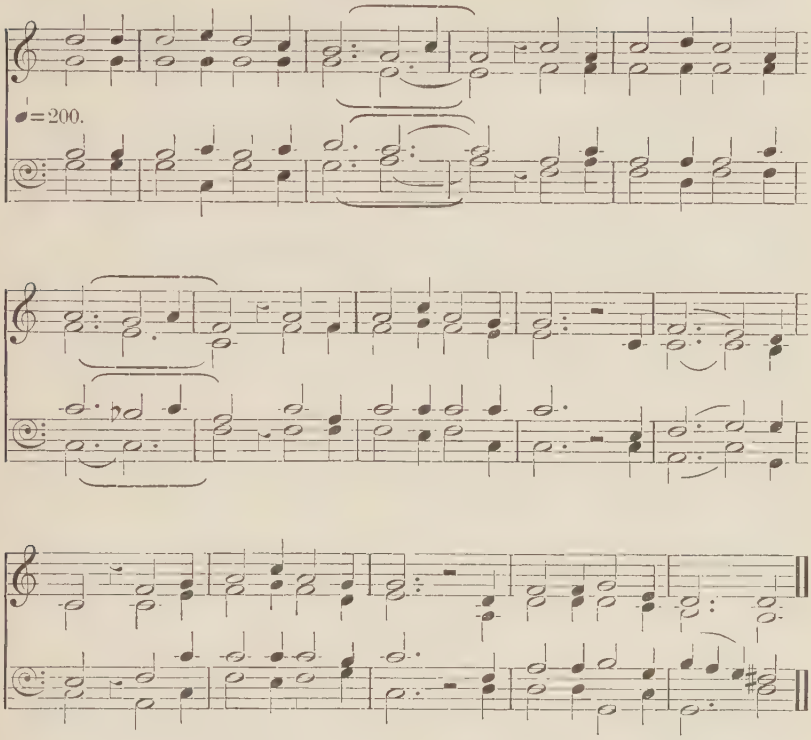
4 There the ox and ass were standing,
Knee-deep in the fragrant hay,
Gazing with a solemn wonder
At the crib where Jesus lay.

5 Angels came to David's City,
Met their Lord with hymns of praise,
Sang their joyous songs of triumph,
Worshipping in glad amaze.

6 Thus our Lord, the Long-expected,
Came the Healer of all woe,
When the shepherds knelt before Him
In the stable white with snow.

## 347

IN THE ENDING OF THE YEAR. Ancient.




1 In the ending of the year
Life and light to man appear;
And the Holy Babe is here
De Virgine;
And the Holy Babe is here
De Virgine Mariâ.

2 What in ancient days was slain
This day calls to life again;
God is coming, God shall reign
De Virgine;
God is coming, God shall reign
De Virgine Mariâ.

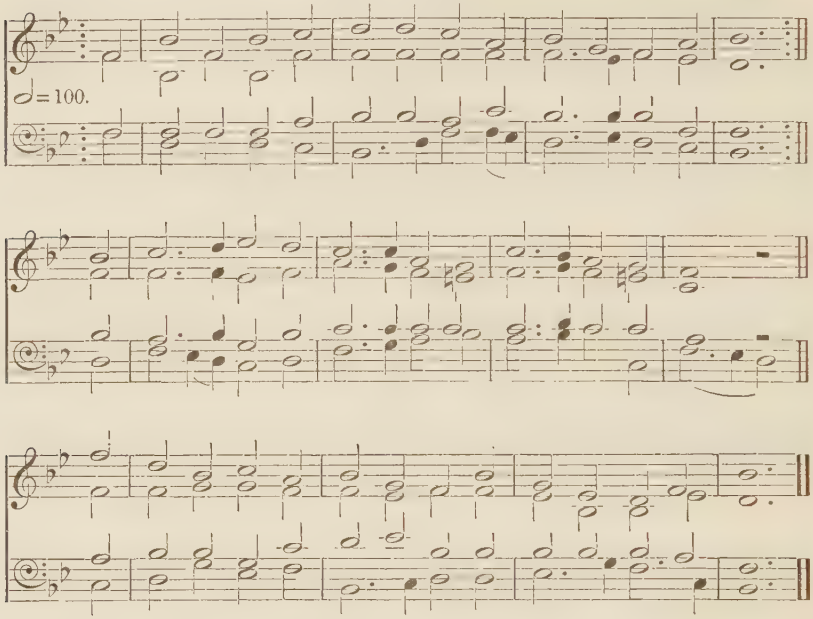
3 From the desert grew the corn,
Sprang the lily from the thorn,
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine;
When the Infant King was born
De Virgine Mariâ.

4 On the straw He lays His Head,
Hath a manger for His bed,
Thirsts, and hungers, and is fed
De Virgine;
Thirsts, and hungers, and is fed
De Virgine Mariâ.

5 Angel-hosts His praises sing,
Three Wise Men their off'rings bring,
Ox and ass adore the King
Cum Virgine;
Ox and ass adore the King
Cum Virgine Mariâ.

6 Wherefore let us all to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye
Cum Virgine;
Singing and exulting aye
Cum Virgine Mariâ.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR. Old English.




1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From Heav'n's all-gracious King:
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their Heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blesséd Angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffer'd long;
Beneath the Angel-strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.

5 For lo, the days are hast'ning on,
By Prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold:
When the New Heav'n and Earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

349

## JOY FILLS OUR INMOST HEART.

Old English.

For Three Voices.

♩=180.

Chorus. (*The melody in the Tenor.*)

The Ho - ly One is Ma - ry's Son, God comes on earth to dwell; With joy pro-claim His glo - rious Name, Em - man - - u - el! . .

1 Joy fills our inmost heart to-day,
The Royal Child is born;
The Angel-hosts in glad array
His advent keep this morn.
The Holy One, &c.

2 Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And think no bliss can ours transcend,
No rapture sweet before.
The Holy One, &c.

3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the Manger-shrine,
Where, folded in Thy Mother's arms,
Thou sleepest, Babe Divine!
The Holy One, &c.

4 Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
Thine infant grace to see;
The stars are paling o'er Thy Head,
The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
The Holy One, &c.

5 Thou art the very Light of Light;
Enlighten us, Sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
The Holy One, &c.

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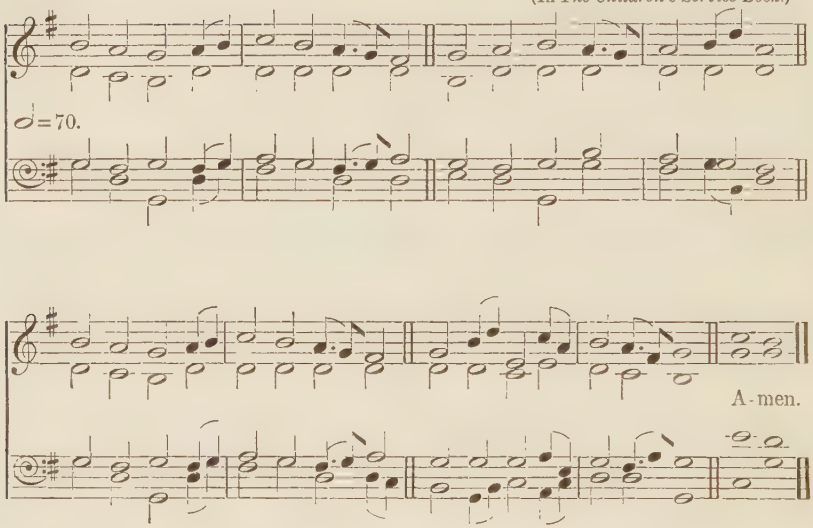
**350**

GALLIA.

MÉHUL.
(In *The Children's Service Book.*)




*Evening.*

1.

LORD of all, Thy glory veiling,
Infant Saviour of the earth,
Let pure hearts, with love unfailing,
Celebrate Thy wondrous Birth.

2.

Loving Shepherd, night descending
Calls us soon to needful sleep,
But Thou still, Thy flock defending,
From the wolf wilt guard Thy sheep.

3.

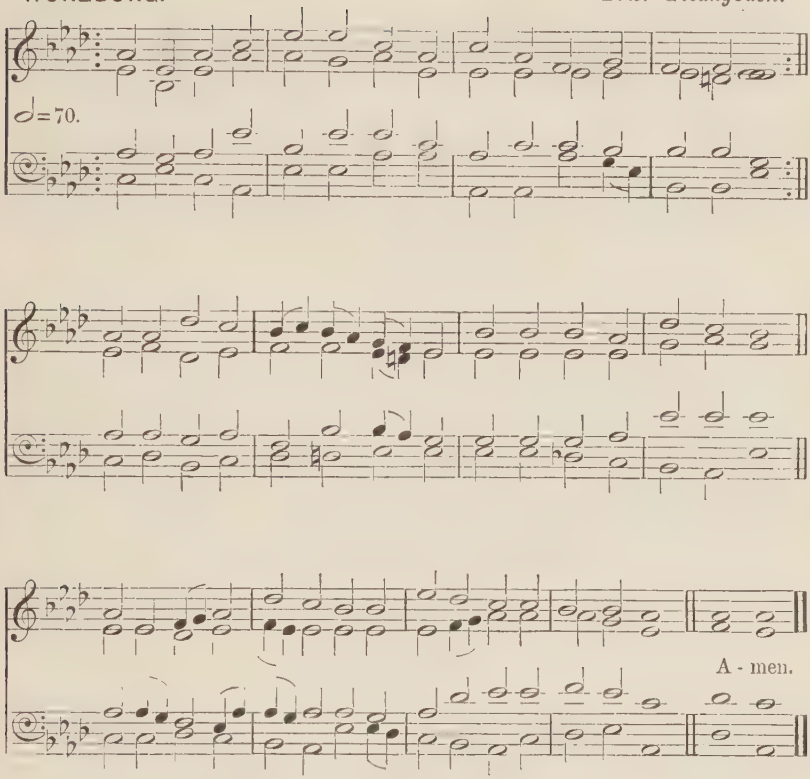
From the bosom of a Mother
Thou, like us, didst nurture find ;
Be Thou then our Elder Brother,
And Protector ever kind.

4.

Hail, the Dayspring of Salvation !
Virgin-born to Thee be praise ;
Father, Thine be adoration,
Spirit, Thine, through endless days.

## 351

WURZBURG. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 No more sadness now, nor fasting;
Now we put our grief away;
God came down, the Everlasting,
Taking human flesh, to-day;
God came down on earth a Stranger,
Working out His mighty plan;
God was cradled in a manger,
Very God, and very Man.

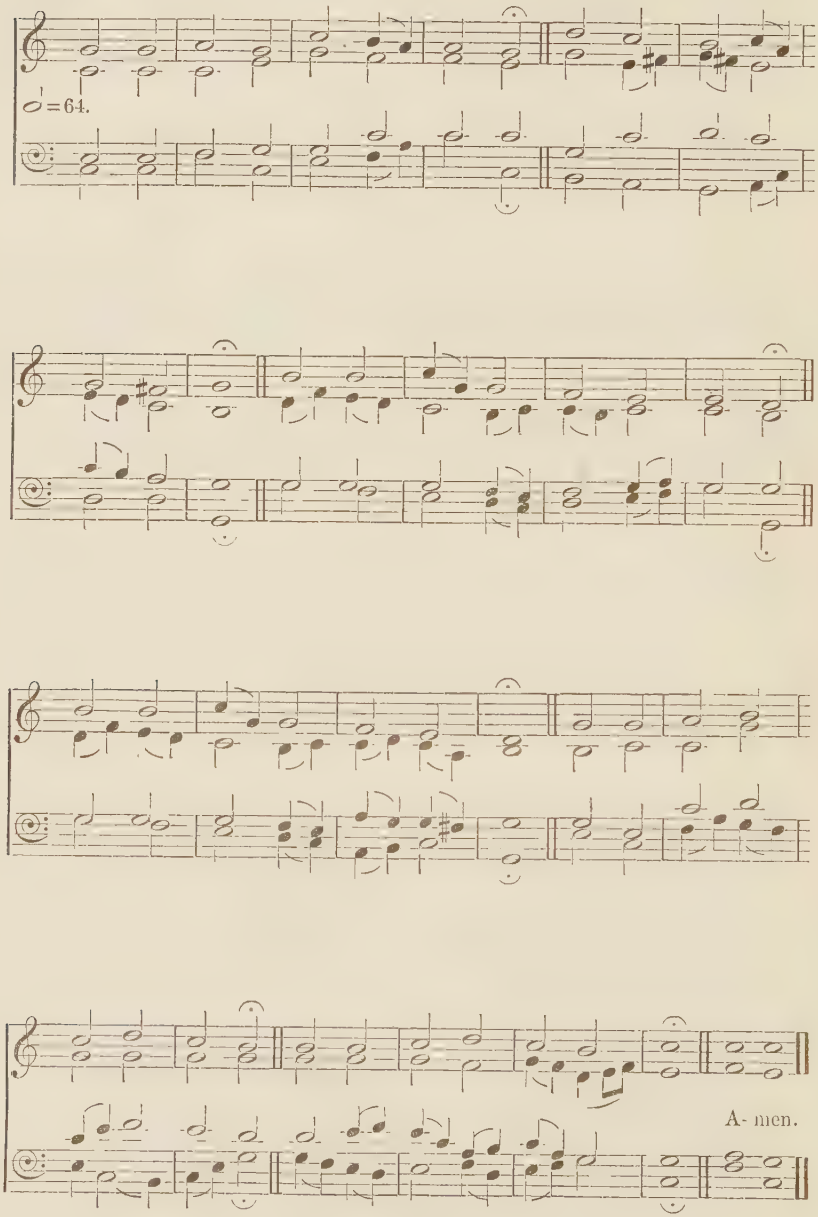
2 There were shepherds once abiding
In the field to watch by night,
And they saw the clouds dividing,
And the sky above was bright;
And a glory shone around them,
On the grass as they were laid;
And a holy Angel found them,
And their hearts were sore afraid.

3 "Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring;
Unto you, so weak and fearful,
Christ is born, the Lord and King."
As the Angel told the story
Of the Saviour's lowly Birth,
Multitudes were singing "Glory
Be to God, and peace on earth!"

4 Since Thy love for our salvation,
Saviour, cover'd Thee with shame,
Let Thy Church, in ev'ry nation,
Sing the glory of Thy Name;
Let Thy Holy Spirit make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like Thyself, until Thou take us
To our Father's House above.

## 352

NOW TO GOD ON HIGH. German.



# Christmas.

*At a Eucharist only.*

1 "Now to God on High be glory,
And to men on earth be peace!"
'Tis the Eucharistic anthem,
Music that shall never cease,
To a ransom'd world proclaiming
Jesu's advent, men's release.

2 Christendom at all her Altars
Once again the tale doth tell
Of His Birth, Who came to vanquish
Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
Virgin-born and Manger-cradled,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

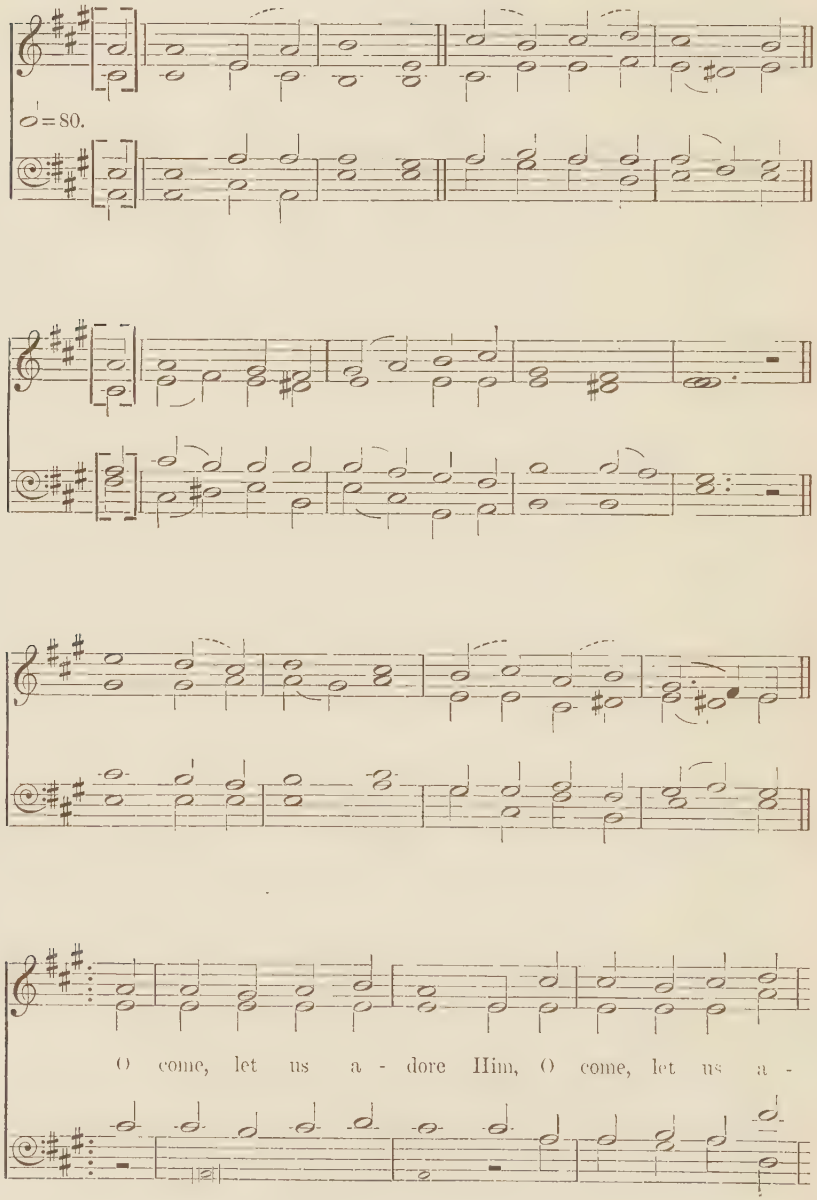
3 See the shepherds, Heaven-greeted,
Worship, while the Angels sing;
See the Magi, star-directed,
Their most costly treasures bring;
See earth's simple ones, and wise ones,
Bending o'er their Baby-King.

4 Happy Mother, ever Virgin,
Mary clasps Him to her breast;
All succeeding generations
Speaking of her call her blest;
And Saint Joseph joins with wonder
In the homage of the rest.

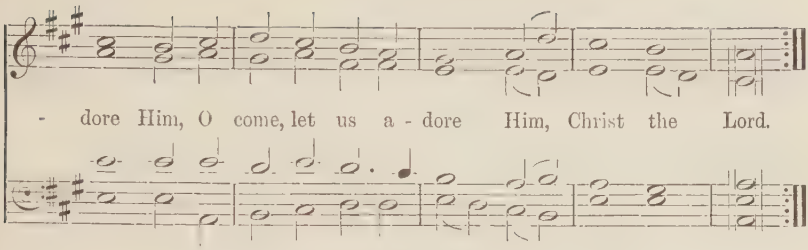
5 Now, dear Lord, Thy Birthday keeping,
As we bend before the Shrine,
Find Thee, life and health bestowing,
Veil'd beneath the Bread and Wine;
Make us like Thee, child-like, God-like,
Keep, O keep us ever Thine.

## 353

ADESTE, FIDELES. Old Air.



# Christmas.




1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

[3 See how the shepherds,
Summon'd to His Cradle,
Leaving their flocks draw nigh with holy [fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

4 Star-led, the Magi
Hasten to adore Him,
Bringing their frankincense, and myrrh, [and gold:
We to the Child Christ
Bring our hearts' oblations:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

5 Splendour Eternal
Of th' Eternal Father,
Veil'd in the substance of our flesh, behold!
Hail, God Incarnate,
Robed in infant vesture!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

6 Thee would we worship
With love's fervent service,
Born for us poor, and stabled with the kine;
First hast Thou loved us,
Love in turn we proffer:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!]

7 Sing, Choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above,
"Glory to God
In the Highest;"
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

8 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
* Born this happy Morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

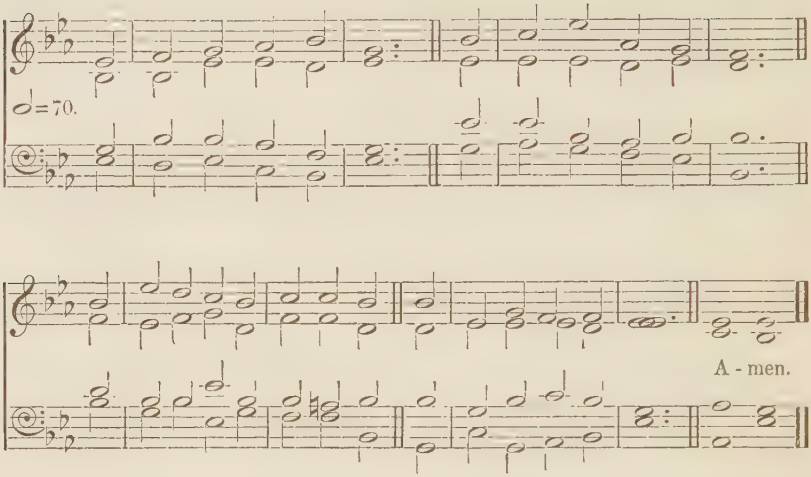
* *Or*, Born this holy Season.

*The verses within brackets may be omitted, except when sung at the Procession.*

354

FRANCONIA.

German.




1.

O JOYFUL was the Morn,
That told of Peace and Love,
To man, the ruin'd and forlorn,
Descending from above.

2.

Though far from Eden's bowers
By sad transgression driven,
A lovelier Eden shall be ours,
For Christ came down from Heav'n.

3.

From God's Eternal Breast
He stoop'd to time and space,
And found with thee, O Maiden Blest,
His lowly dwelling-place:

4.

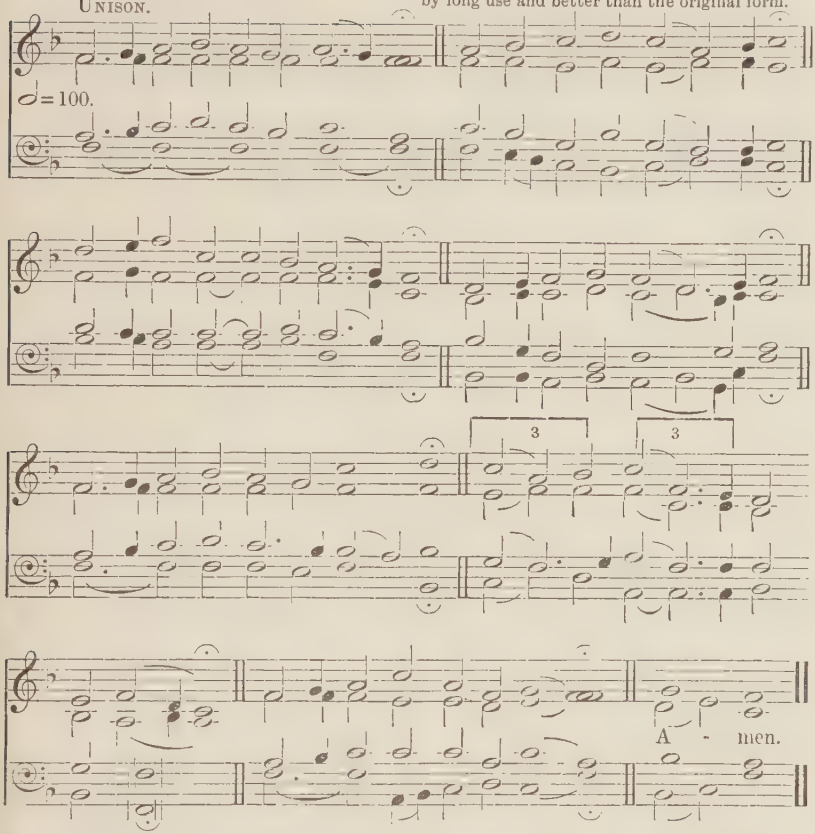
And lowlier in the tomb
He scornéd not to lie,
That our frail mortal might assume
His Immortality.

5.

Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

CORDE NATUS.
UNISON.

HELMORE'S rendering is retained, as being sanctioned by long use and better than the original form.




1 Of the Father's Love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 O that Birth for ever blesséd!
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First reveal'd His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore.

3 O ye Heights of Heav'n, adore Him;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, Dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Ev'ry voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

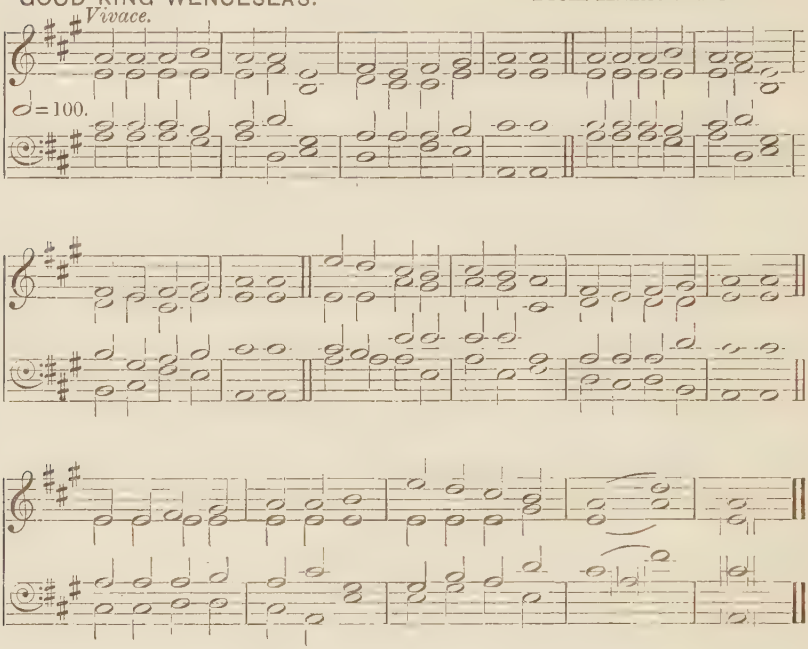
4 This is He Whom Heav'n-taught singers
Sang of old with one accord;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the Long-expected;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its music bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And Eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.

356

GOOD KING WENCESLAS. From HELMORE's Carols.




1 ONCE again, O blesséd time,
Thankful hearts embrace thee;
If we lost thy festal chime,
What could ere replace thee?
Change will darken many a day,
Many a bond dissever;
Many a joy will pass away,
But the "Great Joy" never

2 Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
Oh could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation!

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure;
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

4 Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O Best Fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas Morning."

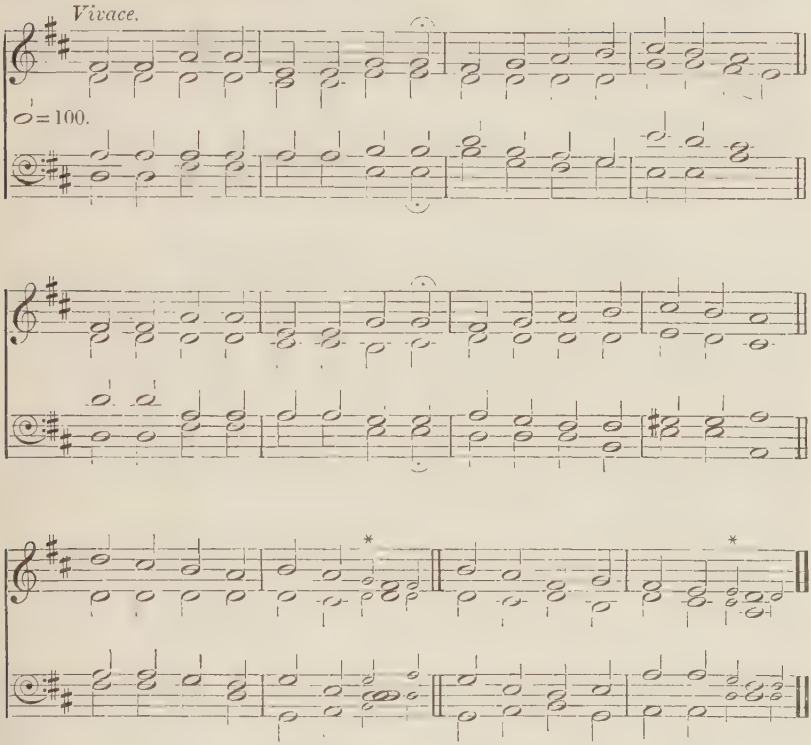
5 So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee True God, and Thee True Man,
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birthday-morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O Most True and Sweet,
In Thy Mercy's ocean.

6 Thou that once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou Whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou Whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise for ever.

## ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

Anon.

*Vivace.*




* The small notes are for verses 2 and 4.

1 Once in royal David's City
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a Manger for His bed;
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from Heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

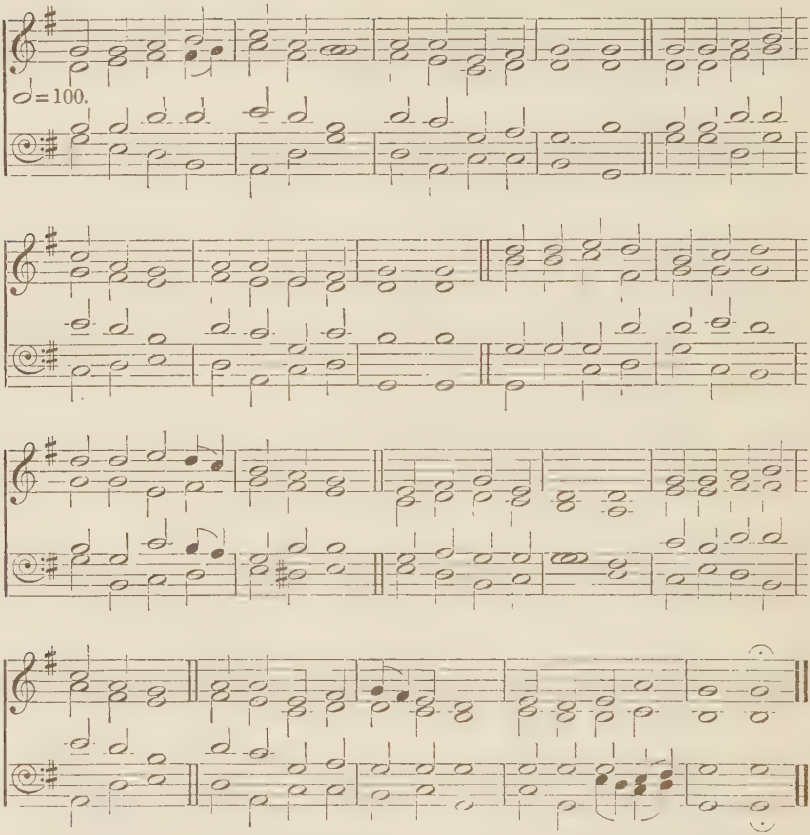
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heav'n above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on High;
When like stars His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around.

358

ROYAL DAY.

From HELMORE's Carols.




1 ROYAL Day that chasest gloom,
Day by gladness speeded;
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
How the King proceeded:
Very God, Who made the sky,
Set the sun and stars on high,
Heav'n and earth sustaining;
Very Man, Who freely bare
Toil and sorrow, woe and care,
Man's Salvation gaining.

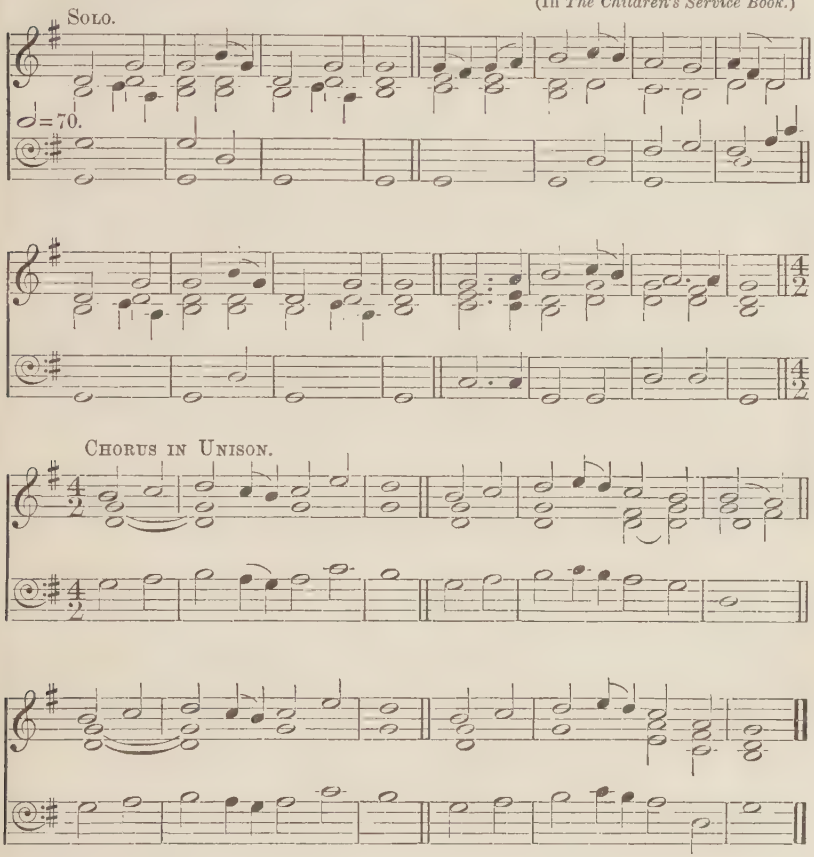
2 As the sunbeam through the glass
Passeth, but not staineth;
Thus the Virgin, as she was,
Virgin still remaineth;
Blessed Mother! in whose womb
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
God to earth descending:
Blessed Maid! whose spotless breast
Gives the King of Glory rest,
Nurture, warmth, and tending.

3 Christ, Who mad'st us out of dust,
Breath and spirit giving:
Christ, from Whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living:
Christ, Who camest once to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, light'ning, cheering:
Christ, Who now wast made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee
In Thy next appearing!

## 359

### SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

French Air.
(In *The Children's Service Book.*)




1 See, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promis'd from Eternal years!
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies:
He, Who thron'd in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail, &c.

3 Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, &c.

4 "As we watch'd at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels, singing, 'Peace on earth,'
Told us of the Saviour's Birth."
Hail, &c.

5 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

**360**

HIMMELSAU. *Trier Gesangbuch.*

♩=70. 1 Si - lent night! hal - low'd night! Earth is hush'd, Heav'n a-light!

An - gels throng the star-lit air, Whisp-'ring round the Child so fair:

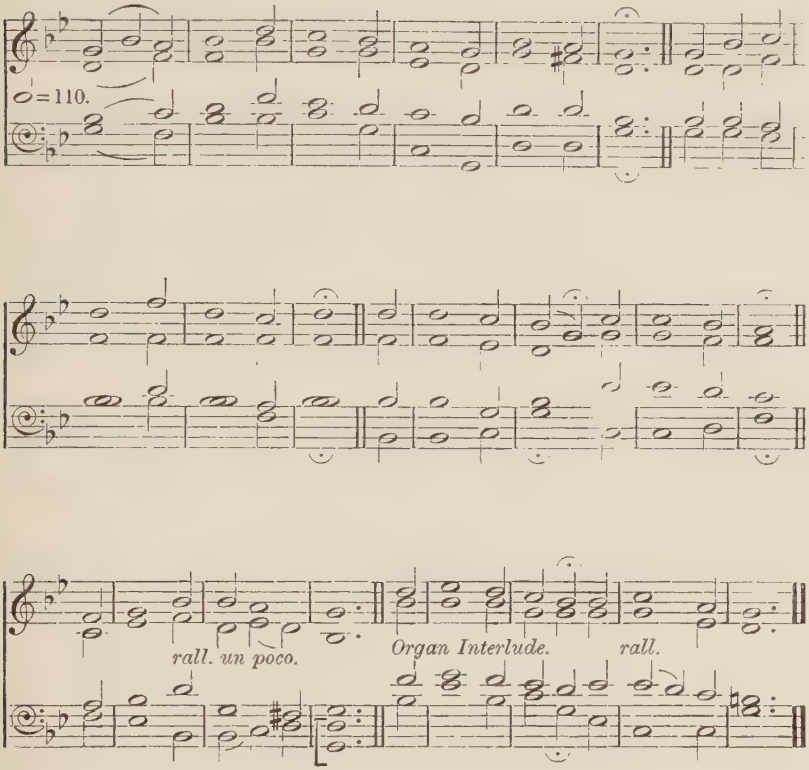
"Sleep, sleep, O Ba - by King! Sleep," . . they soft - ly sing.

2 All is still, Jesus sleeps;
Holy watch Joseph keeps;
Mary bends His Face to see,
Murmuring low her lullaby;
"Sleep, my Babe Divine!
Sleep, God's Son and mine!"

3 Blissful night, prophesied;
Angel-Hosts glorified,
Wondrous news to shepherds tell!
Heav'nly harps their chorus swell!
"Peace!" a Seraph sings,
"Peace the Saviour brings."

4 Gather round, people dear!
Young and old, gather near!
Though are closed those Eyes so sweet,
Lo! His Heart doth watchful beat;
Sleep then, Jesus dear!
Sleep, my heart doth hear!

SLEEP, HOLY BABE! *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 Sleep, Holy Babe
Upon Thy Mother's breast!
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

2 Sleep, Holy Babe!
Thine Angels watch around;
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
In rev'rent awe profound.

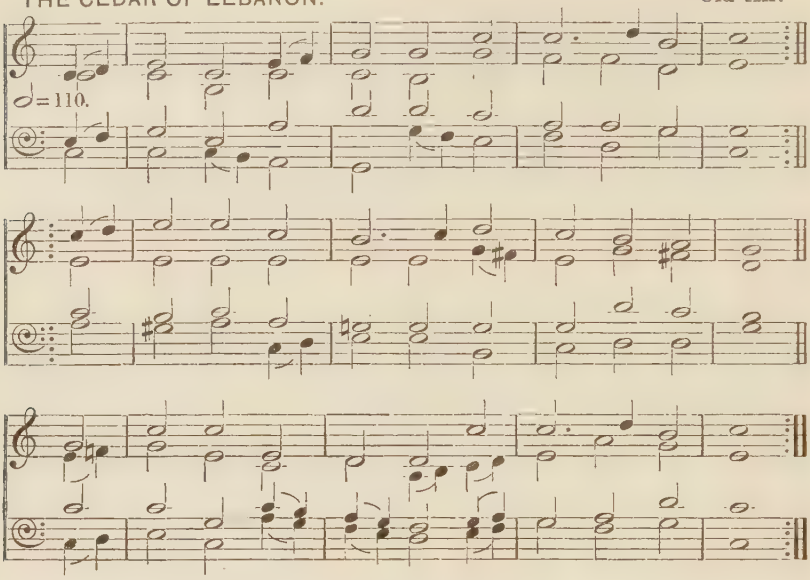
3 Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there Divinely plays.

4 Sleep, Holy Babe!
Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

5 Then must that Brow
Its thorny Crown receive;
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drench'd with Blood, and marr'd with blows,
That I thereby may live.

6 O Father Blest!
Almighty, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To Thee, in causing Thy dear Son
Upon the Cross to die.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON. Old Air.




1 The Cedar of Lebanon, Plant of renown,
Hath bow'd to the hyssop His wide-spreading crown,
The Son of the Highest, an Infant, is laid
On the breast of His Mother, that lowliest Maid.
All glory to God in the Highest we sing,
And peace upon earth through the newly-born King!

2 From the Star of the Sea the glad Sunlight hath shined,
Springs the Lion of Judah from Naphtali's hind,
The Life from the dying, the Rose from the thorn,
The Maker of all things of Maiden is born.
All glory, &c.

3 The Manger of Bethlehem opens once more
The gates of that Eden where man dwelt of yore,
And He, Who is lying, a Child, in the cave,
Hath conquer'd the foeman, hath ransom'd the slave.
All glory, &c.

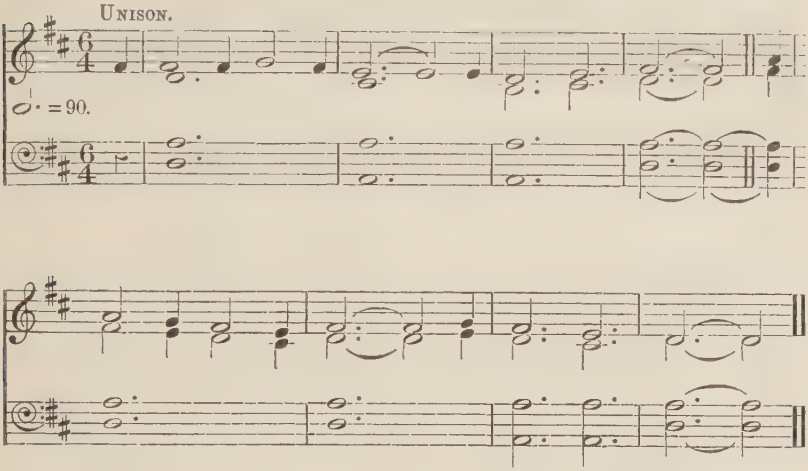
4 In the midst of the Garden the Tree of Life stands,
And offers His twelve fruits to lips and to hands;
For the Lord of Salvation, the Gentiles' Desire,
Hath ta'en from the Cherubs their sword-blade of fire.
All glory, &c.

5 On the hole of the aspic the sucking Child plays,
And His Hand on the den of the cockatrice lays,
And the Dragon, which over a fallen world reign'd,
By the Seed of the Woman is vanquish'd and chain'd.
All glory, &c.

6 To Him, Who hath loved us, and sent us His Son,
To Him, Who the victory for us hath won,
To Him, Who sheds on us His sevenfold rays,
Be honour and glory, salvation and praise.
All glory to God in the Highest we sing,
And peace upon earth through the newly-born King.

## 363

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND. Tune of the Pifferari.




1 The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born, on Christmas night.

2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Anne,
That brought into this world our God made Man.

3 She laid Him in a stall, at Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.

4 Saint Joseph, too, was by to tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect His Mother mild.

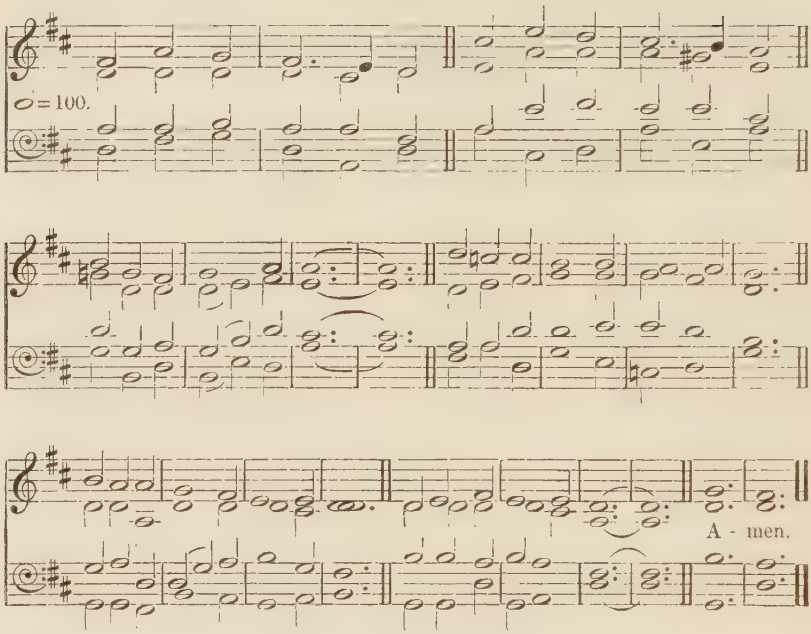
5 The Angels hover'd round, and sang this song:
"*Venite adoremus Dominum.*"

6 And thus, that Manger poor became a Throne;
For He, Whom Mary bore, was God the Son.

7 O come then, let us join the Heav'nly Host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 364

WHAT SHALL WE BRING TO THEE.




1 What shall we bring to Thee?
What shall our off'ring be,
On this Thy Natal Morn?
For Thou, O Christ, hast come to earth—
A Virgin Mother gave Thee birth—
For our redemption born.

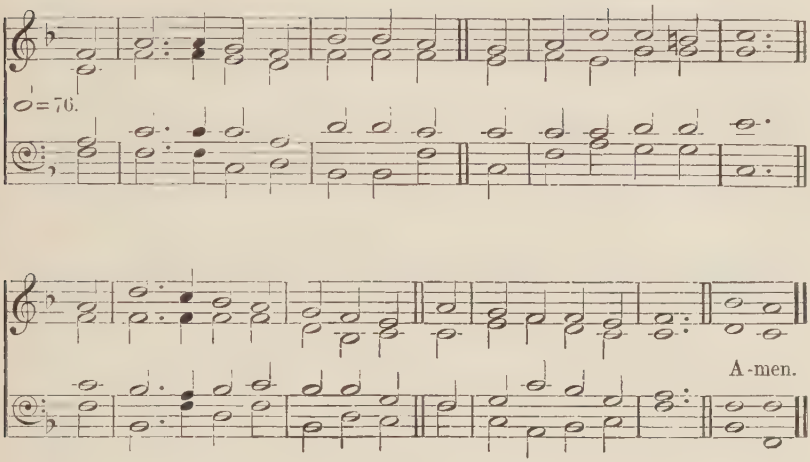
2 The whole creation broad
Gives praise and thanks to God,
Who gave His Only Son;
And list! the bright Angelic throng
Their homage yield in sweetest song
For peace on earth begun.

3 The Heav'ns their glory shed,
The Star shines o'er His Head,
The Promised Christ and King;
And Wise Men from the lands afar,
Led by the brightness of the Star,
Their treasured off'rings bring.

4 What shall we give Thee now?
Lowly the shepherds bow,
Have we no gift to bring?
Our worship, lo, we yield to Thee,
All that we are, and hope to be—
This is our offering.

**365**

WINCHESTER OLD. ALISON'S *Psalter.*




1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

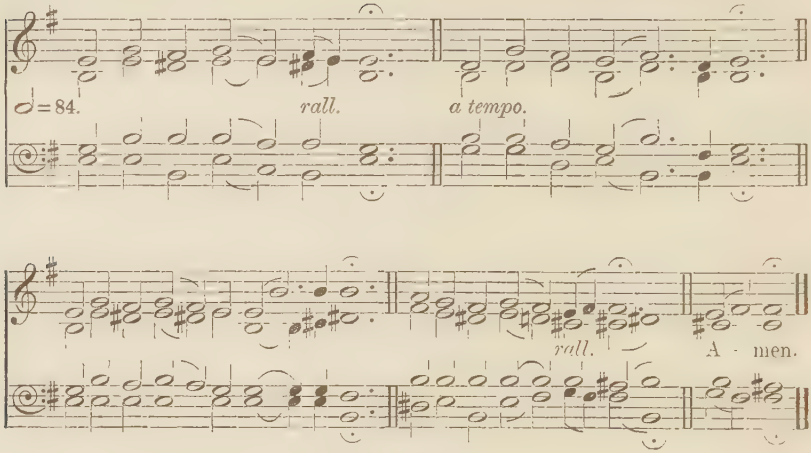
3 "To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord:
And this shall be the sign:

4 The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a Manger laid."

5 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on High,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."

JAM DESINANT SUSPIRIA. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 YE people, cease from tears;
Your sighs are heard above,
And from the op'ning Heav'n appears
The God of peace and love.

2 O'er Bethlehem's silent plains
Celestial voices swell,
Announcing in triumphant strains
God born on earth to dwell.

3 The wakeful shepherds hear,
And haste the Babe to greet;
Let us, like them, with joy draw near,
And worship at His Feet.

4 But oh, what strange surprise!
Within that lowly door,
A Manger meets our wond'ring eyes,
A Child and Mother poor.

5 Say, do we here behold
The Father's Image bright,
Who doth within His Hand infold
Earth and the starry height?

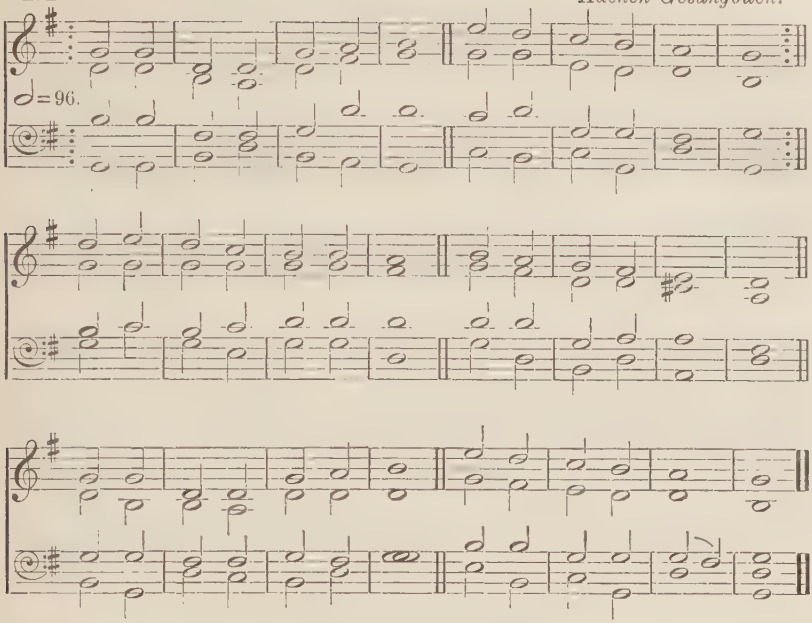
6 Yea, Faith can pierce the veil,
And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
Sees Him Whom Angels prostrate hail,
The God, Whom all adore.

7 O Babe, Thy Birth despised
Doth bid us not refuse
To flee from all on earth that's prized;
What flesh abhors, to choose.

8 With that pure love of Thine
O cure our sinful pride,
And in our hearts, O Babe Divine,
Be born, and there abide.

LÆTARE.

*Aachen Gesangbuch.*




1 Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages;
For the Child is born to-day,
Who is King of Ages:
For the God, by all adored,
Comes to His elected:
For the Babe, that is the Lord,
Comes to be rejected.

2 If the purple proves the King,
Where is goodly raiment?
If man needeth ransoming,
Who shall make the payment?
For the purple, here is grass;
For the throne, the manger;
For the courtiers, ox and ass
Kneel before the Stranger.

3 Joshua hastes to meet the foes,
Boastful and defiant;
David to His brethren goes,
And shall slay the giant:
Help is nigh to change our fate,
Help we may rely on:
Solomon, with royal state,
Shall be crown'd in Gihon.

4 Through the desert as we go,
Sorrowful and fearing,
From the Rock the waters flow,
That shall work our cheering:
Manna, wherewith all are fed,
Comes for our salvation,
Born in Bethl'hem, House of Bread
By interpretation.

5 Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages;
For the Child is born to-day,
Who is King of Ages:
Young and old their deeds so frame,
That, as He came hither,
They, when He their lives shall claim,
May to Him go thither.

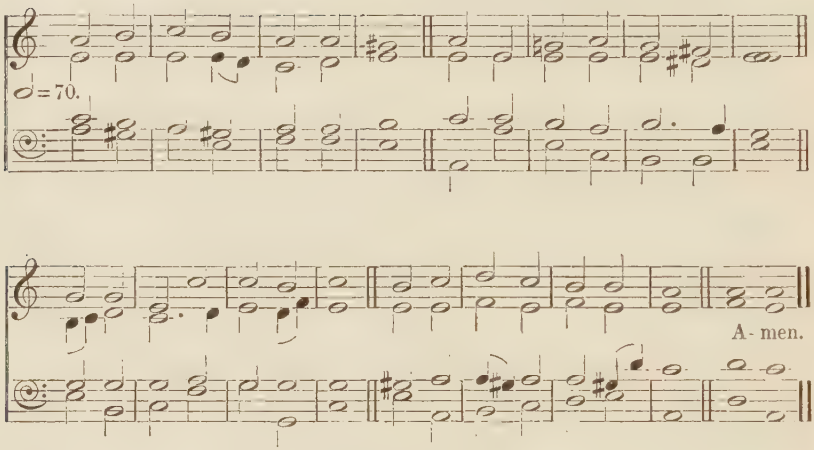
## *S. STEPHEN'S DAY*

and on the Octave.

**368**

HOLSTEIN.

Chorale by JOACHIM VON BURCK, 1580.
(In R. A. SMITH'S *Sacred Harmony*.)




1 FIRST of Martyrs, thou whose name*
Answers to thy crown of fame,
Not of flowers, that fade away,
Weave we this thy crown to-day.

2 Bright the stones which bruise thee gleam,
Sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream;
Ne'er could stars such lustre shed,
Studded round thy saintly head.

3 Ev'ry wound upon thy brow
Glistens with unearthly glow;
Like an Angel's is thy face
Beaming with Celestial Grace.

4 Victim thou art call'd to be
To the Victim slain for thee;
First to own thy Lord in death,
Earliest Witness to the Faith:

5 First to follow where He trod
Through the deep Red Sea of blood,
Leading on the Martyr Host
To the Heav'nly Canaan's coast.

6 Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Praised by men and Heav'nly Host.

* The name "Stephen" signifies a crown.

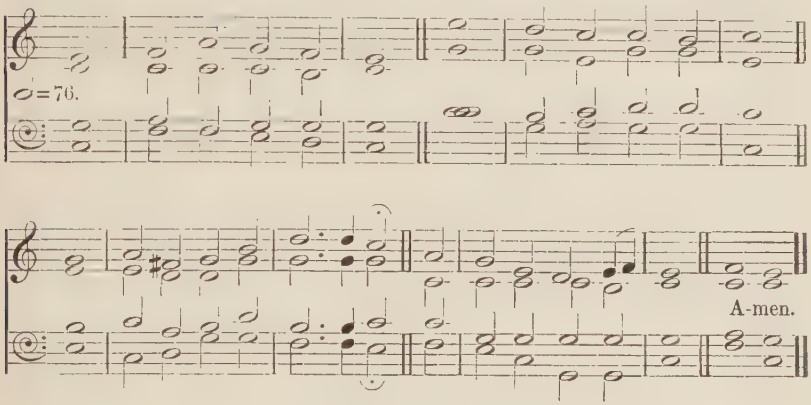
## *S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY*

and on the Octave.

*Also on May 6 (S. John before the Latin Gate).*

**369**

ST. GEORGE. GAUNTLETT.




1 An exile for the Faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
Thy soul in vision soar'd.

2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead;
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled:

3 There of the Kingdom learn'd
The Mysteries sublime,
How, sown in Martyrs' blood, the Faith
Should spread from clime to clime.

4 There the New City, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure Seat of bliss thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.

5 God give us grace with thee,
On those blest Courts to gaze;
To see the rainbow round the Throne,
And join those songs of praise.

*Christmas Doxology.*

Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

*Easter Doxology.*

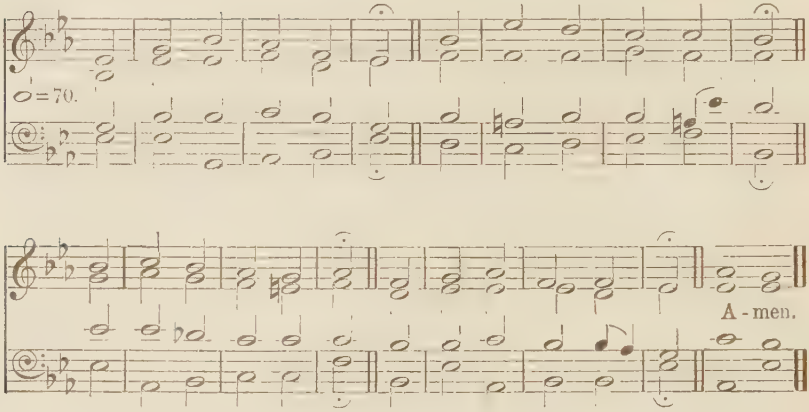
Jesu, our Risen Lord,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

## S. JOHN'S DAY.

**370**

COLOGNE.

R. A. Smith's "*Sacred Harmony.*"




1 Saint of the Sacred Heart,
Sweet teacher of the Word,
Partner of Mary's woes,
And favourite of thy Lord;

2 Thou to whom grace was given
To stand where Peter fell;
Whose heart could brook the Cross
Of Him it loved so well;

3 We know not all thy gifts.
But this Christ bids us see,
That He, Who so loved all,
Found most to love in thee.

4 When the last evening came,
Thy head was on His Breast,
Pillow'd on earth, where now
In Heav'n the Saints find rest.

5 His Heart, with quicken'd love,
Because His hour drew near,
Now throbb'd against thy head,
Now beat into thine ear.

6 Dear Saint! I stand far off,
With vilest sins opprest;
Oh, may I dare, like thee,
To lean upon His Breast?

7 His Touch could heal the sick,
His Voice could raise the dead;
Oh, that my soul might be
Where He allows thy head.

8 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
Now, and while time shall last,
And through Eternity.

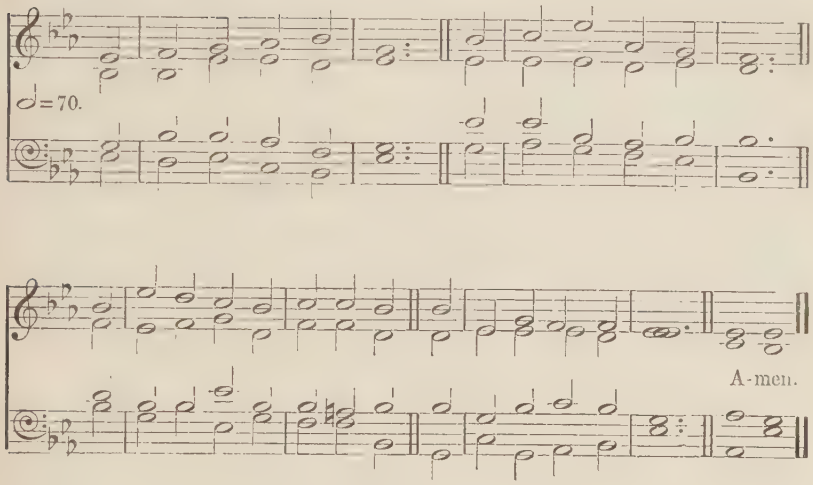
## THE INNOCENTS' DAY

and on the Octave.

**371**

FRANCONIA.

German.




1 All praise to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gain'd the shore.

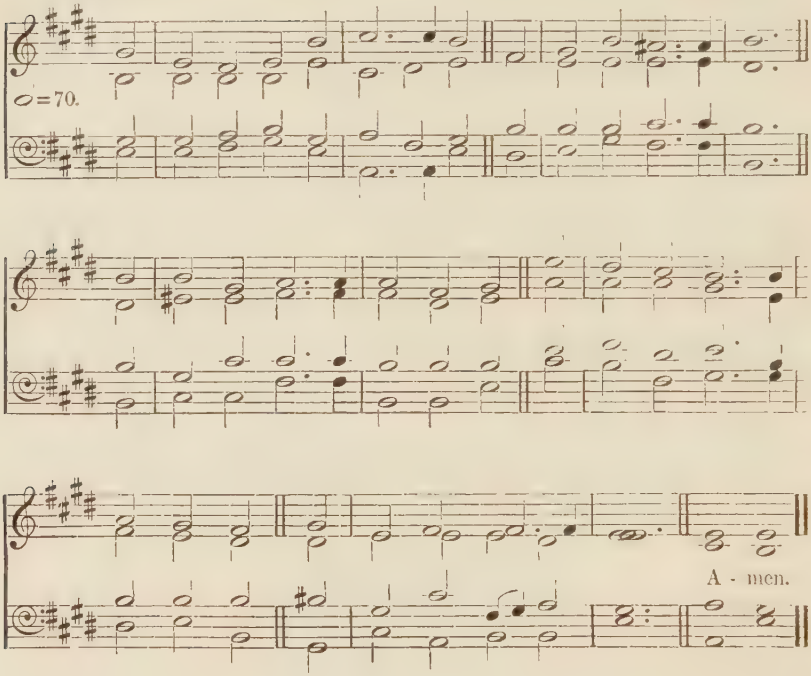
3 All praise to Thee for all
The ransom'd infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reach'd the quiet Land.

4 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and white!
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

5 Lord, help us ev'ry hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

## 372 THE CIRCUMCISION.

ST. BERNARD. GAUNTLETT.




1.

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The Holy Babe hath been;
Long named in Heav'n, He now must go
To take that Name on Him below—
Jesus, Who saves from sin.

2.

His Mother kept the Angel's word
Deep in her bosom's store,
But most by fear and love unstirr'd,
Unconscious of its meaning, heard
The Name the Infant bore.

3.

The traitor sought Him by that Name,
When all the murd'rous crew
With swords and staves against Him came:
And on the Cross, the place of shame,
That Name was fix'd in view.

4.

Yet in His Hour of Glory, now,
That precious Name is given
Above all names to deck His Brow
And at the Name of Jesus bow
The Powers and Thrones of Heav'n.

5.

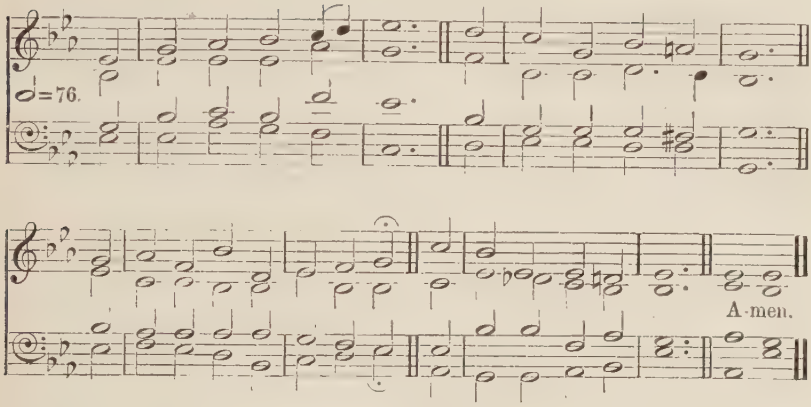
Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
O Christ, for evermore;
Thou, Who for us didst not disdain,
That sinners should that Name profane,
Which Seraphim adore!

6.

Father of all, high praise to Thee;
And praise we in the Height
The Son, and Spirit's Majesty,
As was of old, is now, shall be,
In worlds of Endless Light.

# 373 The Circumcision.

BEN RHYDDING. A. R. REINAGLE.




1 THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That Blood for sin must flow.

2 Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough: the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

3 Like sacrificial wine,
Pour'd on a victim's head,
Are those few precious drops of Thine,
Now first to off'ring led.

4 By blood and water too
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee ev'ry faithful view
Both Covenants might see.

5 Oh, are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard our vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?

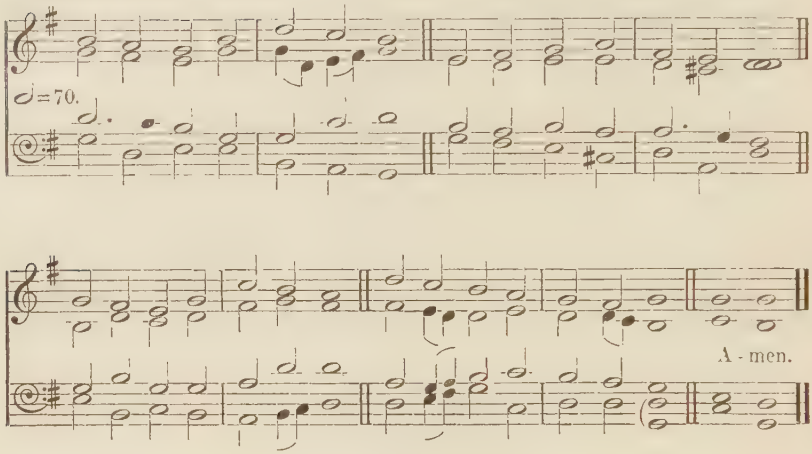
6 Look here, and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good,
E'en from the womb, takes no release
From suff'ring, tears, and blood.

7 If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

8 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever-bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.

## 374 *NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

VIENNA. J. H. KNECHT.




1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

2 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

3 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

4 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure;
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

6 So within Thy Palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

## 375 *NEW YEAR'S DAY.*

JESU, MEINES HERZENS FREUD. JOACHIM VON BURCK.

♩=66.

A - men.

1 FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name."

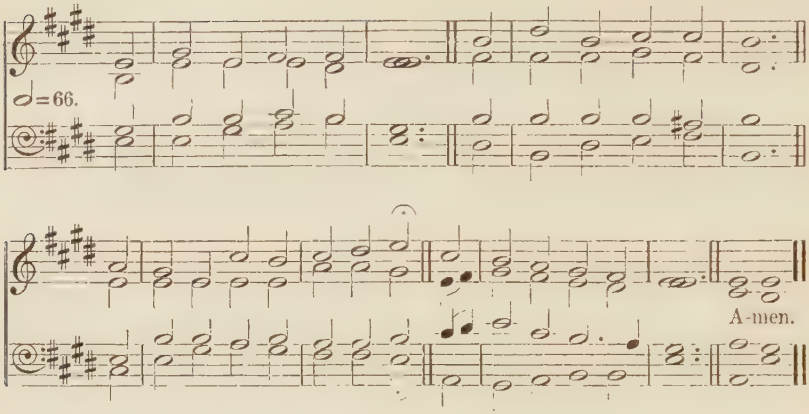
2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest ev'ry day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His Glory came,
And repeat, till life is done,
"Glorify Thy Name."

## 376

ST. HELENA. W. H. MONK.




1 HAIL to another year!
The year that now begins;
All hail to Him Who led us here
Through dangers and through sins.

2 Hail to another year!
Peace to the year that's past:
May this one at its close appear
Less worthless than the last.

3 Hail to another year!
Ere half its race is sped,
Ourselves, with all our treasures here,
May rest among the dead.

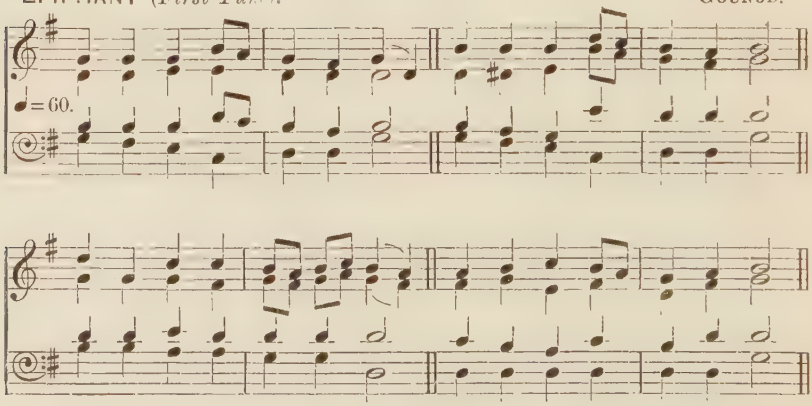
4 Hail to another year!
Though yet unknown, untrod,
Whate'er may come, we need not fear,
If friends, through Christ, with God.

5 Hail to another year!
A year of peace and love;
O may it prove a foretaste here
Of Endless Years above.

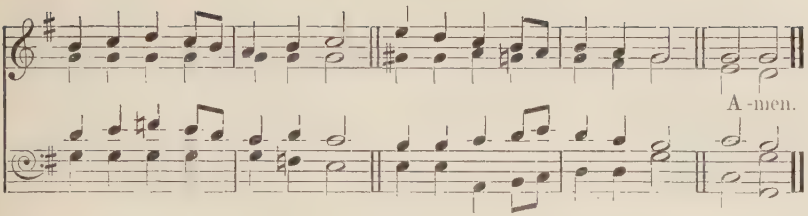
## THE EPIPHANY.

## 377

EPIPHANY (*First Tune*). GOUNOD.



# Epiphany.

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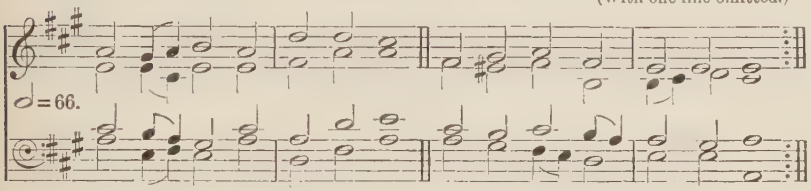
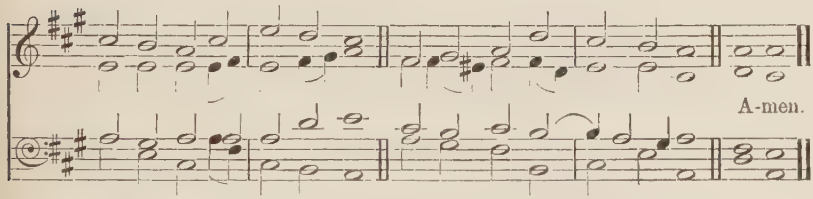
TREUER HEILAND (*Second Tune*).

KOCHER.
(With one line omitted.)




1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, Most Gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, Whom earth and Heav'n adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

3 As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our Heav'nly King.

4 Holy Jesus, ev'ry day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy Glory hide.

5 In the Heav'nly Country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

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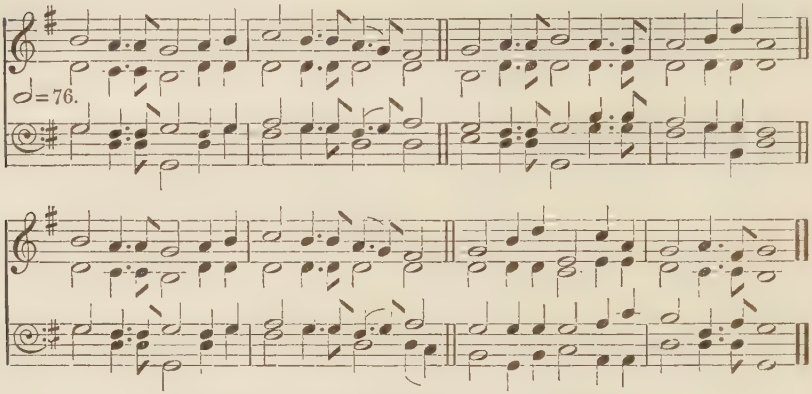
## 378

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. MÉHUL.




1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

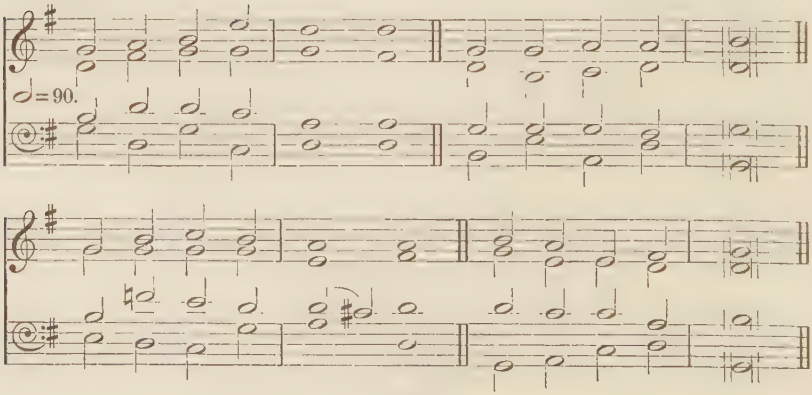
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings Divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

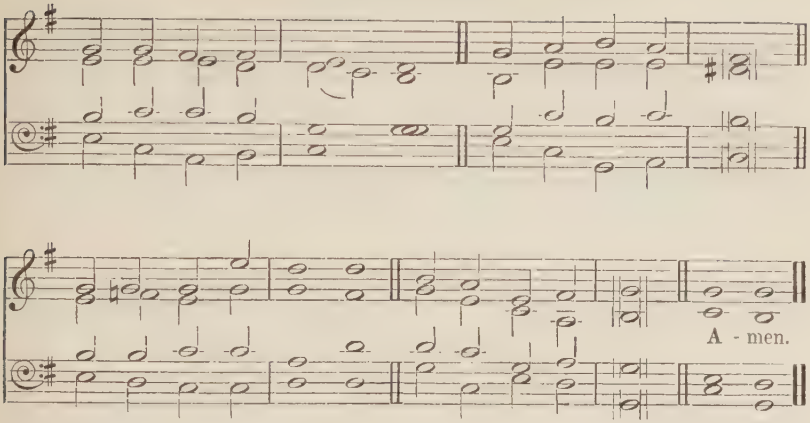
5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

## 379

GROSVENOR. STEGGALL.



# Epiphany.




1 From the princely City
To that lowly home,
Ever pressing onward,
See the Magi come:
Love compels their footsteps;
While firm faith, which rests
Built on hope unswerving,
Triumphs in their breasts.

2 O what joys ecstatic
Thrill'd each heart from far,
When to guide their footsteps
Gleam'd the beacon Star;
O'er that home so lowly
Pouring down its ray,
Where the cradled Infant
With His Mother lay.

3 There no ivory glistens,
Glows no regal gold,
Nor doth gorgeous purple
Those fair Limbs enfold;
But His Court He keepeth
In a stable bare,
His Throne is a manger,
Rags His purple are.

4 Costly pomps and pageants
Earthly kings array;
He, a mightier Monarch,
Hath a nobler sway;
Straw though be His pallet,
Mean His garb may be,
Yet with power transcendent
He all hearts can free.

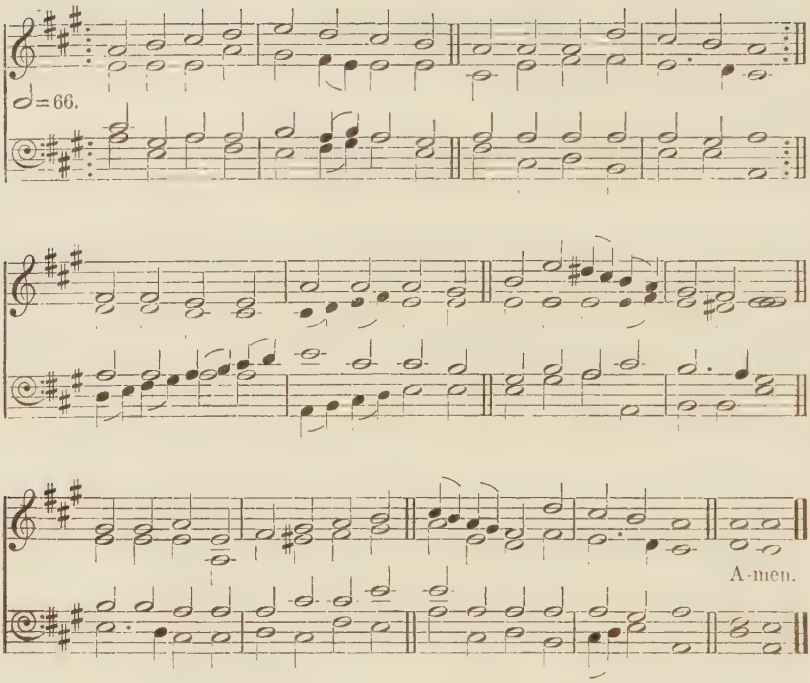
5 At His crib they worship,
Prostrate on the floor;
And their God there present
In That Babe adore;
Let us to That Infant,
We, their offspring, true
Hearts with love o'erflowing
Give, our tribute due.

6 Holiest love presenting,
As gold to our King,
To the Man pure bodies,
Myrrh-like, chastely bring;
Unto Him, as incense,
Vow and prayer address;
So, with off'rings meetest,
Him our God confess.

7 Glory to the Father,
Fount of Light alone,
Who unto the Gentiles
Made His Glory known:
Equal praise and merit
Blessed Son, to Thee,
And to Thee, Sweet Spirit.
Evermore shall be.

## 380

CORINTH.




1.

Hail, Thou Source of ev'ry blessing!
  Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
  To Thy Courts admission find.

2.

Grateful now we fall before Thee,
  In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy Glory,
  Praise Thy Name, and sing Thy Grace.

3.

Once far off, but now invited,
  We approach Thy sacred Throne;
In Thy covenant united,
  Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.

4.

May we, body, soul, and spirit,
  Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
  Grateful anthems ever raise.

# 381 Epiphany.

CRÜGER.

J. CRÜGER.

♩=60.

A - men.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

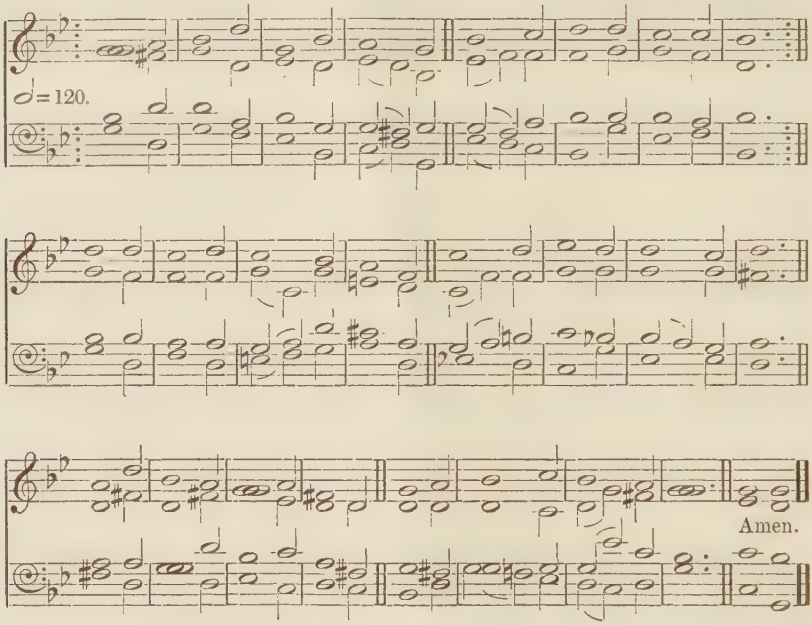
2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end.

4 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on His Throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and All-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is—Love.

## 382

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE. Darmstätter *Gesangbuch.*




1 King of Israel, Word Incarnate,
Now with joy we turn to Thee,
In the brightness of Thy rising
At Thy first Epiphany:
Sleeping in the arms of Mary,
Thou art God for ever Blest;
Thee Thy servants love and worship,
In the sweetness of Thy rest.

2 Taught of God, Three Eastern Sages
Come to greet Thee from afar,
First-fruits of the Gentile-Kingdoms,
Guided by the promised Star:
Soon they find Thee with Thy Mother,
Soon their treasures they unfold,
Off'rings for prophetic welcome,
Incense, bitter myrrh, and gold.

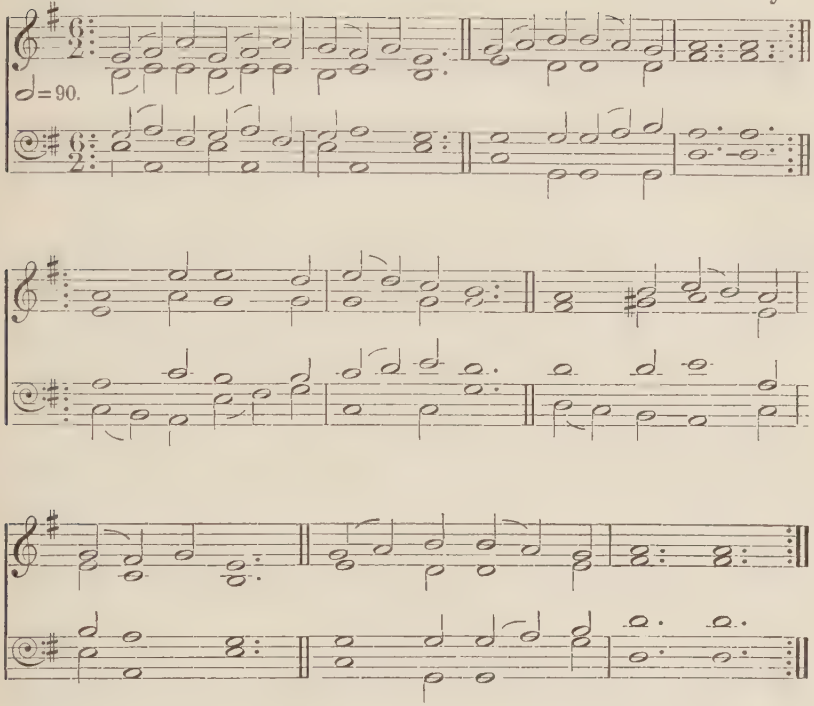
3 Infant Jesus, in Thy mercy
Thou art come to save the lost;
Evermore a Light of Refuge,
Shining for the tempest-tost:
Thou art come, Desire of Nations,
To a world by sin opprest,
Sent to heal the broken-hearted,
Sent to succour the distrest.

4 Stands Thy Throne on High for ever,
Welcome sight for weary eyes;
There the lilies cannot wither
In the breath of Paradise:
'Midst the golden-hearted lilies,
Blooming in the second Spring,
All the chosen see Thy Glory,
All rejoice in Thee, O King!

5 What the rapture of Thy Presence,
What its blessedness may be,
In the Father, thro' the Spirit,
Evermore to gaze on Thee,
Thought of man can never fathom,
Tongue of man can never tell,
But Thine Angels, and Thy ransom'd,
Rapt, adoring, know it well.

6 King of Gentiles, Light of Ages,
Very Gracious, Lord, art Thou;
Save us by Thy Holy Childhood,
By the Crowns upon Thy Brow:
Bring us to the Heav'nly Eden,
Where the living live in Thee,
Liken'd to Thy changeless Beauty,
In the Great Epiphany.

IN VERNALI TEMPORE. Ancient Melody.



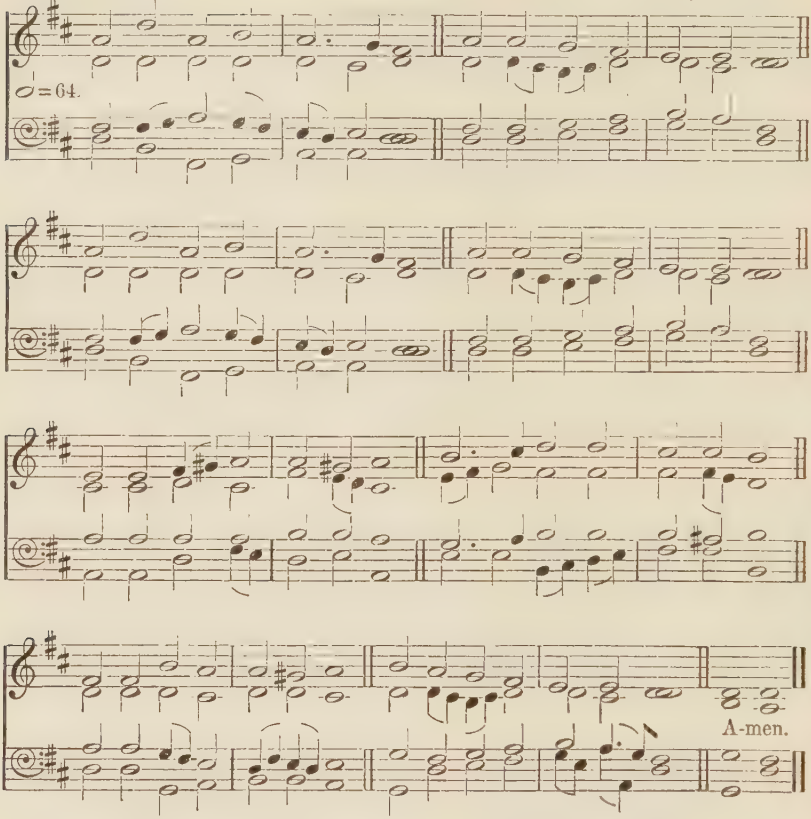

1 O'ER the hill, and o'er the vale,
Come Three Kings together,
Caring nought for snow and hail,
Cold, and wind, and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris swells with rains,
They their camels tether;
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab, faint and slow,
Now o'er Edom's heather.

2 O'er the hill, and o'er the vale,
Each King bears a present;
Wise men go a Child to hail,
Monarchs seek a Peasant:
And a Star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant:
Therefore onward, onward still!
Ford the stream, and climb the hill!
Love makes all things pleasant.

3 He is God ye go to meet;
Therefore incense proffer:
He is King ye go to greet;
Gold is in your coffer:
Also Man, He comes to share
Ev'ry woe that man can bear,
Tempter, railer, scoffer:
Therefore now, against the day
In the grave when Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.

SALZBURG.

CRÜGER.
Har. by J. S. BACH.




1 SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the Star
To the Sages from afar;
Branch of Royal David's stem
In Thy Birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King Supreme;
And at Cana Wedding-Guest
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

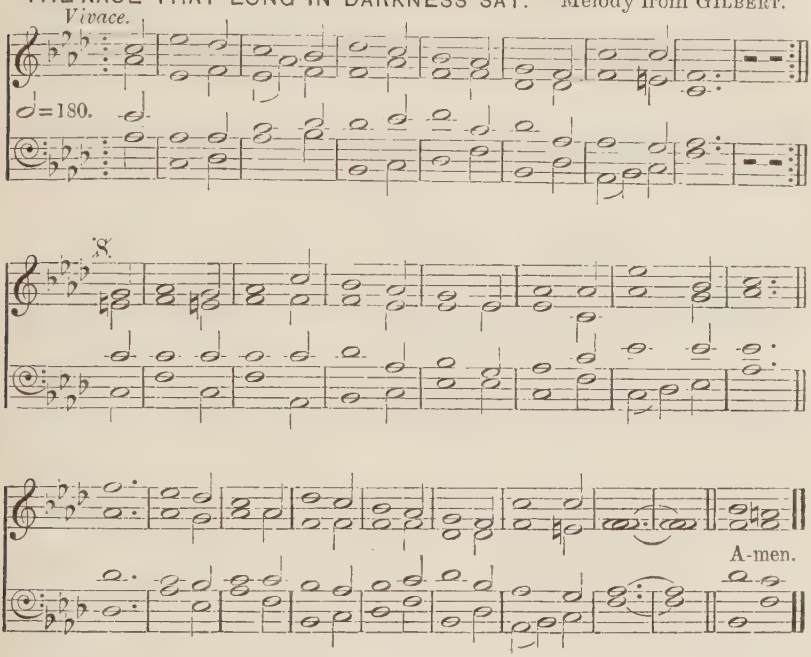
3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the Devil's might;
Manifest in gracious Will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darken'd be,
Stars shall fall, the Heav'ns shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious Sign:
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirror'd in Thy Holy Word:
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever Blest,
God in Man made manifest.

## 385

THE RACE THAT LONG IN DARKNESS SAT. Melody from GILBERT.




NOTE.—Verse 7 will begin at 𝄋.

1.

THE race that long in darkness sat
Hath seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gath'ring nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

4.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and Heav'n.

5.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

6.

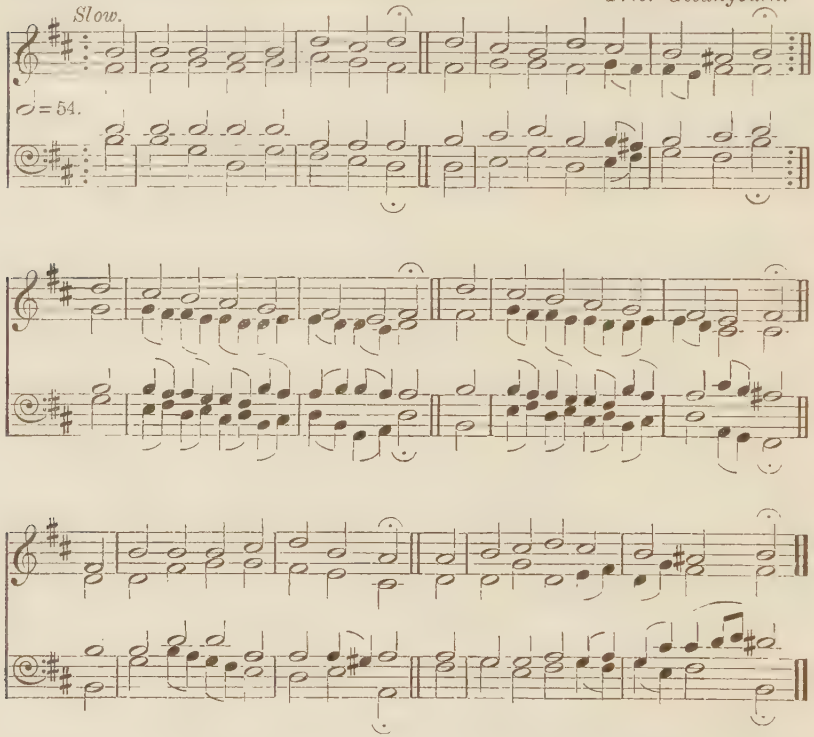
His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgement and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

7.

Lord Jesu, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One.

## 386

THEY LEAVE THE LAND OF GEMS. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 They leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the East;
For Him, "the Woman's Seed" foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.
He, He is King, and He alone,
Who lifts that Infant Hand to bless;
Who makes His Mother's knee His Throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness!

2 To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe New-born.
He, He is King, &c.

3 O happy eyes, that saw Him first!
O happy lips, that kiss'd His Feet!
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst;
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.
He, He is King, &c.

387 **Epiphany.**

SALTWOOD. J. F. COOPER.

*Vivace.*

♩=80.

1.

WELCOME, that star in Judah's sky,
That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen,
The lamp far sages hail'd on high, [men:
The tones that thrill'd the shepherd-
"Glory to God in loftiest Heav'n;"
Thus Angels smote the echoing chord:
"Glad tidings unto man forgiven;
Peace, from the Presence of the Lord."

2.

The shepherds sought that Birth Divine;
The Wise Men traced their guided way;
There, by strange light and mystic sign,
The God they came to worship lay:
A human Babe in beauty smiled,
Where lowing oxen round Him trod;
A Maiden clasp'd her awful Child,
Pure Offspring of the Breath of God.

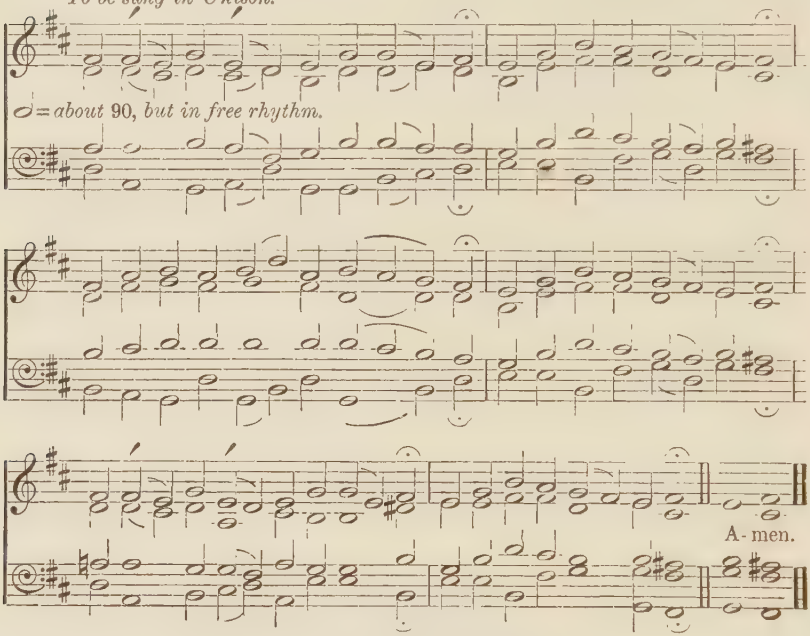
3.

Those voices from on High are mute;
The star the Wise Men saw is dim;
But Hope still guides the wand'rer's foot,
And Faith renews the Angel-hymn:
"Glory to God in loftiest Heav'n;"
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord—
"Good tidings unto man forgiven;
Peace, from the Presence of the Lord."

## 388 *THE WEEK BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA.*

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN. Gregorian Melody.

*To be sung in Unison.*




1 ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, Eternal lay;
Alleluia is the anthem
Of the Choirs in Heav'nly Day,
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the House of God alway.

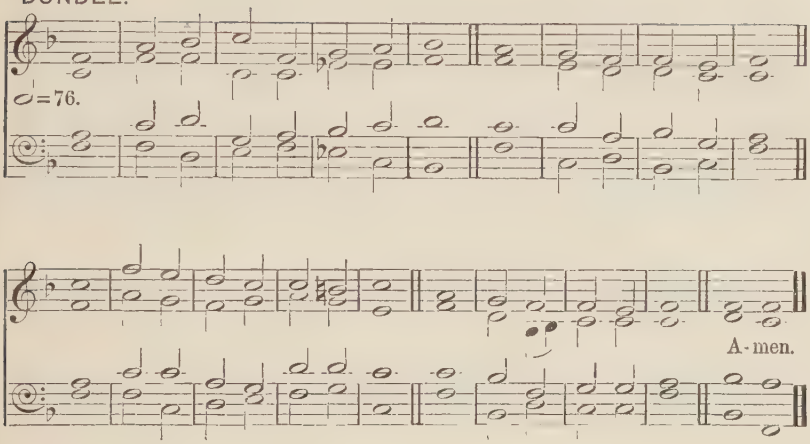
2 Alleluia, Church victorious,
Raise, Jerusalem, the strain!
Alleluia, songs of triumph
Well befit thy ransom'd train;
But by Babylon's sad waters
We in exile yet remain.

3 "Alleluia" we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
"Alleluia" our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er;
For the holy time is coming,
Bidding us our sins deplore.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Ever Blesséd Trinity,
Grant us all to keep Thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

**389**

DUNDEE.




1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which Heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy Hill;
The Saints, like stars, around His Seat
Perform their courses still.

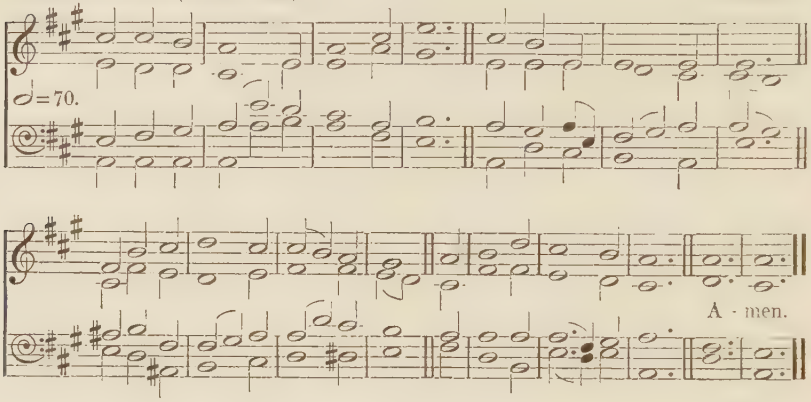
6 The dew of Heav'n is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

7 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heav'n and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

8 Thou, Who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee ev'rywhere.

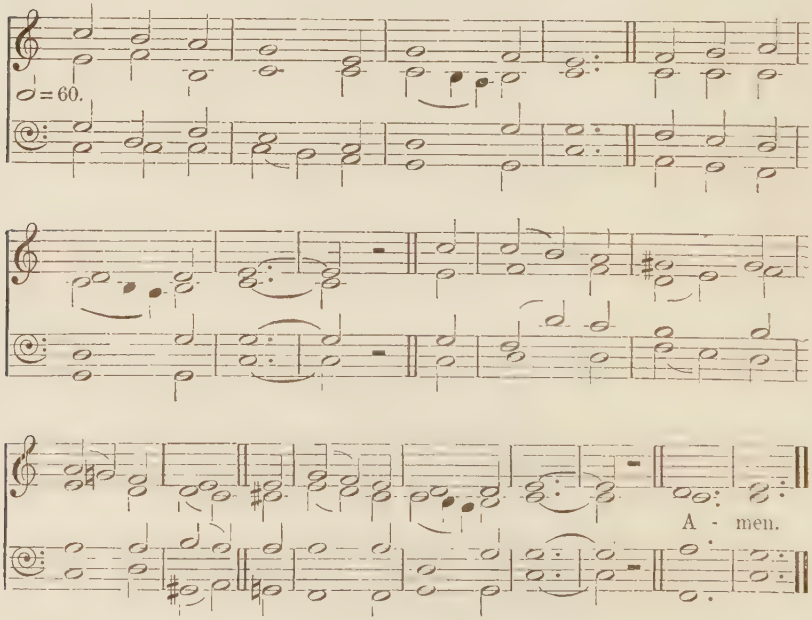
## 390 SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

GERONTIUS (*First Tune*). DYKES.




PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST (*Second Tune*).

*Slow.* C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the Height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving Wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His Very Self,
And Essence all-Divine.

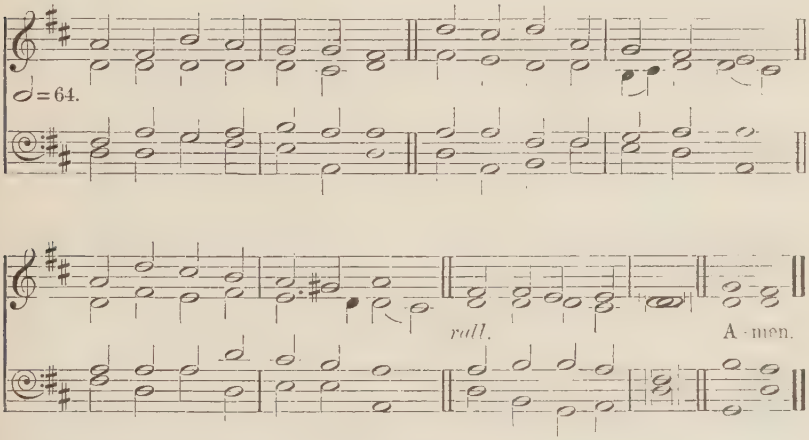
5 O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the Garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the Height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

## 391 *QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.*

CAPETOWN. German.




1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, Heav'nly Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, Give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, Give us Love.

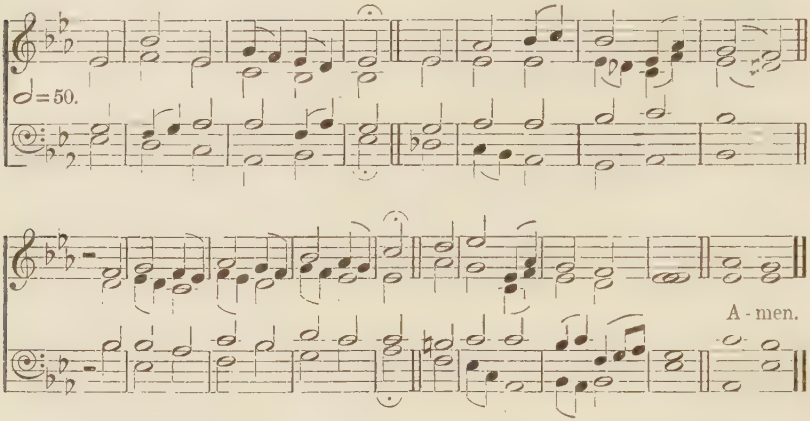
4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heav'n will shine more bright;
Therefore, Give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, Heav'nly Love.

## 392 *ASH WEDNESDAY.*

CARLISLE. C. Lockhart.




1 Only one prayer to-day,
One earnest, tearful plea ;
A litany from out the heart,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

2 Although my sin is great,
Still to my God I flee ;
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

3 Ashes are on my head,
And thus I turn to Thee ;
I fast and weep, I mourn and pray,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,

4 Because of Jesu's Cross,
And that unfathom'd Sea—
The Crimson Tide which laves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

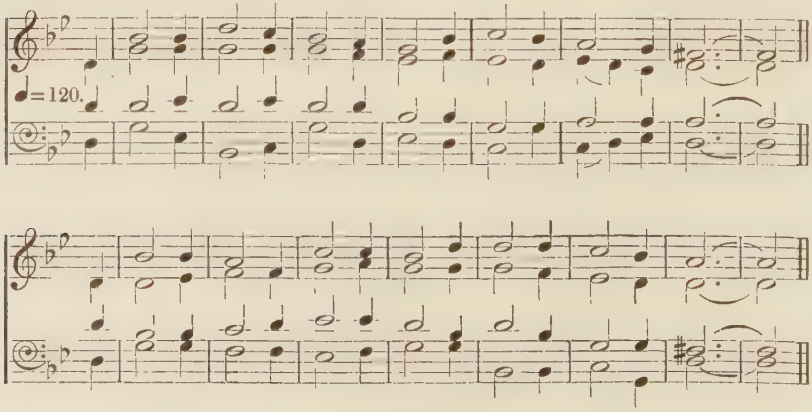
5 No other name than His,
My hope, my help may be ;
O by that One All-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

6 In garb of penance clad,
I crave Thy pardon free ;
In life to die, in death to live,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

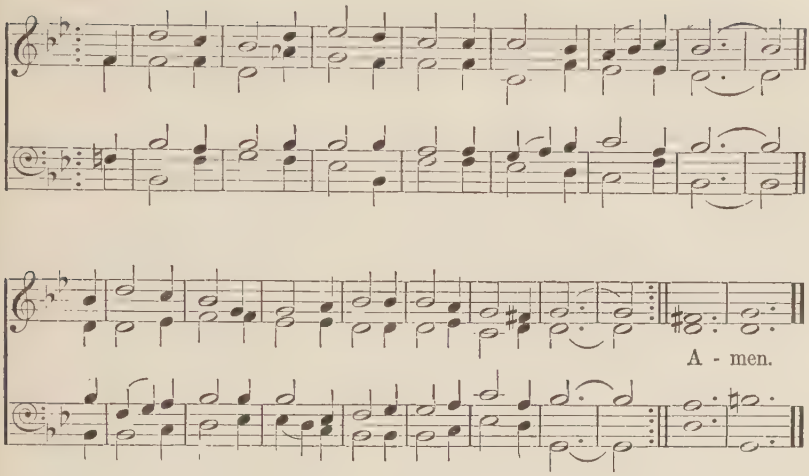
## *LENT*

## 393 Until Passiontide.

AGAIN OUR LENT HAS COME TO US. French Air.



# Lent until Passiontide.




1 Again our Lent has come to us, the Seed-time of the year,
And we must late and early toil, that, ere the Lord appear,
Within the garden of our hearts such holy seed be sown,
That flowers and fruits of Grace Divine the Gardener may own:
The time is short: O labour all, with fast and prayer and tear,
Because once more our Lent is come, the Seed-time of the year.

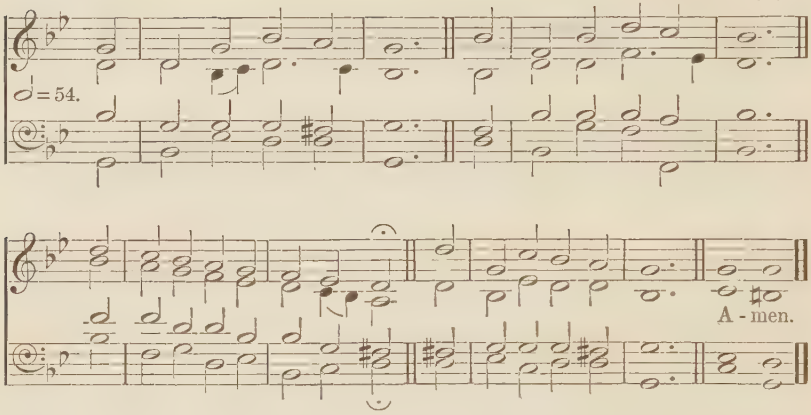
2 Cold are the winds of Nature now; and O! the blasts are keen,
The piercing blasts of deep remorse for what our sins have been;
And when soft showers of grace Divine fall gently down from Heav'n,
O Jesu, to our cold hard hearts may penitence be given,
That we confess our sins to Thee with many a secret tear,
Nor cast away the grace of Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

3 Dig deep, my soul, the ground on which the winter's frost has lain,
That in thy heart the loving Lord may sow some seed again;
And O! uproot each choking weed, e'en though their tendrils be
Twin'd closely round some earthly flower that is most dear to me:
Cleanse well the soil, the time is short, the Sower draweth near,
And none dare waste the time of Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

4 O Thou th' Eternal Word of God, the Sower of the seed,
Take pity on our aching hearts in their extremest need;
O plant again Thy graces now, that in the Judgement Day,
When Thou, as Judge, each deed, each act, each gift of Thine, shalt weigh,
Thou mayest own, as Thine alone, the "full corn in the ear,"
Sown and matured in many a Lent, the Seed-time of the year.

## 394

ST. BRIDE. Dr. Howard (?)




1 And wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I,
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?

2 So deep are they engraved,
So terrible their fear,
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

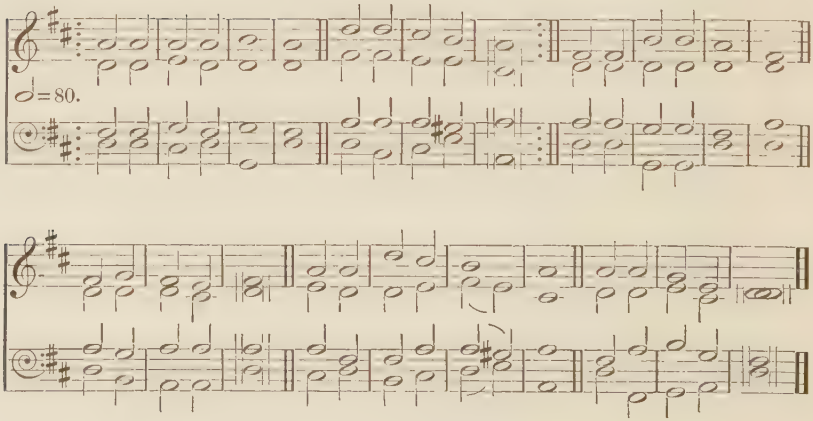
3 My soul, make all things known
To Him, Who all things sees;
That so the Lamb may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

4 O Thou, Physician Blest,
Make clean my guilty soul,
And me, by many a sin oppress'd,
Restore, and keep me whole.

5 I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love;
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

## 395

MAGI. German.



1 Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast.

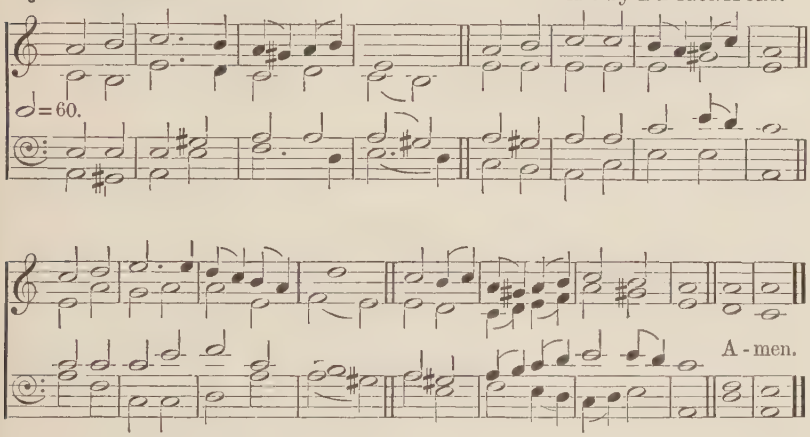
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all My own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."

## 396

QUADRAGESIMA.

Air by De Montfort.




1 Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after-time to gain?

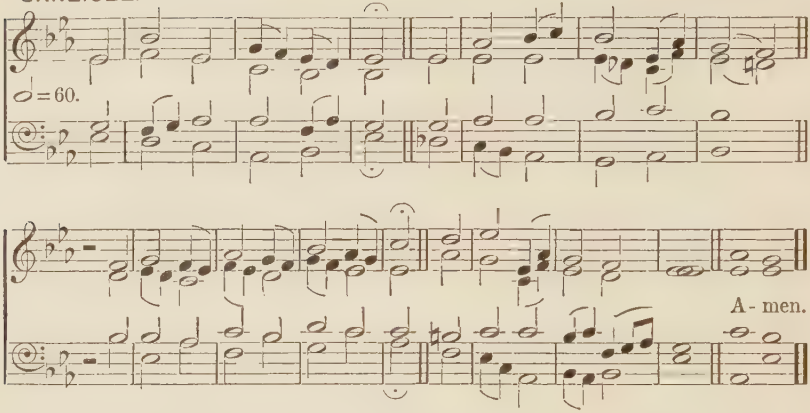
4 Then, if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

5 So shall we have peace Divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall Angels shine,
Such as minister'd to Thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear
Ever constant by Thy Side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' Eternal Eastertide.

## 397

CARLISLE. C. LOCKHART.




1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

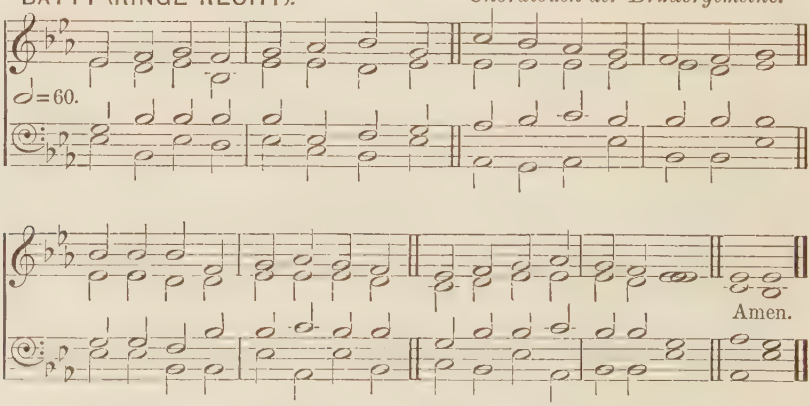
3 The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all Eternity.

## 398

BATTY (RINGE RECHT).

*The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*




1 LONE and weary, sad and dreary,
Lord, I would Thy call obey;
Thee believing, Christ receiving,
I would come to Thee to-day.

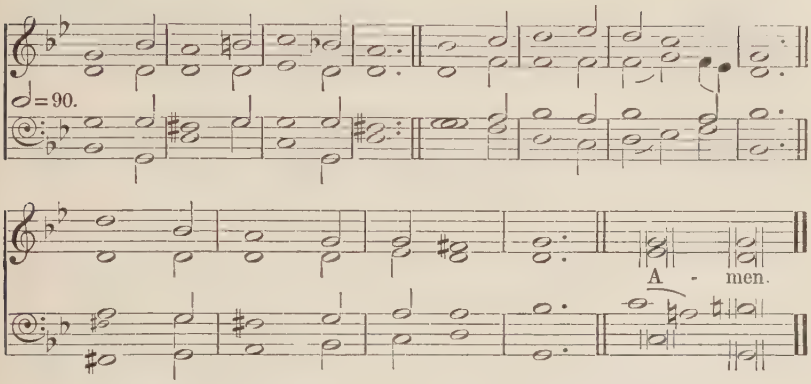
2 Thou, the Holy, Meek, and Lowly,
Saviour, fetch the wand'rer home;
Keep me ever, let me never
From Thy blessed keeping roam.

3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest;
Till the dawning of the Morning,
When I wake among the blest.

4 Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Through life's dark and stormy way:
Turn my sadness into gladness,
Turn my darkness into Day.

## 399

HEIL'GER GEIST, DU TRÖSTER MEIN. Ancient.




1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

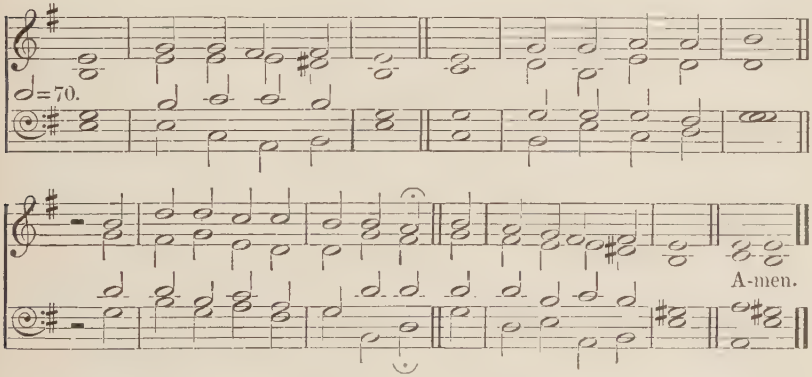
4 By Thy night of Agony,
By Thy supplicating Cry,
By Thy willingness to die;

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

## 400

SOUTHWELL. Ravenscroft's *Psalter.*




1 Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care oppress'd;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

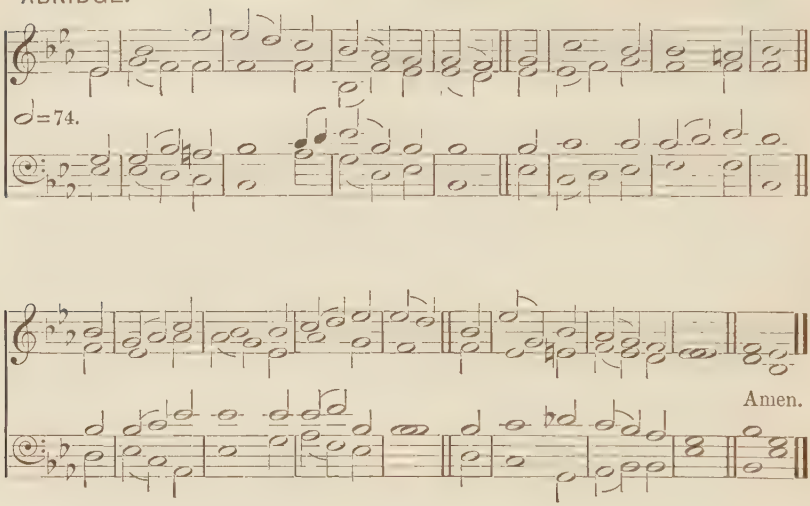
3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the Heav'nly Way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may th' Eternal Brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Holy Ghost, and Thee,
The songs of praise and love.

401

ABRIDGE. ISAAC SMITH.




1.

LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
And penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3.

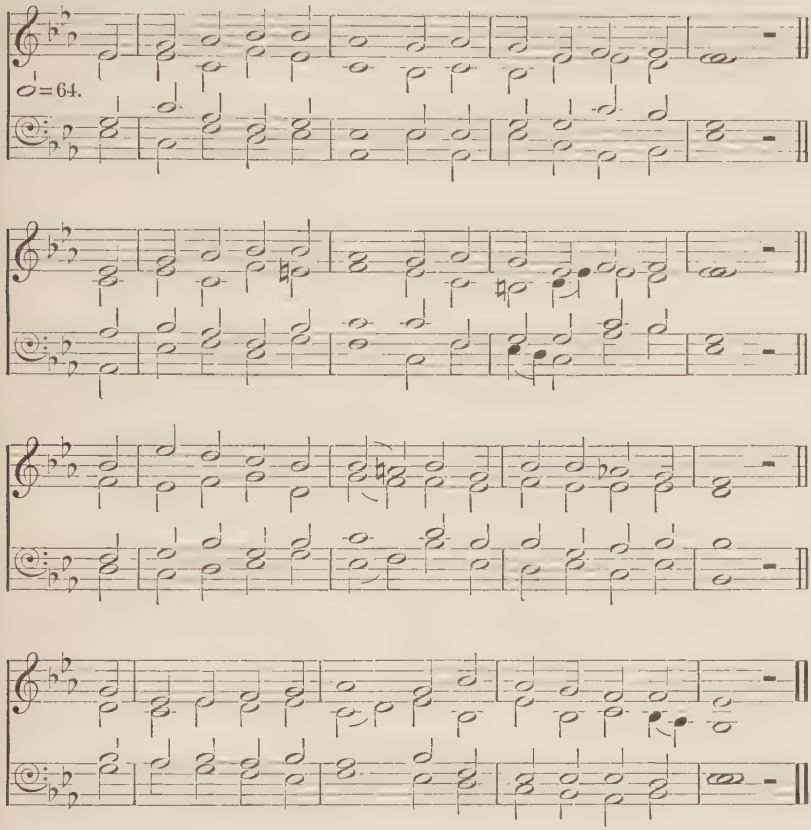
When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

## 402

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN. CRÜGER.




1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
To look I am not able,
Save only, Christ, to Thee;
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace;
My shadow and my sunshine,
The brightness of Thy Face.

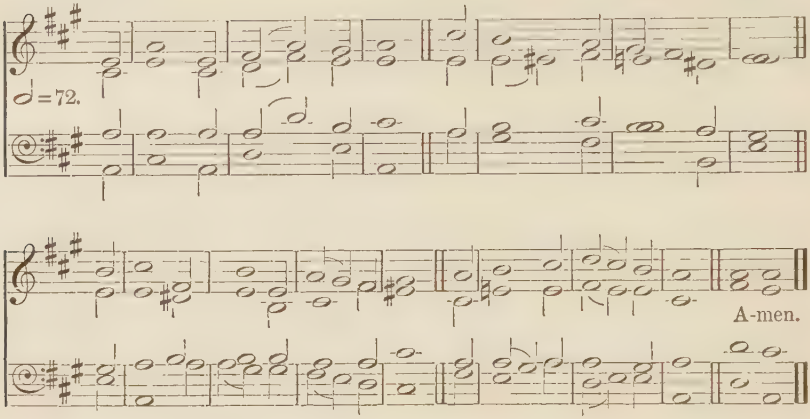
2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the Desert
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the Garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the Sweat-drops bloody,
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suff'ring man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favour,
Whose Presence from Above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee, and love.

## 403

S. CATHARINE. 18th Century.




1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

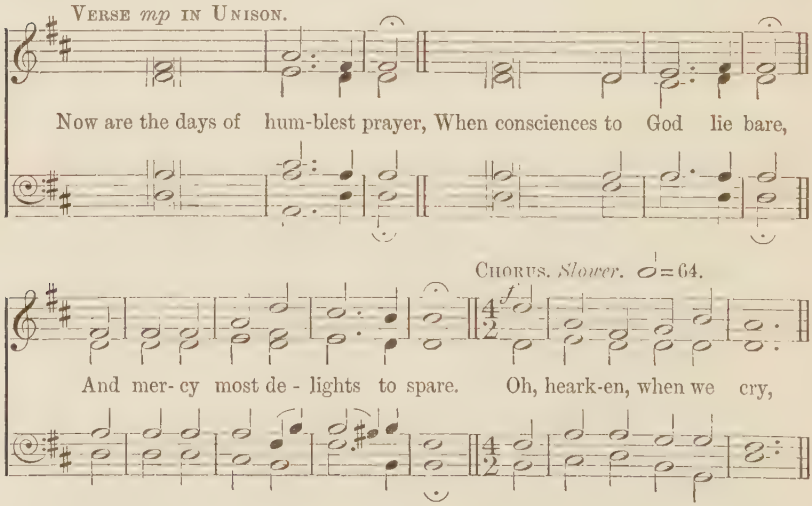
2 But Christ, the Heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer Blood than they.

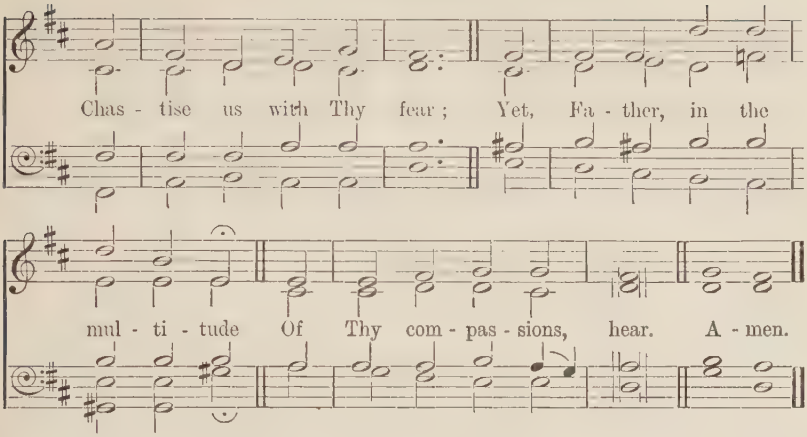
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear Head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

4 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all Eternity.

## 404

NOW ARE THE DAYS.






2 Oh, happy time of cleansing tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
Oh, hearken, &c.

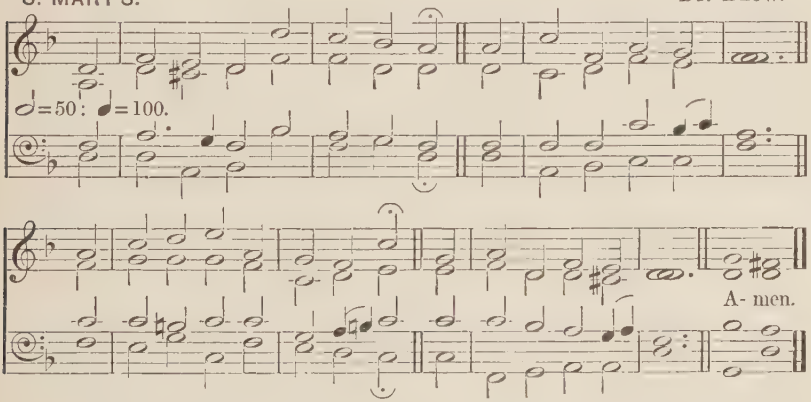
3 We, who have lov'd the world, must learn
Upon the world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.
Oh, hearken, &c.

4 Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are Heav'nward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.
Oh, hearken, &c.

5 All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's Face.
Oh, hearken, &c.

## 405

S. MARY'S. Dr. Blow.




1 O Lord, turn not Thy Face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life,
Before Thy Mercy-gate;

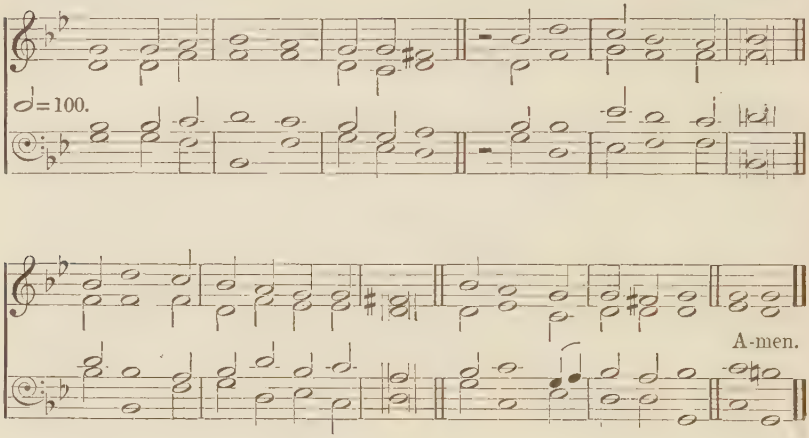
2 A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourn'd here:
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

4 So come I to Thy Mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is my humble prayer;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Lord, let Thy mercy spare.

WINDSOR AND ETON. 1591.




1 Once more the solemn Season calls
A holy Fast to keep;
And now within the Temple walls
Let priest and people weep.

2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

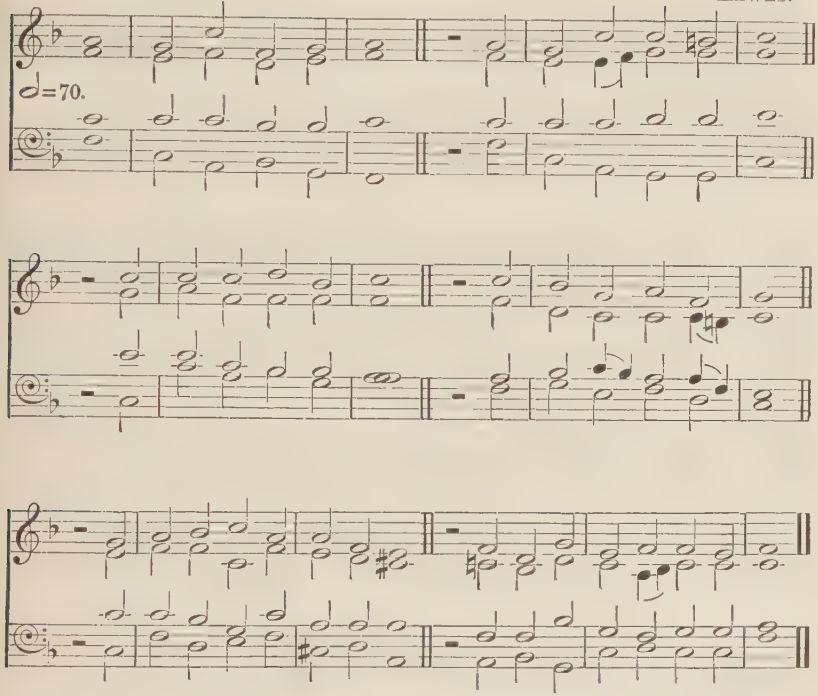
4 In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay th' uplifted rod.

5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To grant us what we need;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

6 Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow;
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

# 407 Lent until Passiontide.

ATHERSTONE. LAWES.




1 THY Pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful Tree,
Have paid the Law's full price,
And purchased peace for me.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy Tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turn'd this night of mine
Into a blessed day.
To whom, &c.

3 Thy Bonds, not mine, O Christ,
Unbind me of my chain,
And break my prison-doors,
Ne'er to be barr'd again.
To whom, &c.

4 Thy Wounds, not mine, O Lord,
Can heal my bruiséd soul;
Thy Stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.
To whom, &c.

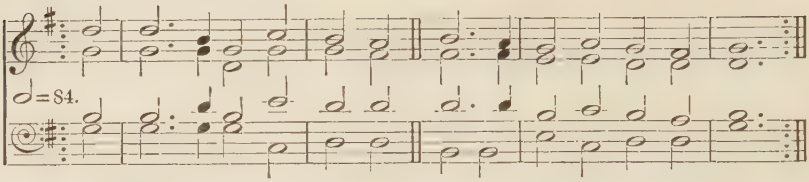
5 Thy Blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy Blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.
To whom, &c.

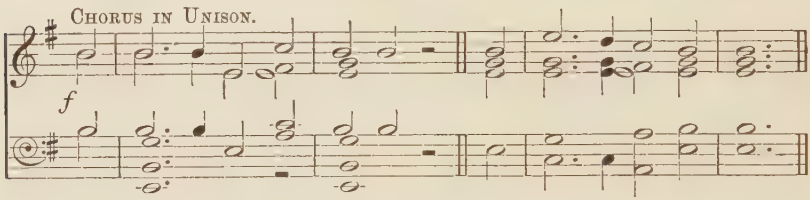
6 Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,
Hath borne the awful load
Of sins that none in Heav'n
Or earth could bear, but God.
To whom, &c.

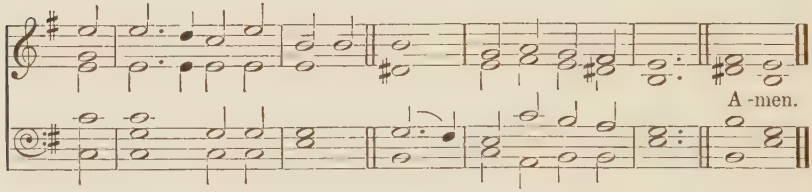
7 Thy Death, not mine, O Christ,
Hath paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths, like mine,
Would have been all too few.
To whom, &c.

## 408

WE COME TO THEE.




1 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
With our broken faith again;
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

O Bountiful Salvation!
O Life Eternal won!
O Plenteous Redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

2 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
For to whom, Lord, can we go?
The words of Life Eternal
From Thy Lips for ever flow.

O Bountiful, &c.

3 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
It is love that makes us come;
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.

O Bountiful, &c.

4 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
'Tis in answer to Thy call,
Dear Hope of the unworthy,
Dearest Merit of us all!

O Bountiful, &c.

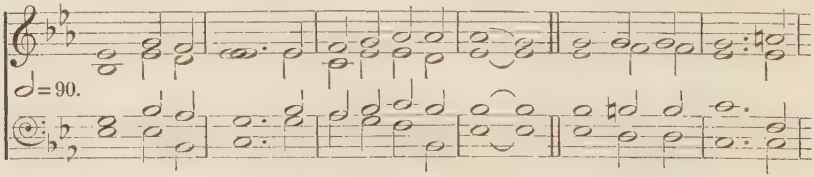
5 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
And Thou wilt not ask us why:
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die!

O Bountiful, &c.

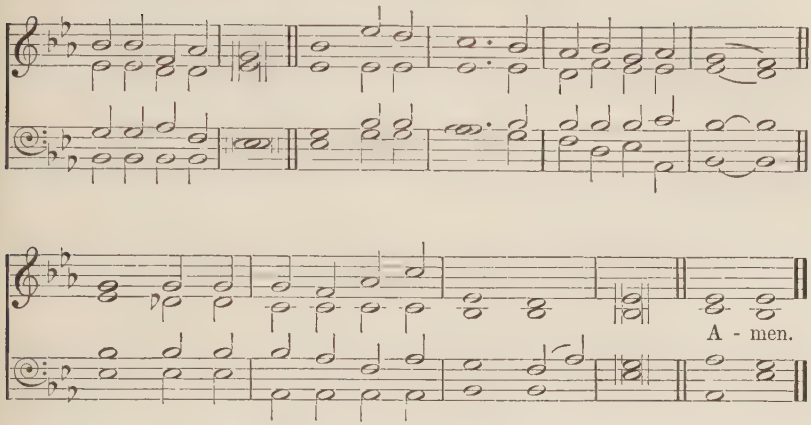
## 409

MONTREAL.

Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D.



# Lent until Passiontide.




1 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at Heav'n and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me, "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy Land ?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear ?
Yet there are Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the Heav'nly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heav'n, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

Part II.

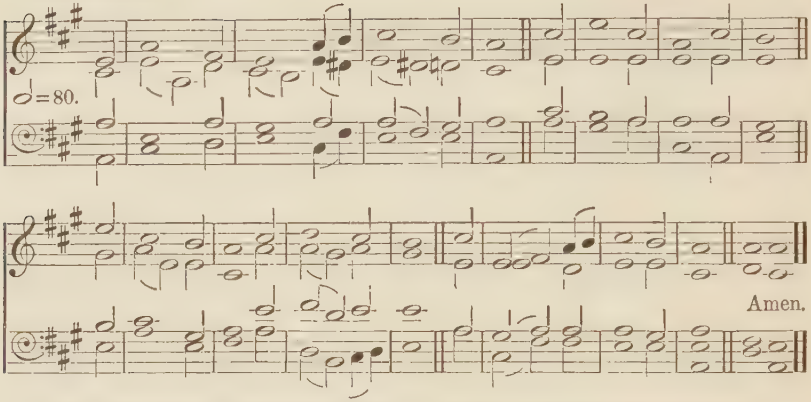
6 O Great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's Courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy Righteousness

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

## 410

MARTYRDOM. HUGH WILSON.




1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a pierced Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

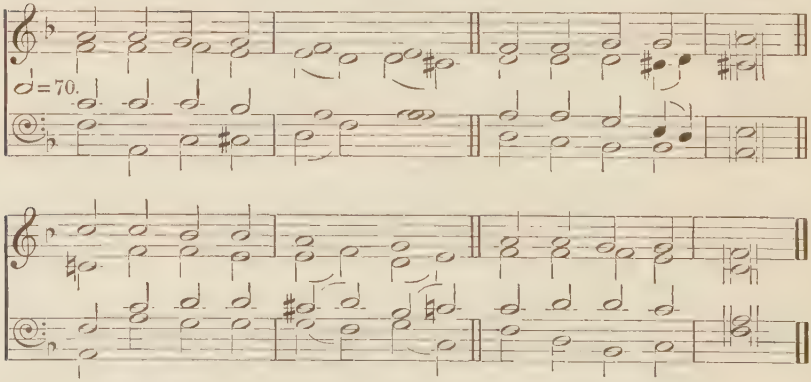
3 When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul dark spot,
One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief,
His Heart is touch'd with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing Tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy Wounded Side.

## 411 *HYMNS ON THE PASSION.*

CASWALL. German.




1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the Life-Blood
From His sacred Veins!

2 Grace and Life Eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the Precious Stream,
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem!

4 There the fainting spirit
Drinks of Life her fill;
There, as in a fountain,
Laves herself at will.

5 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

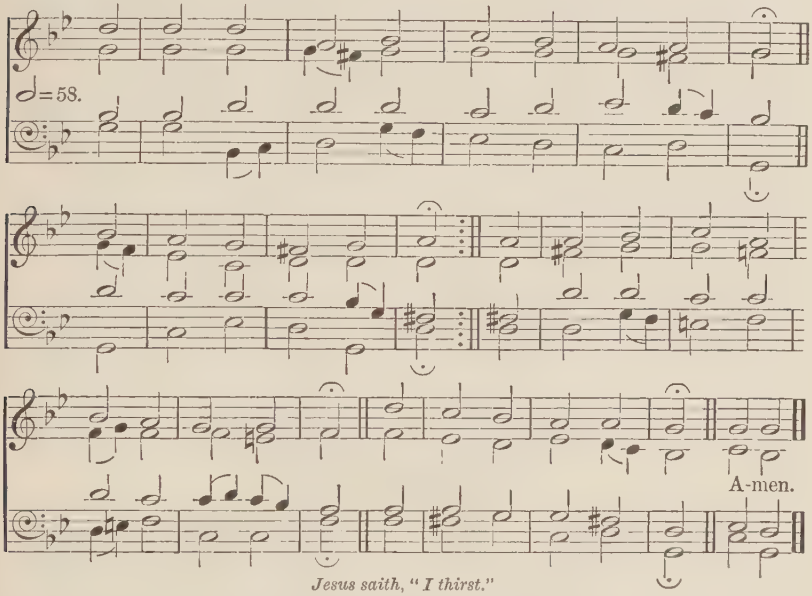
6 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

7 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on High,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

8 Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the Precious Blood.

## 412

HARD IS THE PAINFUL WOOD. HILLER'S *Choralbuch.*




*Jesus saith, "I thirst."*

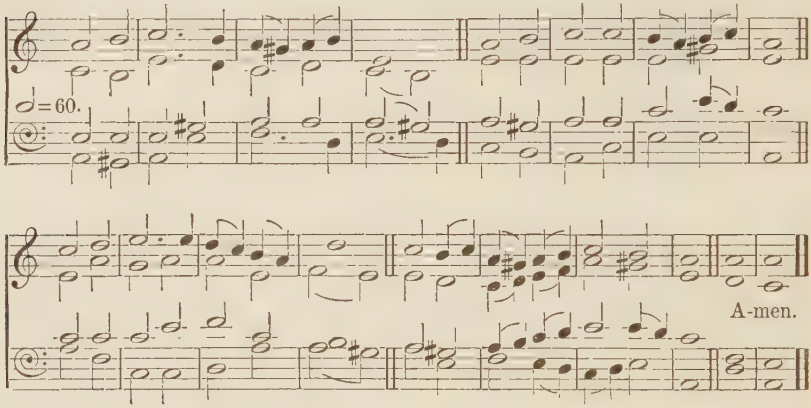
1 HARD is the painful wood, His bed of death;
And with His failing breath
He speaks again: and as He looks around,
The crowd upon the ground
Are ready with their hate to do their worst;
And then He says, "I thirst."

2 His Tongue is parch'd—His fever'd Lips are burnt;
And yet, we have not learnt
That thirst to quench—that fever to allay;
We will not yet obey;
Nor give Him that He asks, and longs to gain—
Oh, must He thirst in vain?

3 Sweet Jesus, Thou hast thirsted for each soul
That pants in sin's control:
The world has held us; but its bonds we break,
And spurn it for Thy sake;
Oh, break our fetters, that we may be free
To give ourselves to Thee.

## 413

QUADRAGESIMA. Air by De Montfort.




1 In the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

2 Thorns, and Cross, and Nails, and Lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar, and Gall, and Reed,
And the Cry His Soul that freed;

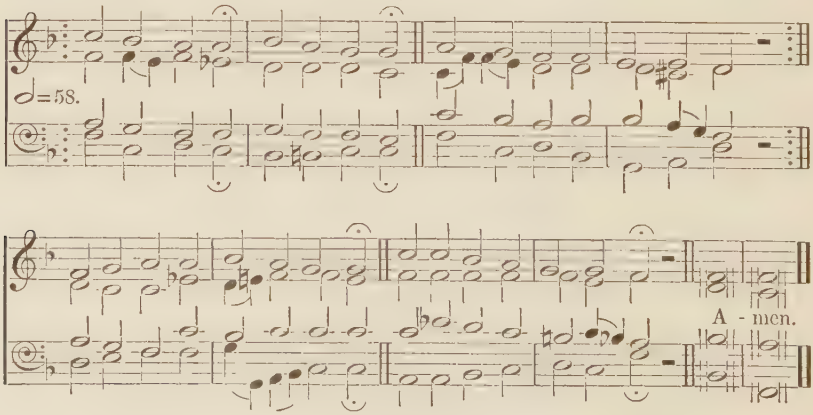
3 May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.

4 Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore,
Us with Saintly bands unite
In the Realms of Heav'nly Light.

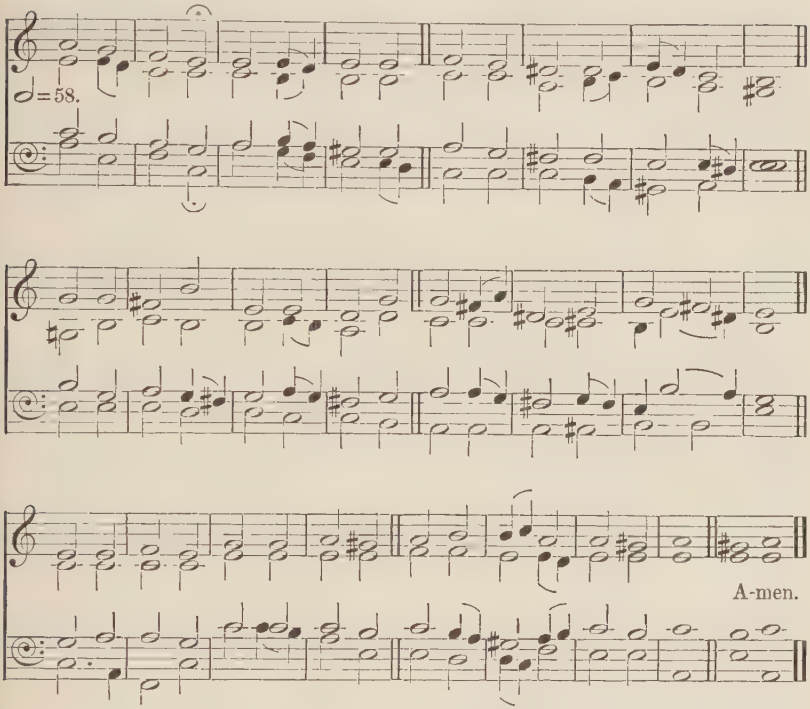
5 Christ, by coward hands betray'd,
Christ, for us a Captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter Tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee!

## 414

CONSUMMATUM EST (*First Tune*). German.



CONSUMMATUM EST (*Second Tune*).




*Jesus said, "It is finished."*

1 It is finish'd. Types and symbols,
Clear predictions, shadows dim,
Moses and the band of Prophets—
All are now fulfill'd in Him;
Now shall shine the hidden wisdom
Both to men and Cherubim.

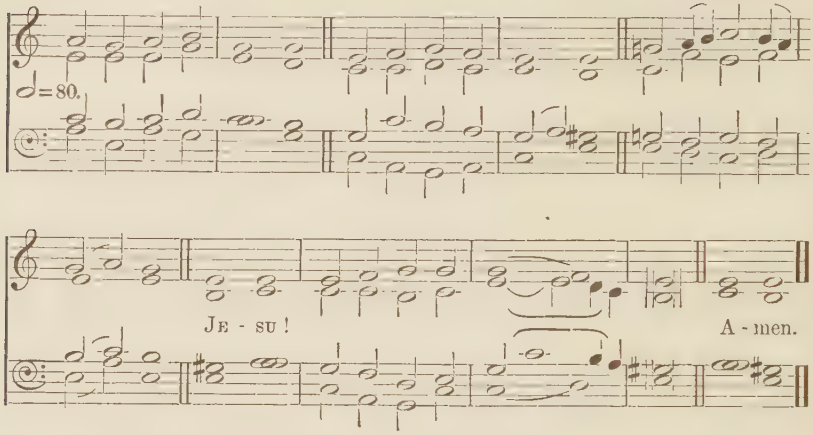
2 It is finish'd. Full Atonement
He for all mankind hath made;
All the sins of Adam's offspring
Have on Him been surely laid:
And for each and all His Passion
Hath a Perfect Ransom paid.

3 It is finish'd. He hath carried
All our sorrows in His Breast;
Sharpest pain hath rack'd His Body,
Keenest woe His Soul distrest;
He hath drain'd the cup of sorrow,
And in death shall take His rest.

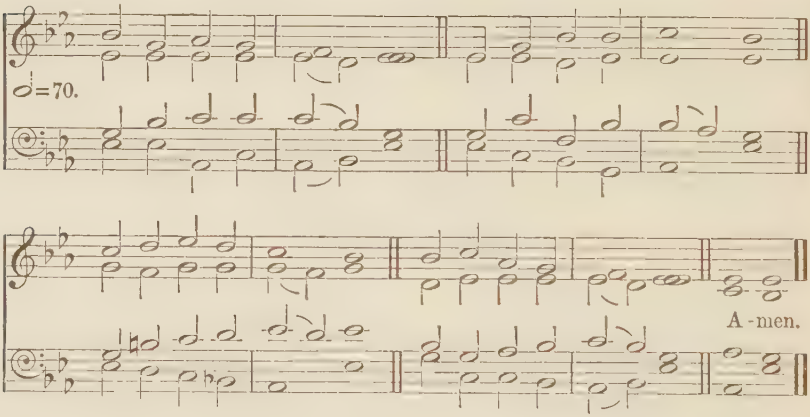
4 It is finish'd. Man's Redemption,
By His Arm alone begun,
By His Arm alone is finish'd—
He, Alone, the work hath done;
But 'tis ours with fear and trembling
To work out Salvation won.

5 It is finish'd. As we ponder
On Thy bitter pains to-day,
Make us mourn the sins that pierc'd Thee,
Make us turn from sin away:
Oh, have pity on Thy servants,
As we watch, and fast, and pray.

AVE MARIS STELLA (*First Tune*). Spanish.




ST. MARTIN (*Second Tune*). German.




1 Jesus, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's Tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

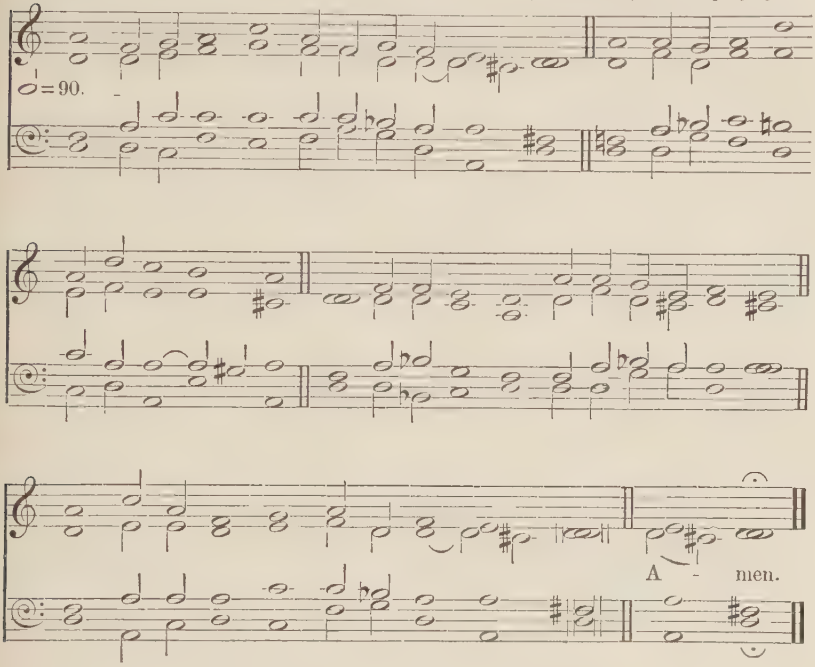
4 By Thy red Wounds streaming,
With Thy Life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing;

5 By that Fount of blessing,
Thy fond love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.

6 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

DONNE SECOURS, SEIGNEUR. L. BOURGEOIS, 1551.

The Harmony by permission, from *Songs of Syon.*




1 My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bow'd beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy Life-Blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own Disciple to the Jews hath sold Thee,
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!

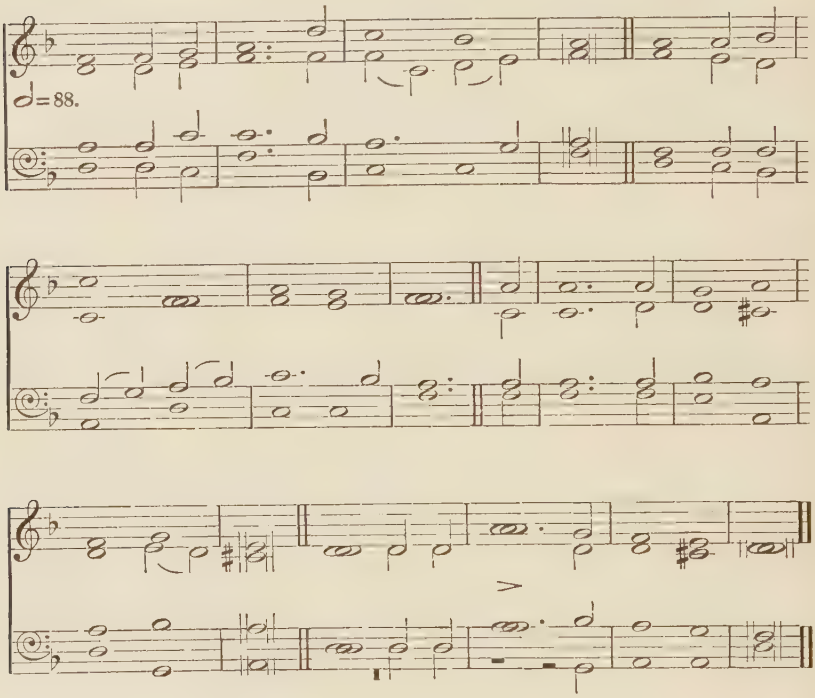
3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wrong'd, how quickly I complain!

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy Bleeding Brow the Crown of Thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

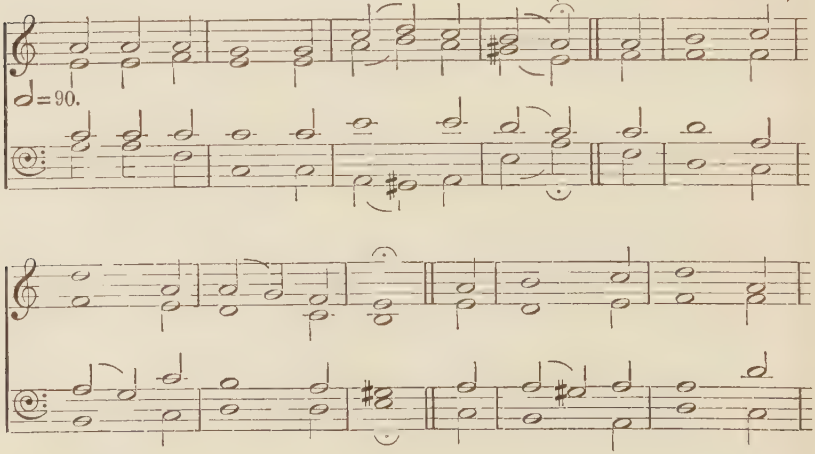
5 O Victim of Thy love! O Pangs most healing!
O Saving Death! O Wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

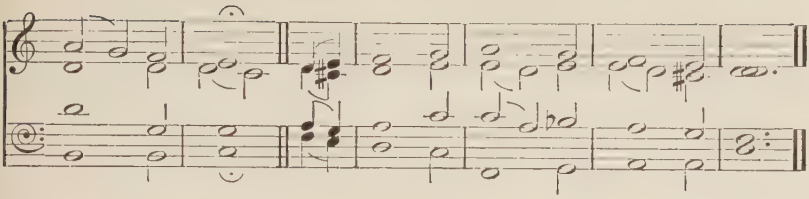
417

ST. CROSS (*First Tune*). DYKES.

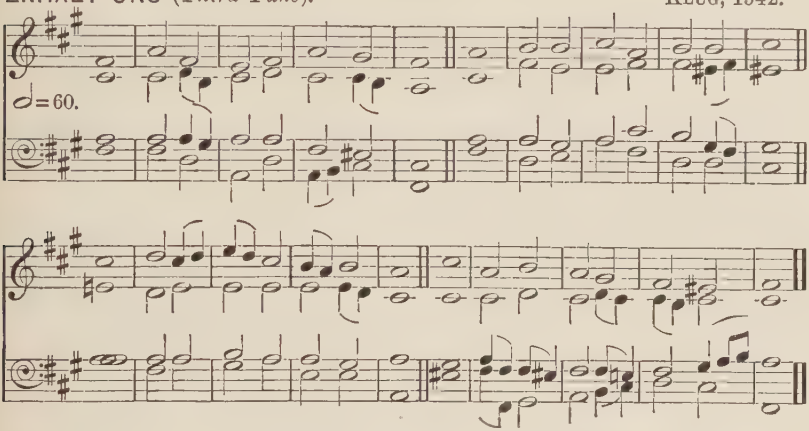



RHEINLAND (*Second Tune*). *Trier Gesangbuch.* (*The Children's Service Book.*)





ERHALT UNS (*Third Tune*). KLUG, 1542.




1 O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's Side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3 How fast His Hands and Feet are nail'd;
His Throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing Eyes are dimm'd with Blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

4 Seven times He spake, Seven Words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
So may the Blood from out His Side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart Love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

7 O Love of God! O Sin of Man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with Love;
For He, our Love, is crucified.

## 418

VATER UNSER IN HIMMELREICH.

MENDELSSOHN'S Setting.
Reduced to Four Parts.

*Slow.*

♩=50.

A-men.

*Then said Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."*

1 O JESU, as we watch Thee hang,
Rejected, scorn'd, and crucified,
Allure us by each unknown pang,
Shed healing from Thy Wounded Side:
O draw us by Thy dying breath
With cords of love more strong than death.

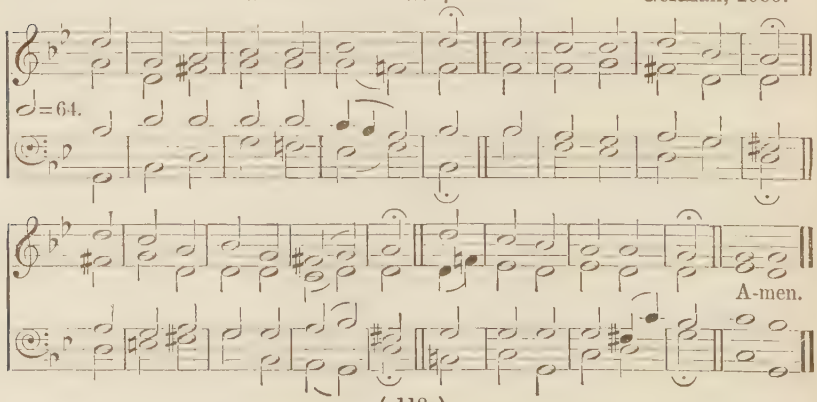
2 "Father, forgive them" is Thy prayer,
"They know not what they do" Thy plea;
O wondrous words of love and care,
For those who nail'd Thee to the Tree:
Who, dying that the world might live,
Didst e'en Thy murd'rers' guilt forgive.

3 O Man of sorrows! God of love!
By all Thy pity, all Thy woes,
And by the prayer that soar'd above
For pardon on Thy cruel foes,
Grant us forgiving hearts like Thine,
Fill'd with the flame of Love Divine.

## 419

NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT.

German, 1660.



1 O Jesu, in Thy torture
Nail'd to the bitter Tree,
My soul's true Guide and Nurture,
I yearn to be with Thee.

2 How can I taste of pleasure,
Whilst Thou dost hang in pain?
Jesu, mine Only Treasure,
Mine Everlasting Gain!

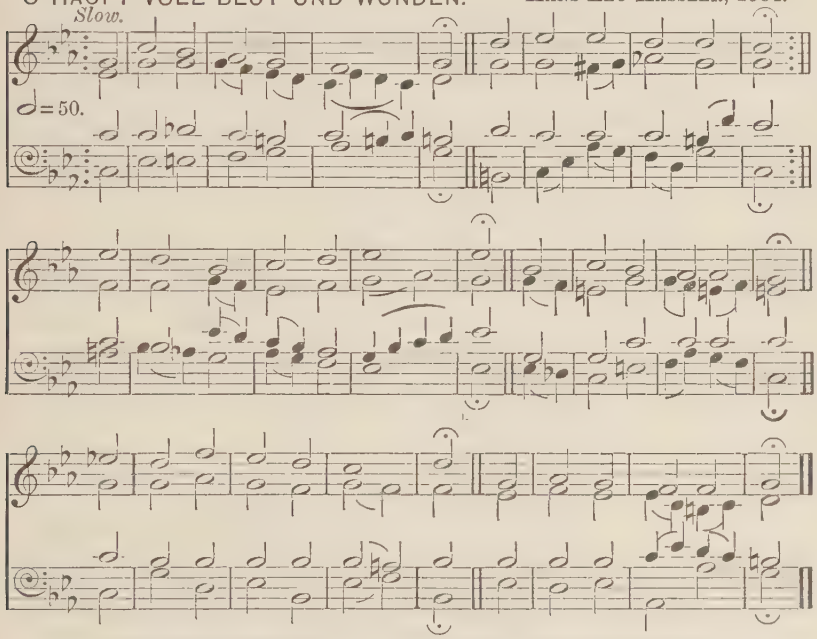
3 O Jesu, may Thy Sadness,
Thine Agony and Tears,
Win for my spirit gladness
Throughout the endless years.

4 With Thine own Body feed me,
Life to my soul accord;
Then to Thy pierc'd Heart lead me,
And hide me there, O Lord.

5 And in my dying hour,
By those sharp Wounds, I pray,
Lord, may Thy Passion's power,
Wash all my sins away.

## 420

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN. Hans Leo Hassler, 1564.




1 O sacred Head, surrounded
By Crown of piercing thorn!
O Bleeding Head, so wounded,
So shamed, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 Thy comeliness and vigour
Is wither'd up and gone,
And in Thy wasted Figure
I see death drawing on:
O Agony and Dying!
O Love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Turn Thou Thy Face on me.

3 In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest.

421

AUS TIEFER NOTH (*First Tune*). WALTHER (Phrygian Mode).

*Stately.*

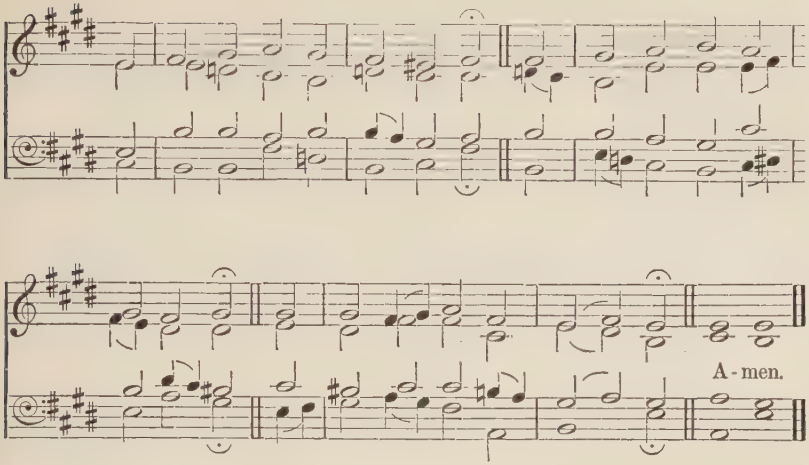
♩ = 50.

A-men.

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH SEI EHR (*Second Tune*).

MENDELSSOHN'S Setting.

♩ = 50.




1 O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning;
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

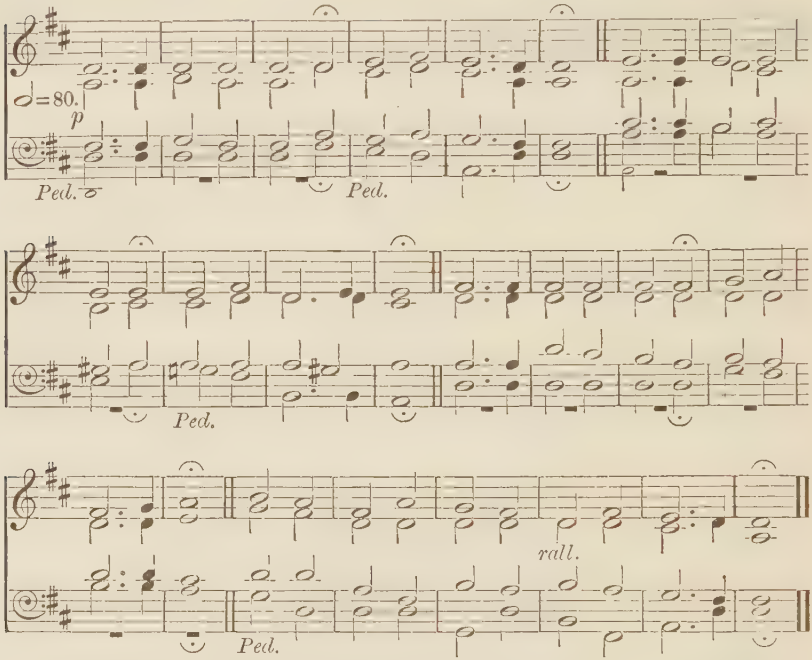
2 Look on His Head, that bleeding Head,
With Crown of Thorns surrounded;
Look on His sacred Hands and Feet
Which piercing nails have wounded;
See ev'ry Limb with scourges rent:
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction,
None ever felt a grief like His
In that dread Crucifixion:
For us He bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes,
In oft-renew'd infliction.

4 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from the everlasting doom
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank Thee, and entreat
To rest hereafter at Thy Feet,
Thy Heav'nly glory sharing.

## 422

ANIMA CHRISTI. C. J. RIDSDALE.




NOTE.—*The pauses in the middle of the lines should be very slight,—only to mark the cæsura. The tempo should be no slower than that of slow reading.*

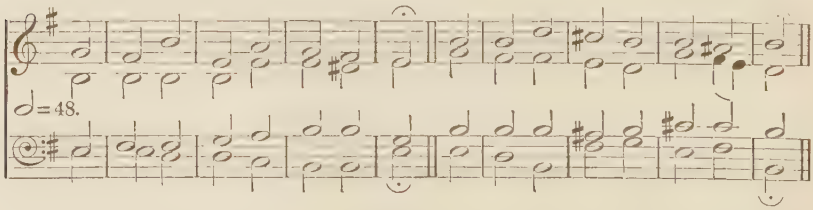
1 SANCTIFY me wholly, Soul of Christ adored;
Be my sure Salvation, Body of the Lord:
Fill and satisfy me, O Thou Blood unpriced:
Wash me, Sacred Water from the Side of Christ.

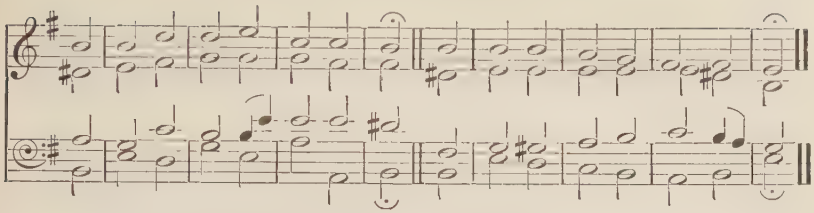
2 Passion of my Saviour, be my strength in need:
Good and gracious Jesus, to my prayer give heed:
In Thy Wounds most precious let me refuge find:
All the power malignant of the foeman bind:

3 At death's final hour, call me to Thy Face:
Bid me stand beside Thee in the Heav'nly place:
There with Saints and Angels I shall sing to Thee
Through the countless ages of Eternity.

## 423

CHRISTUS AGONISTES. C. J. RIDSDALE.





1 Saviour, amid the throng that press'd
Around Thee on th' accursed Tree,
Some loyal, loving, hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for Thee.

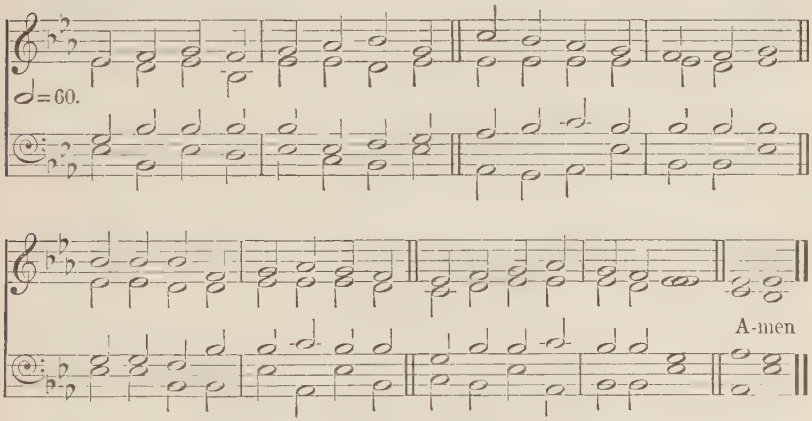
2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crown'd with thorn;
Like Thee, Thy Blessed Self, endure
The Cross with all its shame and scorn.

3 Thy Cross, Thy lonely path below,
Shows what Thy brethren all should be,
Pilgrims on earth, disown'd by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in Thee.

## 424

RINGE RECHT.

*The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*




1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

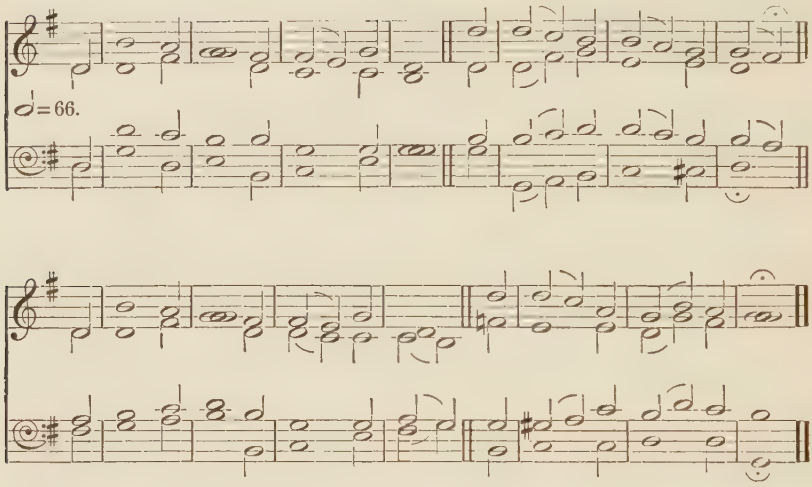
2 Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy pour'd in streams of Blood;
Precious Drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blesséd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
Whilst I see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid Eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveil'd glory see.

## 425

BELMONT. S. WEBBE, Junr.




*Jesus said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."*

1 THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that Flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

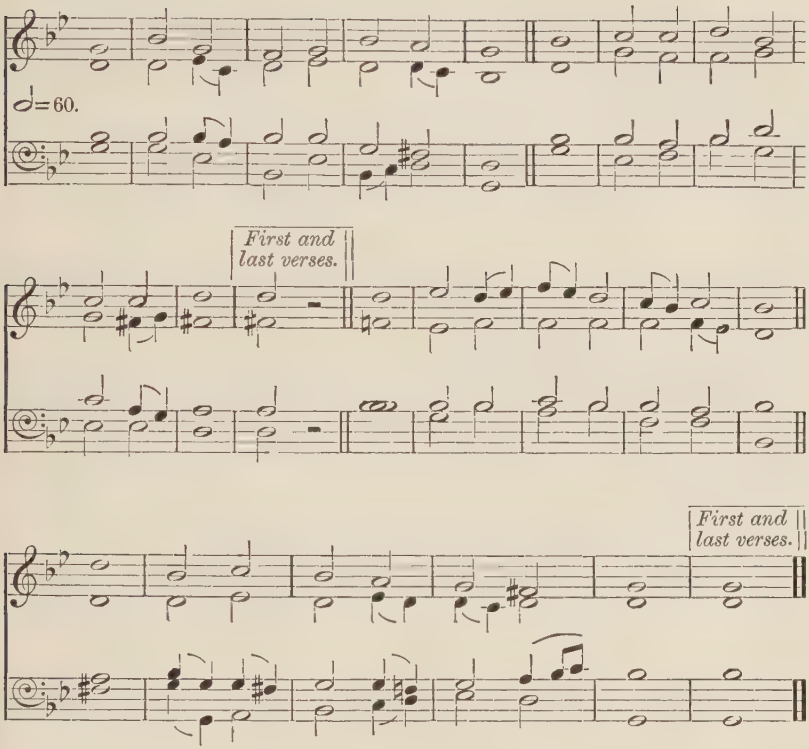
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear Dying Lamb, Thy Precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the Stream
Thy flowing Wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

ERHALT UNS, HERR. KLUG, 1542.




*Jesus cried with a loud voice, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!"*

1 THOUSANDS have felt Thy healing power,
Thousands from Thee their lives have taken,
And can it be, that in Thine hour
Of utmost need Thou art forsaken?

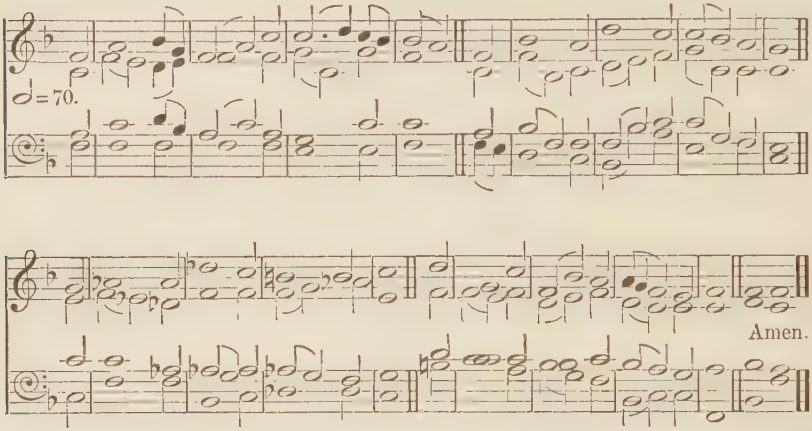
2 Forsaken—Oh, what grief and love
That word expresses on Thy Tongue!
Thou, in Thy Godhead bright Above,
And thus on earth by sorrow wrung.

3 Infinite God, and finite Man,
So high Thy state, Thy state so low,
No human thought can sound or span
The boundless depths of such a woe.

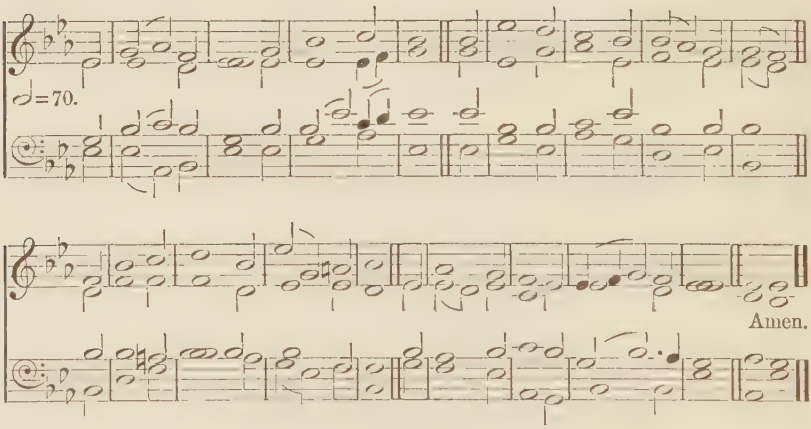
4 Yet, at that cry of sore distress,
Our hearts to some dim knowledge waken;
And 'mid the gloom we faintly guess
What God has felt when God-forsaken.

## 427

BROMLEY (*First Tune*). JER. CLARK.




ROCKINGHAM (*Second Tune*). MILLER.




1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things, that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

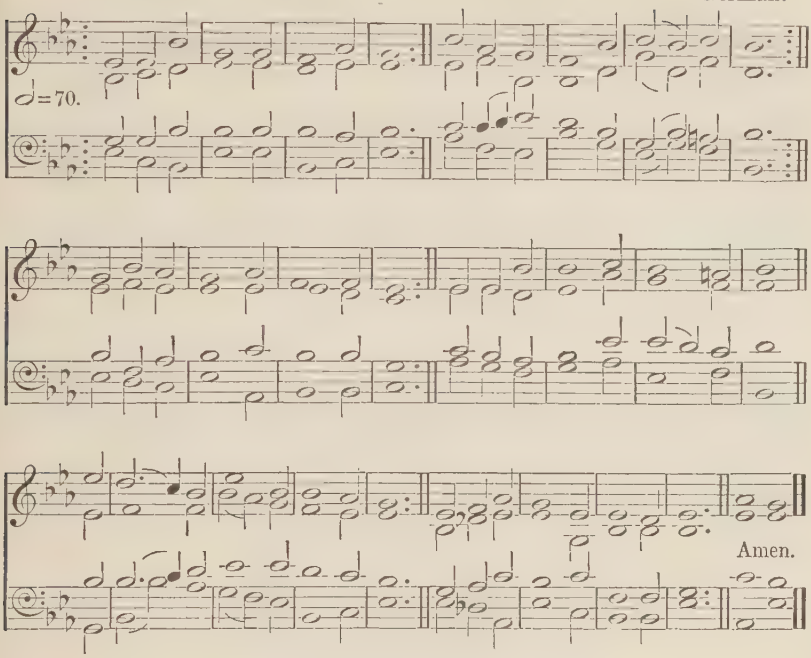
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5 To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransom'd race
For ever and for evermore.

## 428

YE THAT PASS BY.

German.




1 Ye that pass by, Behold the Man!
The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue;
See there His Temples crown'd with thorn,
His bleeding Hands extended wide,
His streaming Feet, transfix'd and torn,
The Fountain gushing from His Side.

2 What is the King of Glory now?
The Everlasting Son of God!
Th' Immortal droops His languid Brow;
Th' Almighty faints beneath His load:
Beneath my load He faints and dies:
I fill'd His Soul with pangs unknown,
I caused those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's Only Son.

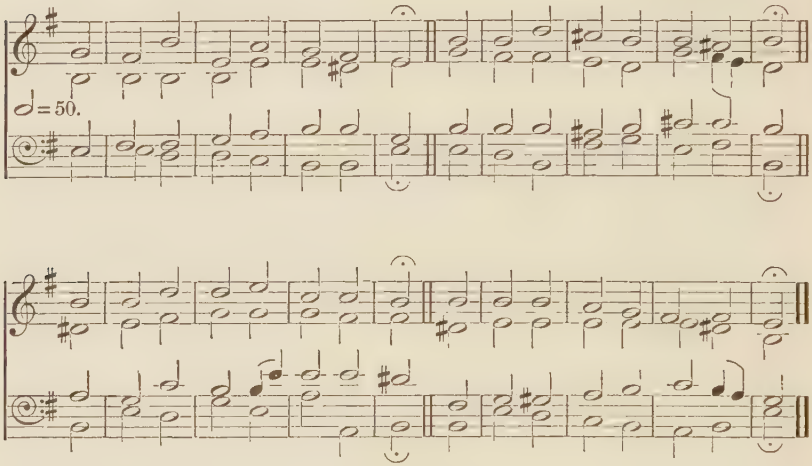
3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed while her Creator died:
O let mine inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus Crucified!
The rocks could feel Thy mighty Death,
And tremble and asunder part;
O rend with Thy expiring Breath
The harder granite of my heart.

## *FRIDAY AFTER SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.*

THE PRAYER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

**429**

CHRISTUS AGONISTES. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death,
Thy Blood and Prayer together plead ;
My sins have bow'd Thee to the ground,
Like storms that bend the feeble reed.

2 My God ! My God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

3 I sin,—and Heav'n and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's Blood had never flow'd
To hinder sin, or to atone.

4 Oh, by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear !

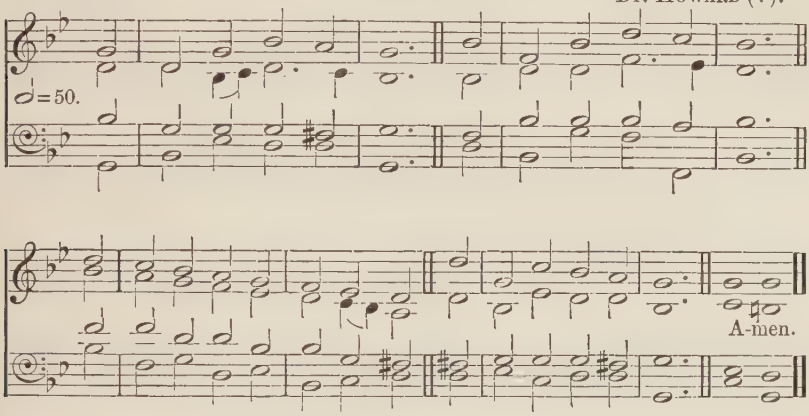
5 Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierc'd shade,
My God, alone, outstretch'd, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

6 And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him, Who bears the world,
A load that He could scarcely bear !

## *FRIDAY AFTER SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.*

**430** THE SACRED PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

S. BRIDE. Dr. HOWARD (?).




*Jesus said, "Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit."*

1 O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,
Upon the Tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 See how the nails those Hands
And Feet so tender rend;
See down His Face, and Neck, and Breast,
His Sacred Blood descend.

3 O hear that last, loud cry,
Which pierc'd His Mother's heart,
As into God the Father's hands
He bade His Soul depart.

4 Earth hears, and trembling quakes
Around that Tree of pain;
The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;
The veil is rent in twain.

5 The sun withdraws his light,
The midday Heav'ns grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's Death bewail.

6 Shall man alone be mute?
Have we no griefs, or fears?
Come, old and young, come, all mankind,
And bathe Those Feet in tears.

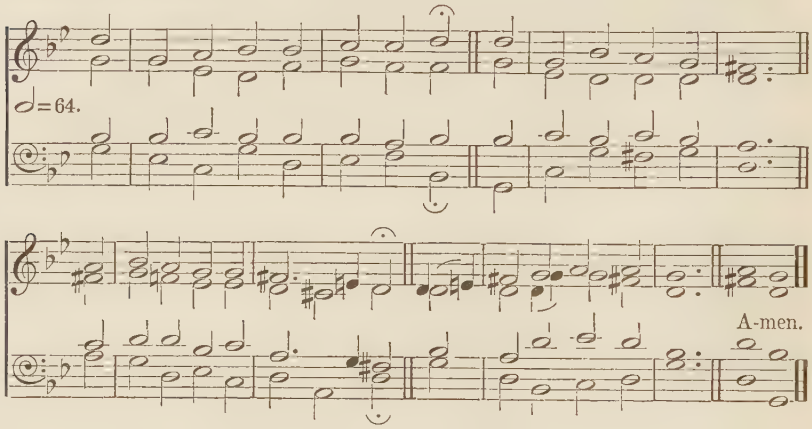
7 Come, fall before His Cross
Who shed for us His Blood;
Who died, the Victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

8 Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Our Joy and endless Rest;
Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here,
Our Crown amid the blest.

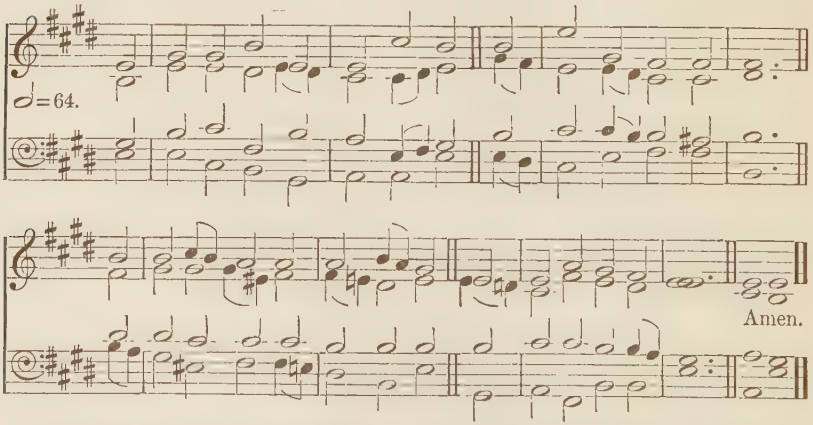
## 431 *FRIDAY AFTER QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.*

THE MOST HOLY CROWN OF THORNS.

NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT (*First Tune*). KRÜGER.




SOUTHWELL (*Second Tune*). IRONS.




1 DAUGHTERS of Sion! royal maids!
Come forth to see the Crown,
Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
Hath woven for her Son.

2 See how amid His gory locks
The jagged thorns appear;
See how His pallid Countenance
Foretells that death is near.

3 O savage was the earth that bore
Those thorns so sharp and long!
O savage hands that gather'd them
To work this deadly wrong!

4 But now that Christ's Redeeming Blood
Hath tinged them with its dye,
Fairer than roses they appear,
Or palms of victory.

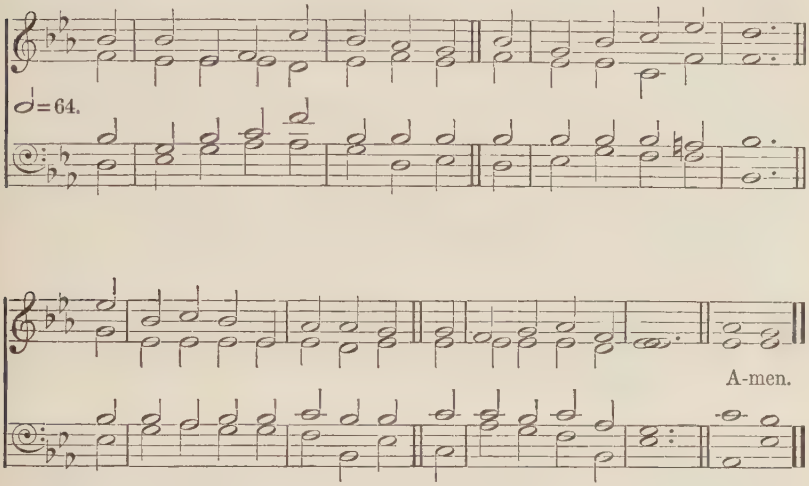
5 Jesu, the thorns which pierc'd Thy Brow
Sprang from the seed of sin;
Pluck ours, we pray Thee, from our hearts,
And plant Thine own therein.

6 Praise, honour, to the Father be,
And Sole-begotten Son;
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

## *FRIDAY AFTER THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.*

**432** THE SPEAR AND NAILS.

S. FULBERT. GAUNTLETT.




1.

HAIL, Spear and Nails! erewhile despised,
As things of little worth;
Now crimson with the Blood of Christ,
And famed through Heav'n and earth.

2.

Chosen by Jewish perfidy
As instruments of sin,
God turn'd you into ministers
Of love and grace within.

3.

For from each sev'ral Wound ye made
In that Immortal Frame,
As from a fount, Celestial gifts
And Life Eternal came.

4.

Thee, Jesu, pierc'd with Nails and Spear,
Let ev'ry knee adore;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

## *FRIDAY AFTER THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.*

### 433 THE MOST HOLY WINDING SHEET.

BROMLEY (*First Tune*). JER. CLARK.

♩=70.

Amen.

ROCKINGHAM (*Second Tune*). MILLER.

♩=70.

Amen.

1 JESU, as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near;
And hanging o'er Thy Form Divine,
Kneel down to kiss these Wounds of Thine.

2 Ah me, how naked art Thou laid!
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead!
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,
Upon this sacred Winding-sheet!

3 Hail, awful Brow! hail, thorny Wreath!
Hail, Countenance now pale in death!
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That Angels trembled as they gazed.

4 And hail to thee, my Saviour's Side!
And hail to thee, thou Wound so wide!
Thou Wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes.

5 Oh, by those sacred Hands and Feet
For me so mangled! I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay.

## *FRIDAY AFTER THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.*

**434** THE MOST HOLY FIVE WOUNDS.

MEIN FREUND. FREYLINGHAUSEN.

♩=80.

A-men.

1 O PRIESTLY Hands, which on the cruel Cross
Were stretch'd so wide to welcome all our race,
Lift up your Wounds before your Father's eyes,
That I one day may feel your dear embrace:
Ah, Sinless Saviour, wounded all for me
With thorns and lashes of my grievous sin,
Wound Thou my heart with wound of deep remorse,
But close sin's wounds and make me whole within.

2 O weary Feet, way-worn and pierc'd for me,
Which sorrowing Mary bathed with tearful grief,
Oh, let me lie, like her, beneath your Wounds,
And find for sin's disease a sure relief:
Ah, Sinless Saviour, &c.

3 And thou, thou wounded Heart of pity deep,
Through which my way lies to Thy Father's Throne,
Teach me the love which trod the crimson path,
Gave us Thy Life, but made our pains Thine own:
Ah, Sinless Saviour, &c.

## *FRIDAY AFTER THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.*

**435** THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

LIEBE, DIE DU MICH ZUM BILDE. J. Ehr. Bach (?).

♩=64.

A-men.

1 He Who once, in righteous vengeance,
Whelm'd the world beneath the Flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With the Stream of His own Blood,
Coming from His Throne on High
On the painful Cross to die.

2 O the Wisdom of th' Eternal!
O the depth of love Divine!
O the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
We were sinners doom'd to die;
Jesus paid the penalty.

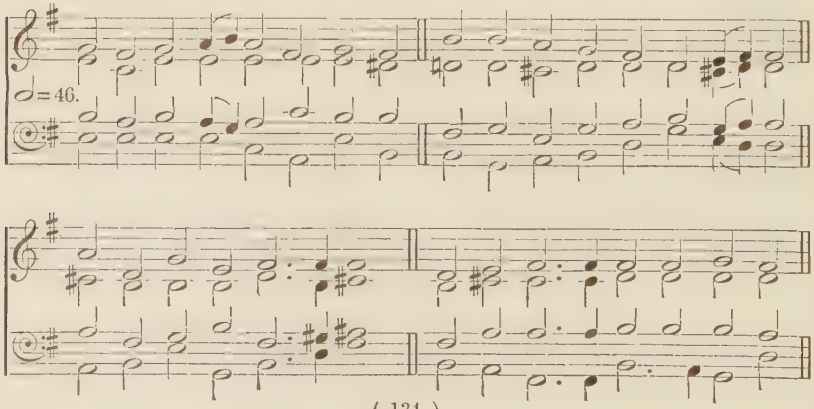
3 When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May the Blood of His Atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our Pardon and our Peace.

4 Prince and Author of Salvation,
Lord of Majesty Supreme,
Jesu, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem;
Glory to the Father be
And the Spirit One with Thee.

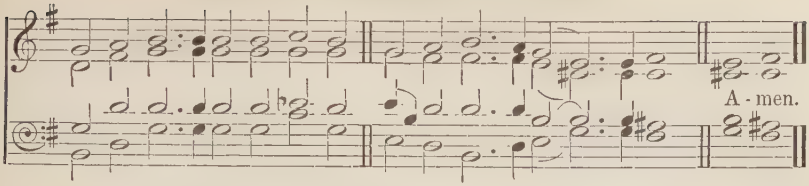
## *FRIDAY AFTER PASSION SUNDAY.*

**436** THE SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

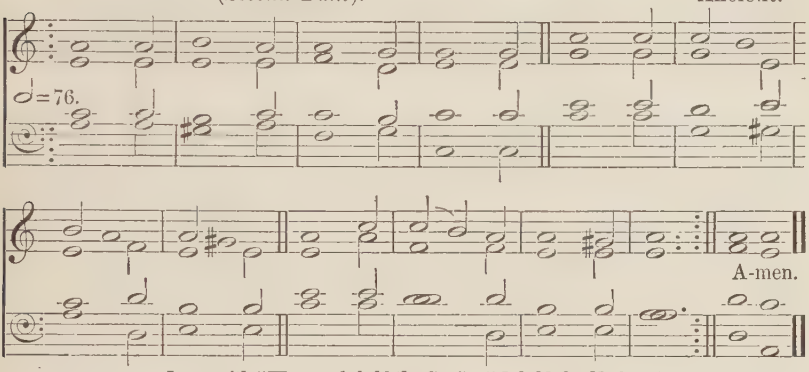
STABAT MATER (*First Tune*). Ancient.



# Friday after Passion Sunday.




STABAT MATER (*Second Tune*). Ancient.




*Jesus saith "Woman, behold thy Son"; "Behold thy Mother."*

1 At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the Mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last;
Through her soul of joy bereavéd,
Smit with anguish, deeply grievéd,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distresséd
Was she then, that Mother Blesséd
Of the Sole-Begotten One;
Wrung with sorrow and affliction,
When she saw the Crucifixion
Of her Ever-glorious Son.

3 Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Smit with anguish so amazing,
Born of woman would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sins, in anguish
She beheld her Jesus languish,
Saw Him by the scourges rent;
Saw her Son from judgement taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

5 Mother, who with love o'erflowest,
I would know the grief thou knowest,
I would learn to mourn with thee;
I would raise my heart's devotion
Unto Christ, with pure emotion,
So accepted might I be.

Part II.

6 Holy Mother, be there written
All the Wounds of Jesus smitten
Deep within my inmost heart;
In the pains which He enduréd,
Which for me have life procuréd,
Let me share with Thee the smart.

7 In the Passion of my Maker
Be my sinful soul partaker,
Weep till death, and weep with thee;
Mine with thee be that sad station,
There to watch the great Salvation
Wrought upon th' Atoning Tree.

Part III.

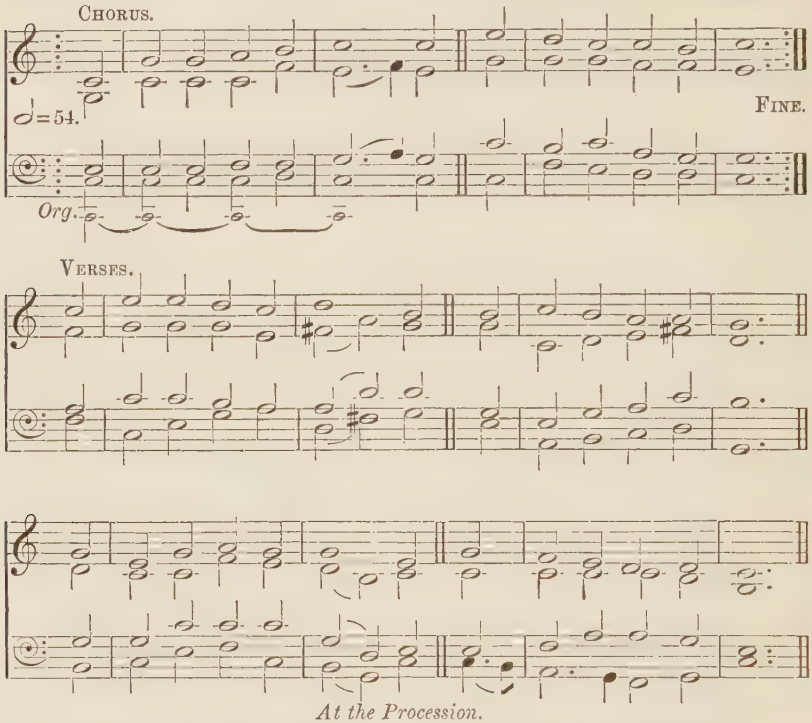
8 Virgin, thou of virgins fairest,
May the bitter woe thou bearest
Make on me impression deep;
Thus Christ's dying would I carry,
With Him in His Passion tarry,
And His stripes in mem'ry keep.

9 May His Wounds transfix me wholly,
May His Cross and Life-Blood solely
Satisfy my spirit here;
Thus, inflamed with pure affection,
Finding refuge and protection,
When the Judgement Day is near.

10 Christ, when ends this earthly story,
With Thy Mother in Thy glory,
Grant that I may see Thy Face;
When the pains of death befall me,
Then receive my soul, and call me
To a peaceful resting-place.

## 437 PALM SUNDAY.

S. THEODULF. MELCHIOR TESCHNER.




1 ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

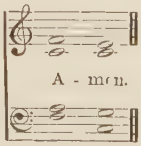
2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blesséd One.
All glory, &c.

3 The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on High,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
Before Thee we present
All glory, &c.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou Good and Gracious King.
All glory, &c.



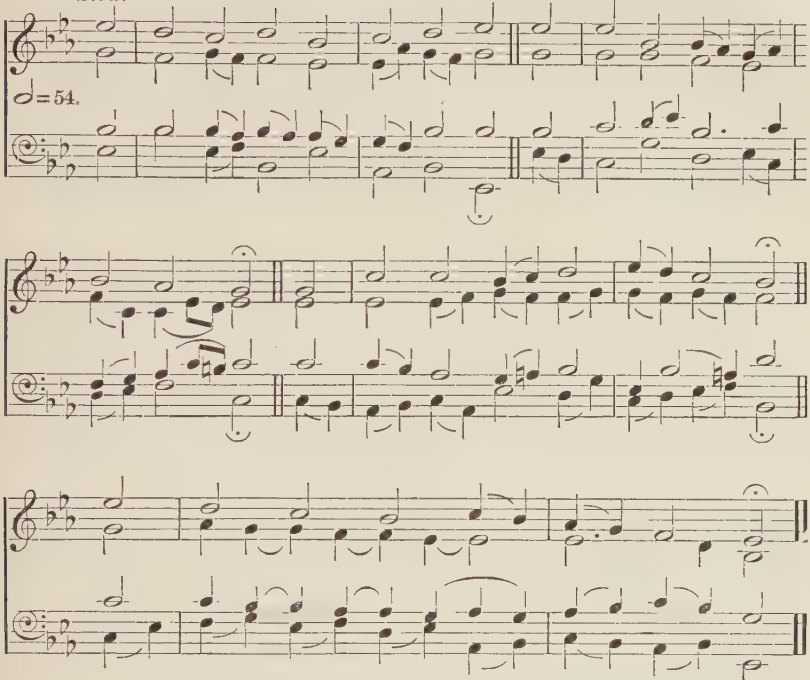
# Palm Sunday.

**438**

ALTONA.

*Slow.*

Attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.




NOTE.—There is a setting of this Tune in the key of D at 519.

1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

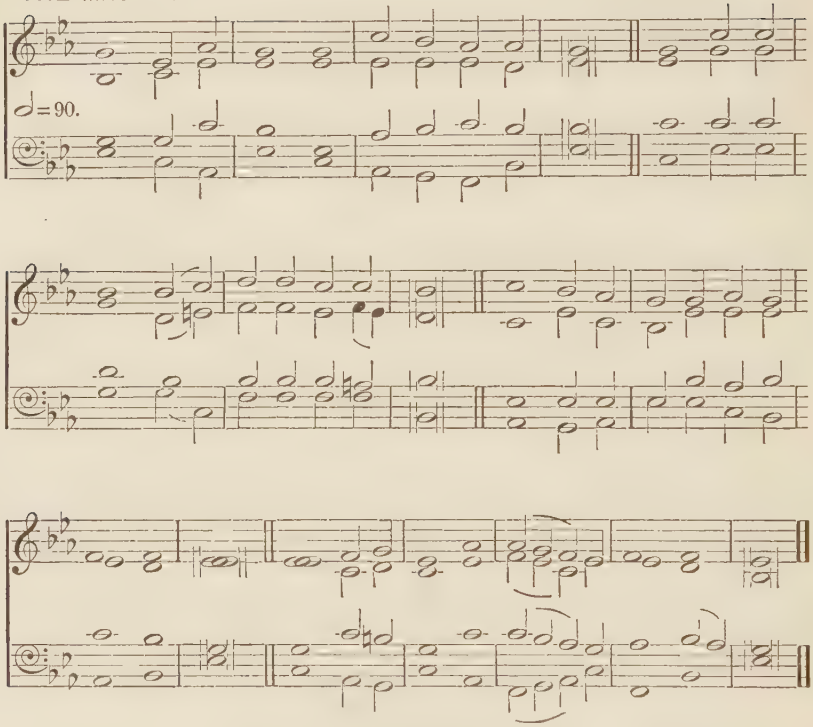
3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The Angel-armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own Anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy Power, and reign.

## 439 MAUNDY THURSDAY.

THE MAUNDY.




*Or tune of* 434 *without repeats.*

*Evening.*

1 "This is My Body, Which is given for you;
Do this," the Saviour said, "Rememb'ring Me:" *
O Lamb of God, our Paschal Off'ring true,
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.

2 Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
While they, submissive, wonder and adore;
Bathed in Thy Blood, our spirits ev'ry whit
Are clean, yet cleanse our goings more and more.

3 Some will betray Thee: Master, is it I?
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear;
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.

4 But round us fall the evening shadows dim;
A sadden'd awe pervades our dark'ning sense:
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy Voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

* Altered by permission.

## 440 GOOD FRIDAY.

MEINE HOFFNUNG. German.

♩=60.

A-men.

*Morning.*

1 Now returns the Awful Morning
When with curses, shouts, and scorning,
Salem raged against her King;
Gave Him up to bonds and scourging,
Follow'd Him with cruel urging
On His path of suffering.

2 He His Cross in patience bearing,
Meek His platted thorn-crown wearing,
Friendless climb'd that shameful hill;
Tasted not the drink benumbing,
Shrank not from the torture coming,
Suffer'd all to have their will.

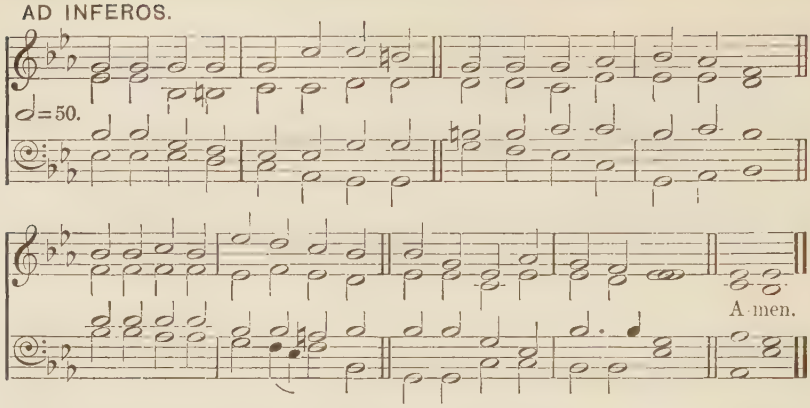
3 God's own Son, of glory emptied,
Smitten, mock'd, forsaken, tempted,
Died this day upon the Tree;
Dying, for His murderers pleaded:
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
We have pierc'd and stricken Thee!

4 Not alone the hands that nail'd Thee,
Nor the crowd whose cries assail'd Thee,
Raised Thy Cross, and fix'd Thee there:
Ours the guilt which crucified Thee,
We betray'd Thee, we denied Thee,
We too need Thy pard'ning prayer.

5 Son of Man, in mem'ry keeping
All the pain, the shame, the weeping,
All the Sorrows of Thy Way;
By the love that thither drew Thee,
Now once more, for them that slew Thee,
Lift Thy Wounded Hands to-day!

*The following hymns are suggested for the "Three Hours' Devotion":—*
417 :: 418, 425, 436, 426, 412, 414, 430 :: 801.

AD INFEROS.




*Evening.*

1 It is finish'd! Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.

2 Lifeless lies the broken Body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment:
Where is now the Spirit fled?

3 In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.

4 See! He comes a willing Victim,
Unresisting hither led;
Passing from the Cross of Sorrow
To the Mansions of the dead.

5 Lo! the Heav'nly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they stand rejoicing
At the gracious Words they hear.

6 For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own Incarnate Life,
And the Death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.

7 Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the pierced Hands.

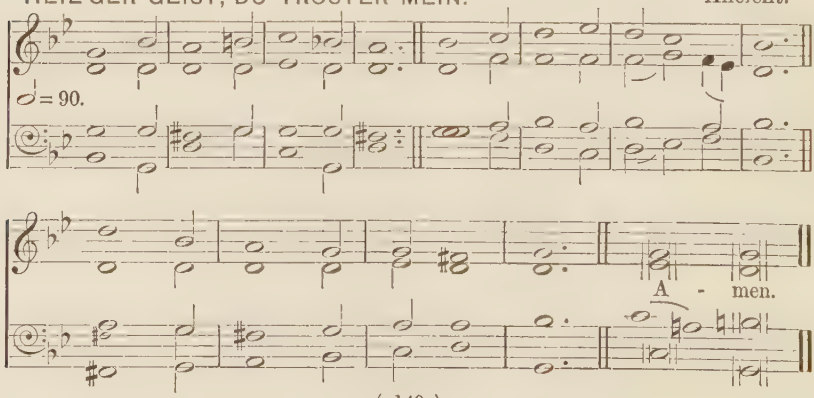
8 O the bliss to which He calls them,
Ransom'd by His Precious Blood,
From the gloomy realms of darkness
To the Paradise of God!

9 There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His Side,
Reaping now the blessed promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

10 Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finish'd,
Rest in Paradise with Thee.

## 442

HEIL'GER GEIST, DU TRÖSTER MEIN. Ancient.



*Evening.*

1 Weeping, as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

2 These are they who watch'd to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on th' accurséd Tree.

3 All is over—fought the fight:
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

4 Leave we in the tomb with Him
Sins that shame, and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

5 Glory to the Lord, Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

## 443 *EASTER EVEN.*

ACH WAS SOLL ICH SUNDER MACHEN. HAMMERSCHMIDT.

♩=60.

(Or Tune of 801, i.)

*Morning.*

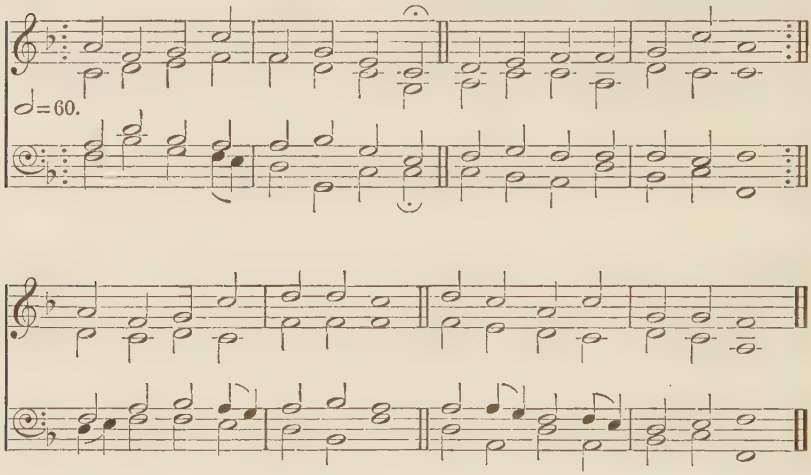
1 Resting from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from Head to Feet
Shrouded in the Winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealéd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalen;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalméd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

LIEBE, DIE DU MICH ZUM BILDE. J. Ehr. Bach (?)




*Evening.*

1 All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Dark and still the cell that holds Him
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veil'd awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be,
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross He bore;
How did Soul and Body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er;
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crush'd the serpent's head.

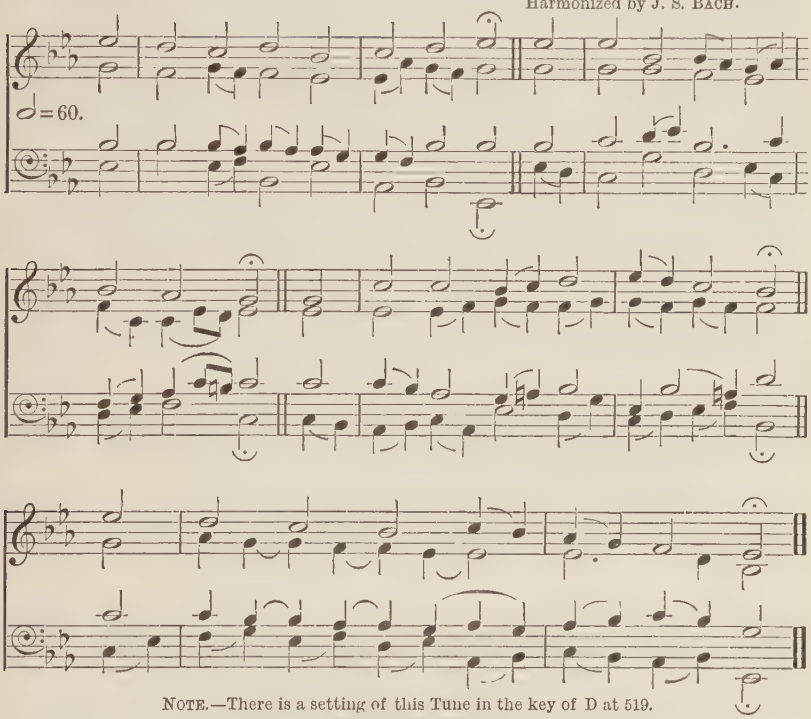
4 All night long with plaintive voicing,
Chant His Requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and Hell at length are slain!
Christ hath triumph'd! Christ doth reign!"

## 445

ALTONA.

### *EASTERTIDE.*

Attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.




NOTE.—There is a setting of this Tune in the key of D at 519.

1.

ALL hail, dear Conqueror! all hail!
Oh, what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine!

2.

Thou camest at the dawn of day;
Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

3.

The Everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That Sacred Human Heart of Thine.

4.

They worshipp'd Thee, those ransom'd souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free;
They worshipp'd joyously, and thought
Of her who bore and nurtur'd Thee.

5.

They worshipp'd, while the beauteous Soul
Enter'd the Body's wounded Side:
Bright flash'd the cave—before them stood
The Living Jesus glorified!

6.

Ye Heav'ns, within your blissful Courts
How sang the Angel Choirs that day,
When from His tomb th' imprison'd God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away!

7.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread!
O Sin, thou art undone by Love!
O Death, thou art discomfited!

GERMANIA. *Trier Gesangbuch.*

*Stately.* NOTE.—The Organist should repeat the notes with the dotted slurs.

♩=80.

*1st time.* *2nd time.*

*Org. Ped.*

*Org.*

A - men.

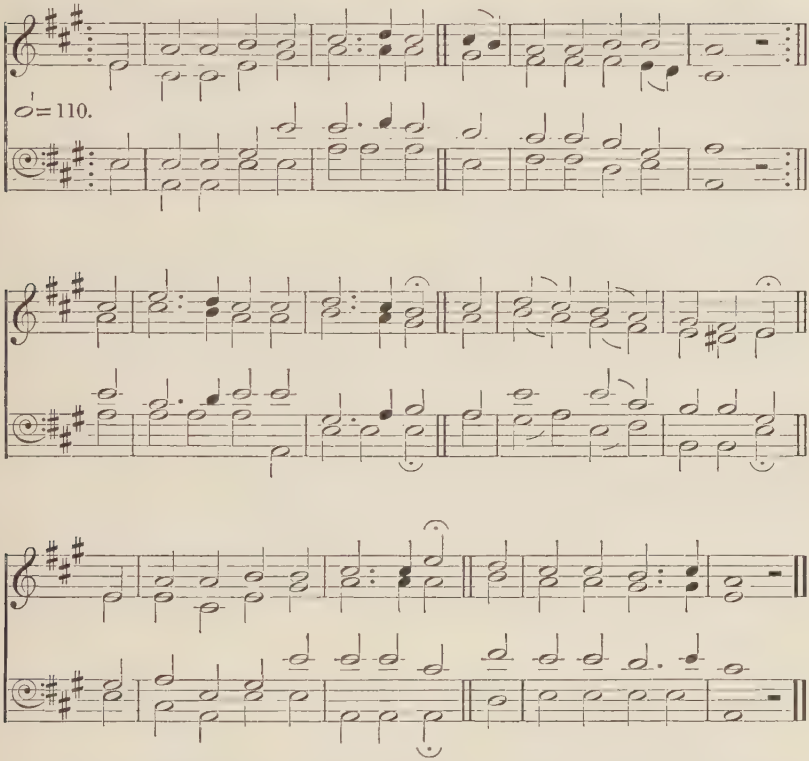
1 ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Hearts to Heav'n and voices raise;
Sing to God a Hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a Hymn of praise;
He, Who on the Cross a Victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the First-fruits
Of the holy Harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His Second Coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen! we are risen!
Shed upon us Heav'nly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy Face;
That we, with our hearts in Heav'n,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gather'd,
And be ever safe with Thee.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on High;
Alleluia to the Saviour,
Who hath gain'd the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Tri-une Majesty.

## A RHYME, A RHYME, FOR EASTER TIME.




1.

A RHYME, a rhyme, for Easter time,
Come sing with mirth and glee;
Come youth and age, with sire and sage,
And join in harmony;
For Christ hath burst His prison gate,
Whose bars before Him fell,
Aloft He fares, and with Him bears
The keys of Death and Hell.

2.

No powers of night can keep His Soul
Its prison bournes within;
Corruption foul can ne'er control
His Form, unstain'd by sin.
His Three days o'er, He comes once more
To tread the hallow'd sod
By Sion's gate, where hellish hate
Had slain the Son of God.

3.

But not alone doth Jesus speed;
A throng of spirits bright
Away to earth with Him proceed,
As trophies of His might.
Around doth press the Saintly Band,
They move in flesh agen;
Once more on Salem's Mount they stand,
And shew themselves to men!

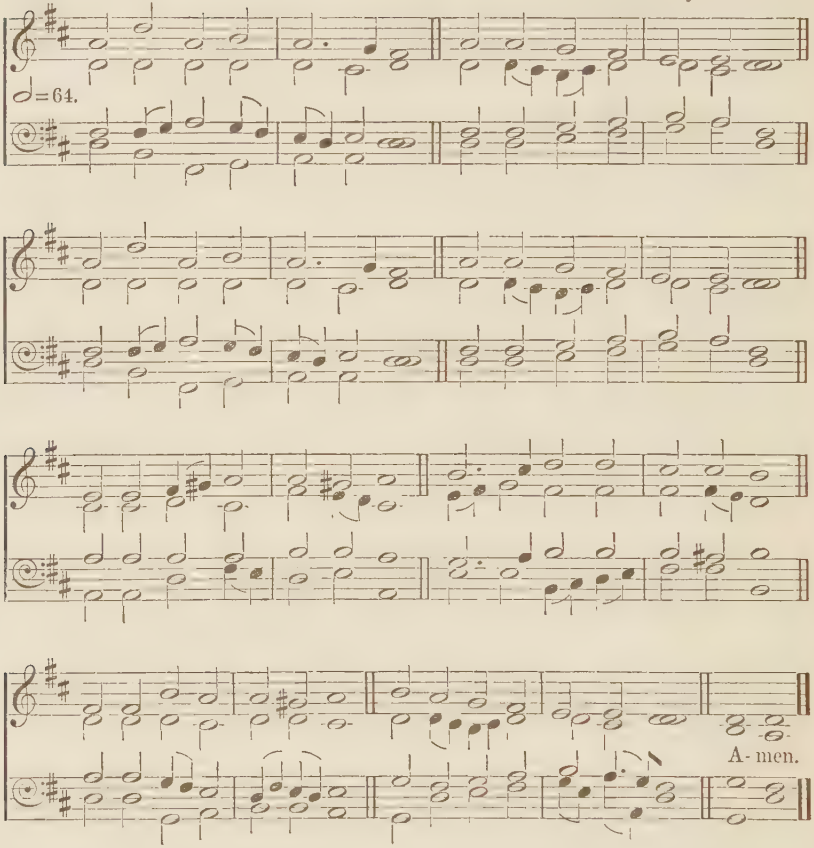
4.

And so, through Him Who conquer'd Death,
May we, too, upward press
From death of sin sweet life to win
Of truth and holiness;
And, like the Saints returning home
With Christ, we pray that we
May to God's holy City come
And true Mount Sion see.

448

SALZBURG.

CRÜGER.
Har. by J. S. BACH.



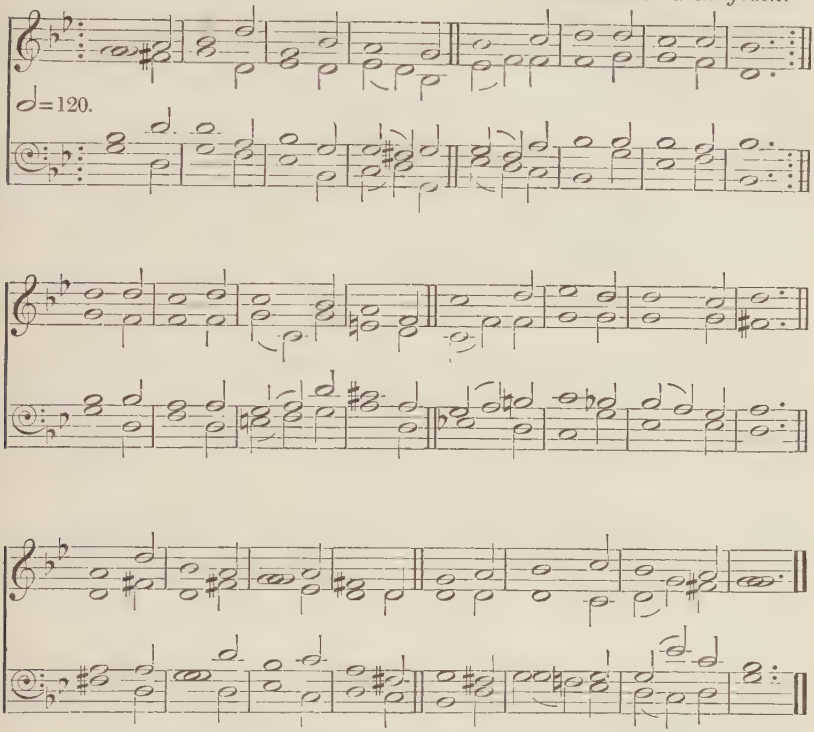

1 AT the Lamb's high Feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath wash'd us in the tide
Flowing from His piercéd Side;
Praise we Him, Whose love Divine
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the Feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is pour'd,
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now Thy banner Thou dost wave;
Vanquish'd Satan and the Grave;
Thou hast open'd Paradise,
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

4 Easter Triumph, Easter Joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE. Darmstätter *Gesangbuch.*




1 Bringing Life and Peace and Gladness
To His people from the grave,
Jesus rose at break of morning
Mighty in His strength to save.

2 Having rested from His labour,
Waking from His sleep by night,
Morn brought back the Well-belovéd,
Crown'd with many crowns of light.

3 When the world was wrapt in slumber,
On the threshold of the day,
Then the Warrior-king, from Bozrah,
Pass'd on His triumphal way.

4 On the Heights His Feet, once-piercéd,
Shone with brightness like a flame;
While there hung around His Footsteps
Heav'nly splendours as He came.

5 He, the Warrior strong from Edom,
Smote the battlements of Hell,
Rode in chariots of salvation,
When the ancient mountains fell.

6 Oh! the rest and deep rejoicing
After warfare, after toil;
Rest for those who reap the harvest,
Joy for those who take the spoil.

7 Risen Jesus, long the nations
Waited with desire for Thee;
Now the Dragon Thou hast smitten
Now hast made Thy people free.

8 Glorious One, in dyed apparel,
Conqu'ror by a fearful strife,
Thou didst cover Heav'n with triumph,
Bringing Gladness, Peace and Life.

## 450

CHRIST IS RISEN. SCHEIN.

*Allegro.*

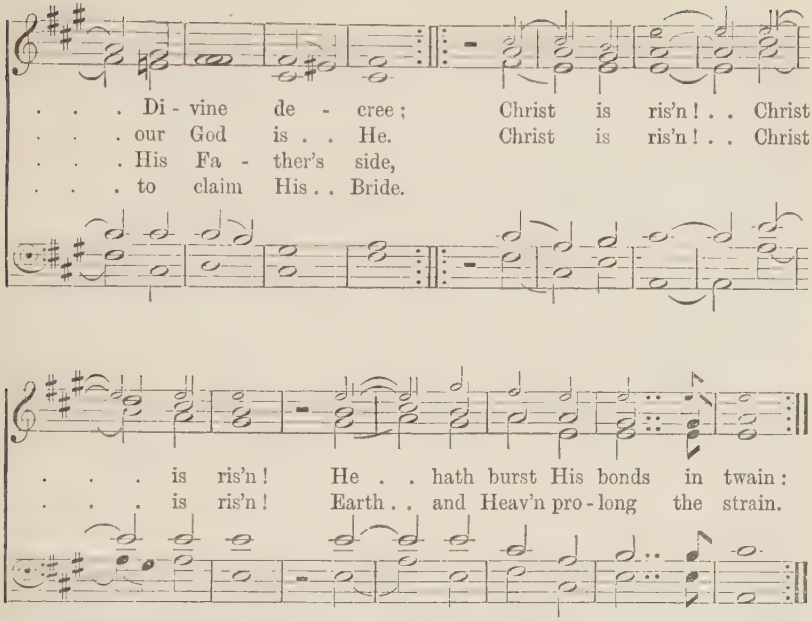
♩=110.

1 Christ is ris'n! . . Christ is ris'n! . He . . hath burst His bonds in twain: Christ is ris'n! . . Christ is ris'n! . . Earth . . and Heav'n pro - long the strain.

2 See, . . the chains . . of death are bro - ken! Earth . . be - low, and Heav'n a - bove, Joy . . in each . . . a - maz - ing to - ken Of . . His ri - sing, Lord of love!

1 For . . our gain . . He suf - fer'd loss, By . . 1 He . . hath died . . up - on the Cross, But . . 2 He . . for ev - er - more shall reign At . . 2 Till . . He comes . . to earth a - gain, Comes

# Eastertide.




NOTE.—*The small notes above the Air may be sung by Three or Four high voices.*

1 CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.
For our gain He suffer'd loss,
By Divine decree;
He hath died upon the Cross,
But our God is He.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.

2 See, the chains of death are broken!
Earth below, and Heav'n above,
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love!
He for evermore shall reign
At His Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His Bride.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain.

3 Glorious Angels, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of all the skies!
Heav'n, with joy and holy longing
For the Father's Image, cries,
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All Creation, find a voice!
He o'er all shall reign!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

## 451

CHRIST THE LORD HATH RISEN. Melody of 12th Century.

♩=94.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

1.

Christ the Lord hath risen
From His three-day prison
Meet it is to make merrie;
Jesus will our solace be. Alleluia!

2.

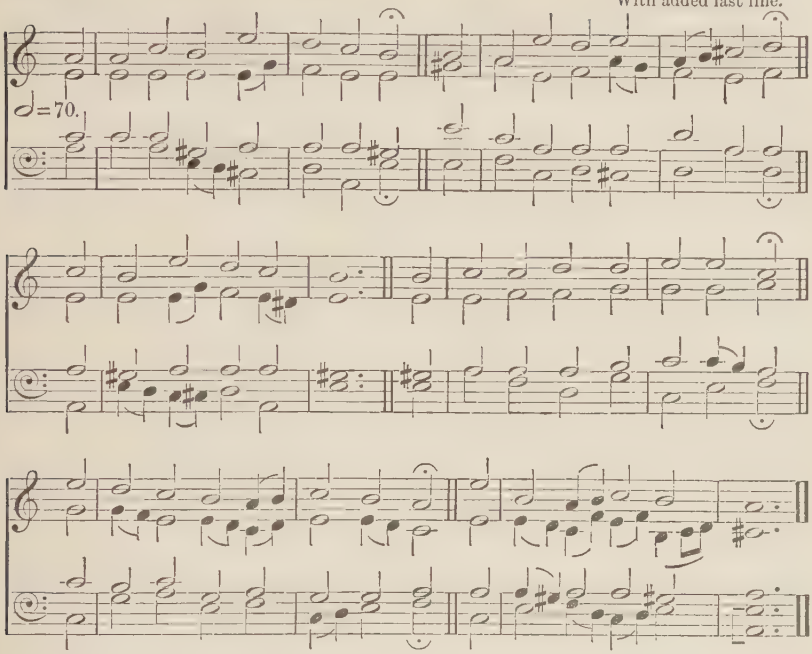
Christ to knap asunder
Chains, that kept us under
Satan's yoke, was slain of yore;
Now He lives to die no more. Alleluia!

3.

Christ, our Victor-giant,
Quells the foe defiant:
Let the ransom'd people sing
Glory to the Easter King. Alleluia!

WARUM BETRUBST DU DICH.

German Chorale.
With added last line.




1 Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear Angelic watchers say,
"He lives, Who once was slain;
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

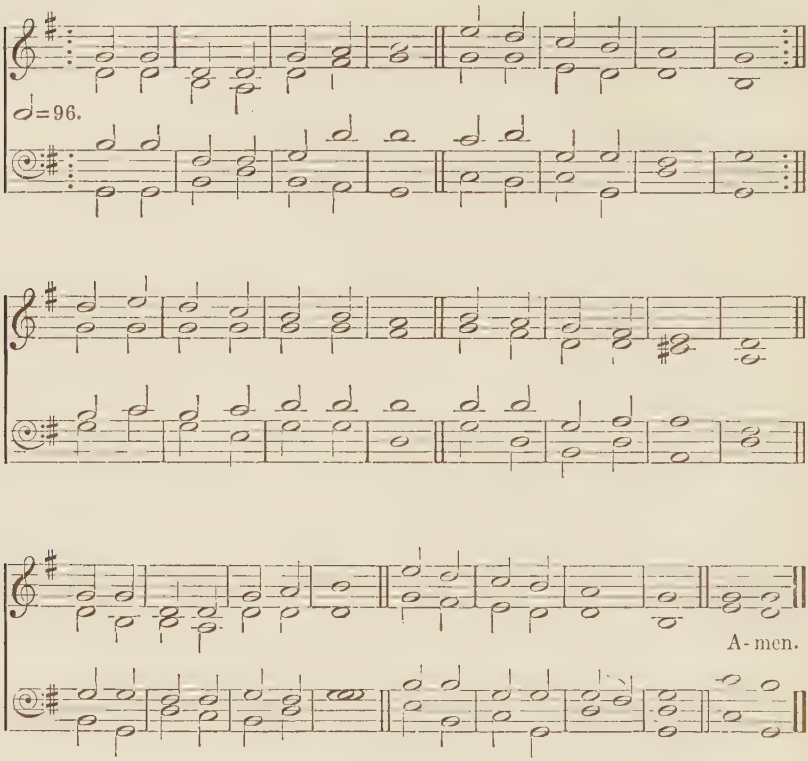
2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When by His own Almighty Power
He rose, and left the grave:
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and Hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our Glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring:
What though the Saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumb'ring dust:
O Risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransom'd souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

453

LÆTARE. *Aachen Gesangbuch.*



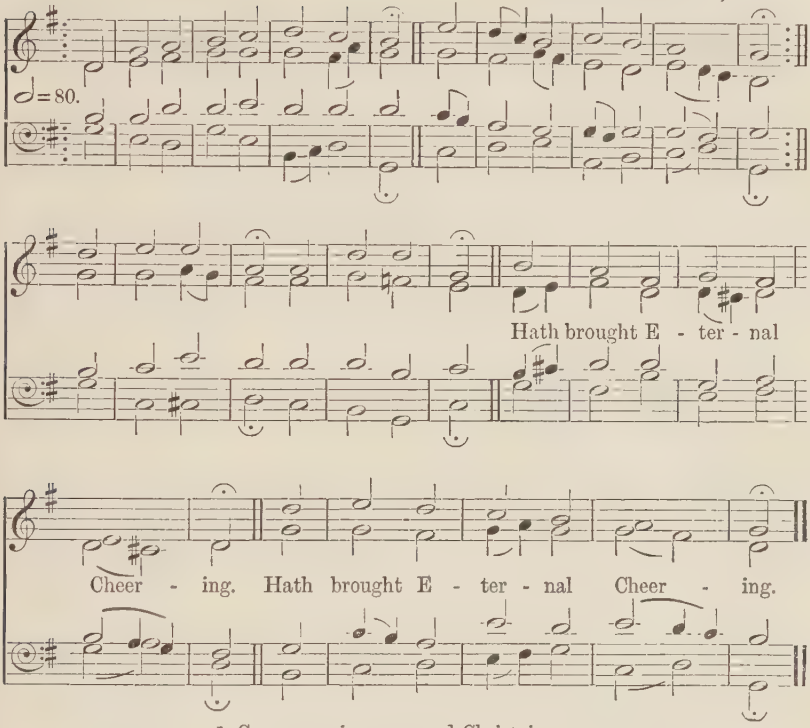

1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the Royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal!
Who, triumphant, burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising!
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising!

WAS GOTT THUT. SEVERUS GASTORIUS, 1675.




1 GIVE ear, give ear, good Christain men,
The lay is worth a-hearing;
We tell how grief hath ended woe,
And fear hath finish'd fearing;
And pain, that lasted for a day,
Hath brought Eternal Cheering

2 Was ever battle won like this,—
Where He That lost was gaining?
And He That fell was triumphing,
And He That died was reigning?
And He, That held the Reed of Scorn,
A Sceptre was obtaining?

3 The winner then had such a foil
As crush'd him down for ever:
The wise was taken in his craft,
The strong in his endeavour:
And He, the Slain, was Victor still,
And he, that slew Him, never.

4 Give ear, give ear, good Christian men,
The riddle is expounded;
From North to South, from East to West,
Its meaning shall be sounded;
On Easter Day was fought The Fight,
Whereon the Crown is founded!

SALVE! FESTA DIES.

J. B. POWELL.

CHORUS.

Hail! Fes - tal Day! To end - less a - ges known, . .

♩=90.

ORG.

VOICES & ORGAN.

*rall.*

When Christ, . . o'er death vic - tor - ious, gain'd . . His Throne.

N.B.—The Music of the Cantors' verses can be found in the 8vo copies (Novello & Co.).

*At the Procession.*

1 HAIL! Festal Day! to endless ages known,
When Christ, o'er death victorious, gain'd His Throne.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

2 Now with the Lord of new and Heav'nly birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

3 He reigns Supreme, Who died the death of shame
And all created things adore His Name.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

4 Fulfil thy promise, King of Love, we pray;
The Third Morn brightens; Rise, and come away.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

5 No mould'ring tomb shall hold Thee in repose;
No stone the Ransom of the World enclose.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

6 Who holdest all things in Thy hollow'd Hand,
No rocky barrier can before Thee stand.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

7 Cast off the grave clothes; let them there remain
Come forth to us, our All, our Only Gain.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

8 Creator, Fount of Life, Thou know'st the grave;
And thence returning, Thou art strong to save.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

9 Light of the World! show us Thy Face once more,
The Day that died with Thee, to-day restore.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

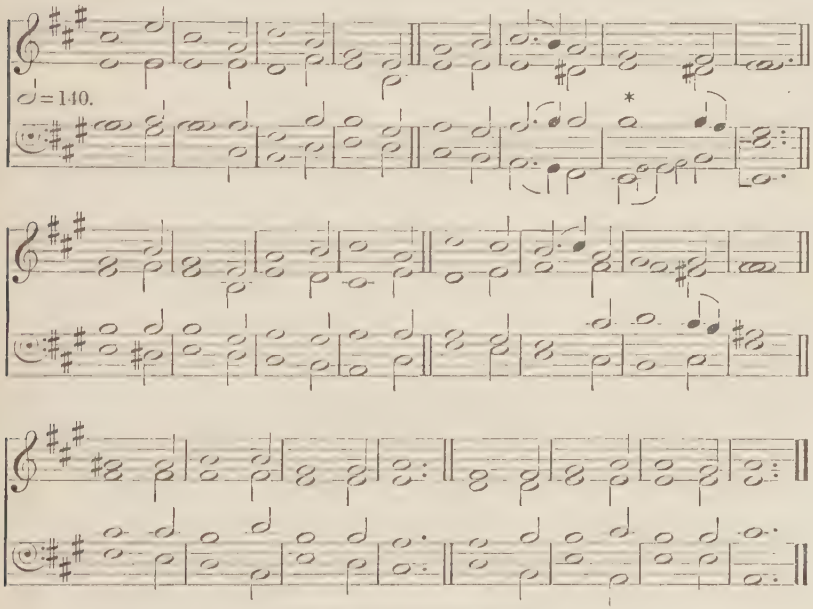
10 A countless people, from death's bondage freed,
Own Thee Redeemer, following Thy lead.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

11 The shades of Death are pierc'd, his laws undone,
And trembling Chaos flees the Rising Sun.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

*This may be sung to either of the tunes at* 474 *or* 483.

## 456

HE IS RISEN. Attributed to PURCELL.




* Alternative notes in the Bass.

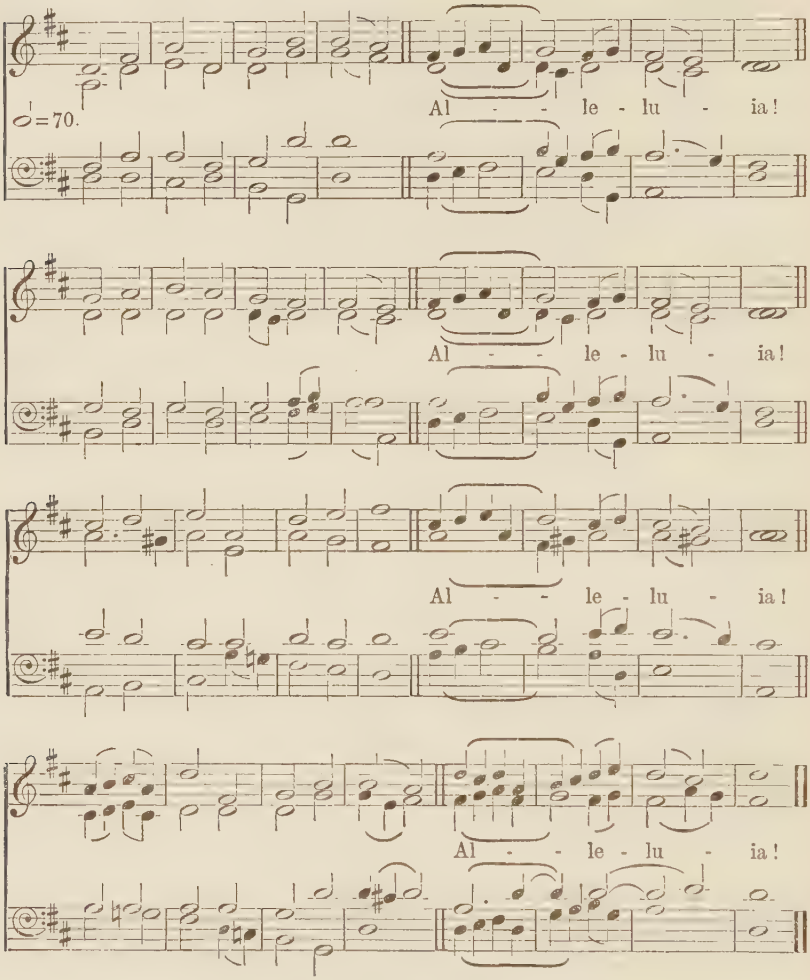
1 He is risen! He is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice;
He hath burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquer'd, man is free,
Christ hath won the victory!

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

3 Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping;
Brightly gleams their Easter Sun:
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ hath conquer'd Hell to-day!

4 He is risen! He is risen!
He hath oped th' Eternal Gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state:
Death's dominion now is o'er,
Jesus lives for evermore!

EASTER-HYMN. Dr. WORGAN.




1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our Triumphant Holy Day, Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our Heav'nly King, Alleluia!
Who endur'd the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

3 But the pain, which He endured, Alleluia!
Our Salvation hath procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing. Alleluia!

ST. ALBINUS (*First Tune*). GAUNTLETT.

♩=80.

*f* Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

VIVIT JESUS (*Second Tune*). Dr. JOHN STORER.

♩=80.

Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1 JESUS lives! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life Immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of Hell
Part us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia!

459

LET THE SONG BE BEGUN (*First Tune*). 15th Century.

From NEALE & HELMORE'S Carols, newly arranged

*To be sung in Unison.*

♩=150.

*Glo-ria in ex - cel - sis.*

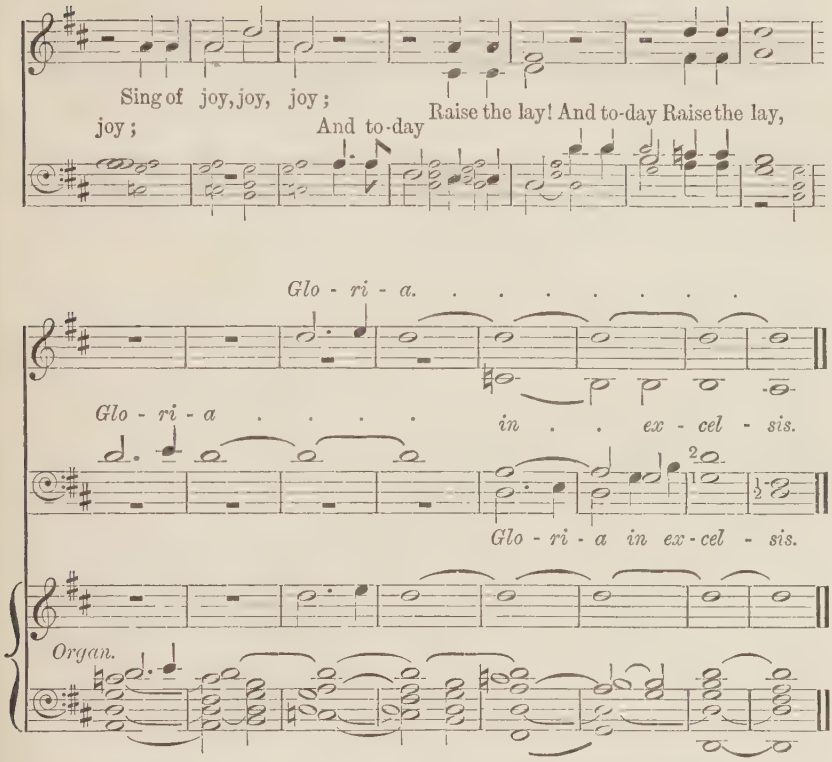
LET THE SONG BE BEGUN (*Second Tune*).

And the vic - to-ry won:

♩=82. Let the song be be-gun, For the bat- tle is done, . . . .

And the foe is scatter'd, And the pris - on shatter'd: Sing of joy, joy,

# Eastertide.



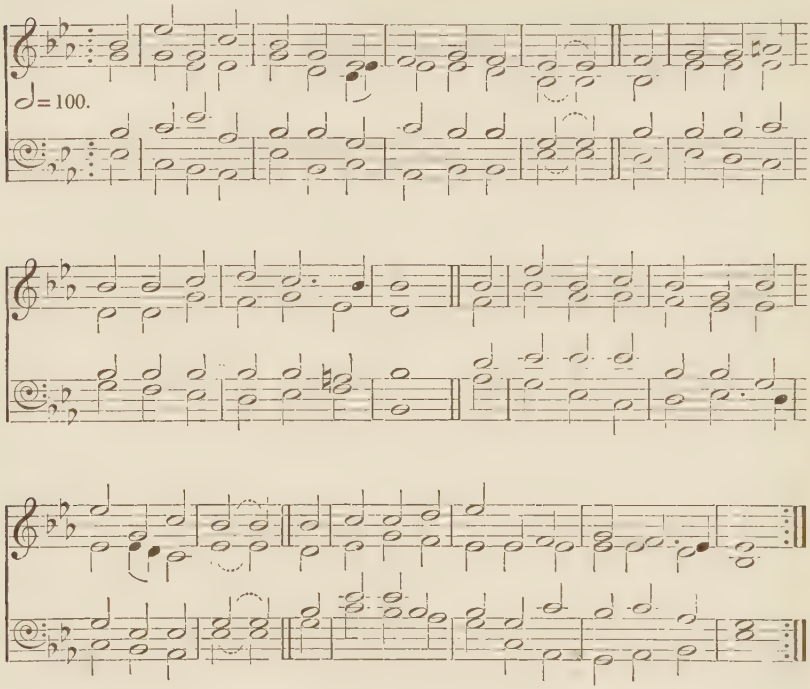

1 Let the song be begun,
For the battle is done,
And the victory won:
And the foe is scatter'd,
And the prison shatter'd:
Sing of joy, joy, joy;
Sing of joy, joy;
And to-day
Raise the lay,
*Gloria in excelsis!*

2 They that follow'd in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the Crown shall obtain;
They were sore assaulted;
They shall be exalted;
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
Sing of rest, rest;
And again
Pour the strain,
*Gloria in excelsis!*

3 For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore,
Where the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal;
There is Life Eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Sing of peace, peace;
Earth and skies
Bid it rise,
*Gloria in excelsis!*

4 Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despis'd and ye few,
For the Crown is for you;
Christ, That went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
Sing of hope, hope;
And to-day
Raise the lay,
*Gloria in excelsis!*

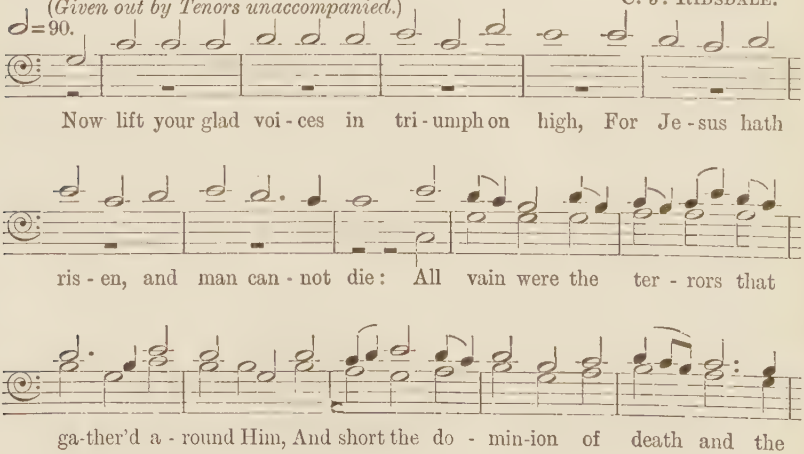
NOW LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES (*First Tune*). Old English Air.

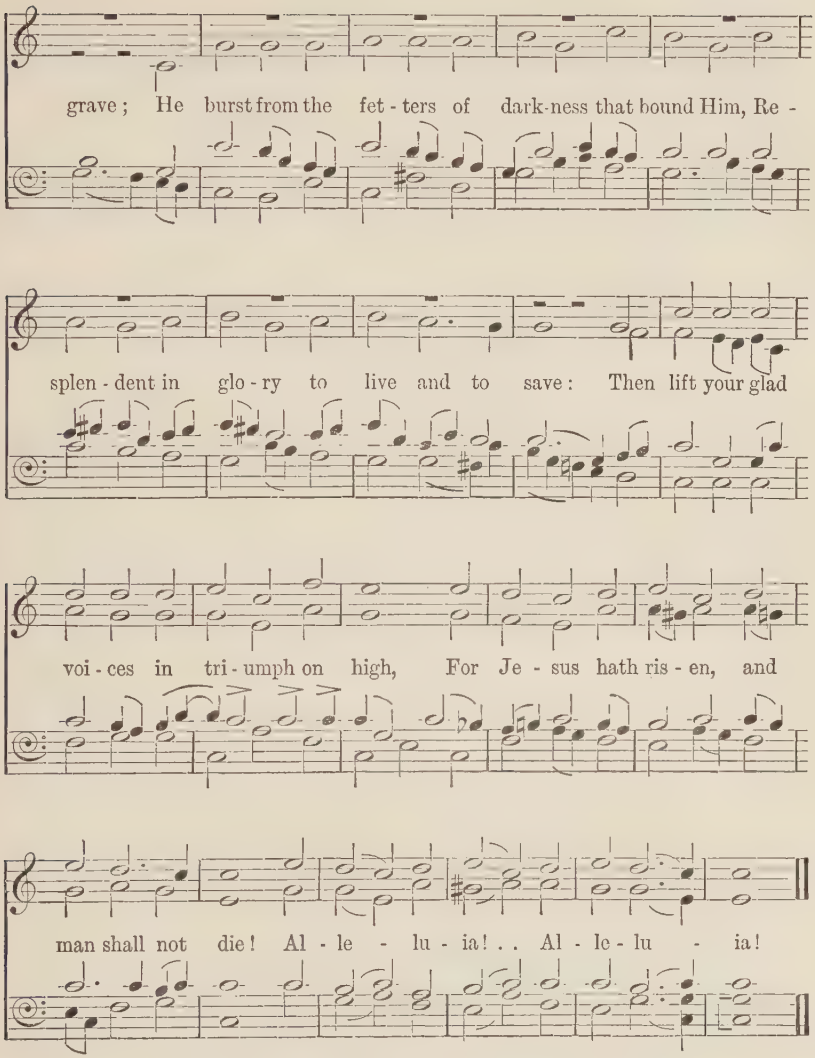



NOW LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES (*Second Tune*).

(*Given out by Tenors unaccompanied.*)

C. J. Ridsdale.






Now lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die:
All vain were the terrors that gather'd around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
Resplendent in glory to live and to save:
Then lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

461

VICTORY.

From PALESTRINA and W. H. MONK.

♩=90. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! *cr.* Al - le - lu - ia! *ff* Al - le - lu - ia!

*Org.*

*Slow.*

♩=70.

Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

1.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
No more of strife! No more of pain!
The Lord of Life hath risen again!
Uplift ye then the joyful strain. Alleluia!

2.

The powers of Hell have done their worst,
But Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of joy and praise outburst. Alleluia!

3.

The Three Sad Days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our Risen Head! Alleluia!

4.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee Alleluia!

O FILII. *Gallican.*

*Unison.*

♩=130.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! O sons and

NOTE.—These Alleluias are sung before each verse and before the Amen.

daughters, let . . us sing! The King of Heav'n, the glo - rious King,

O'er death to - day rose tri - umph-ing. Al - le - lu - - ia! A - men.

2 That Easter Morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night th' Apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the Risen Lord,
He doubted the Disciples' word.
Alleluia!

6 "My pierced Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they Eternal Life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy Day of days,
To God our hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

10 And we with Holy Church unite,
As is most just and meet and right,
In glory to the King of Light.
Alleluia!

463

ALLEIN GOTT IN DER HÖH SEI EHR. NIC. DECIUS.

*Vivace. Without pauses.*

♩=150.

1 On Eas - ter Morn Christ rose a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia!.. Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice, re - joice, good Chris - tian men. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2 But two days since He deign'd to die, That we no more in death might lie. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1 ON Easter Morn Christ rose again; Alleluia!
Rejoice, rejoice, good Christian men. Alleluia!

2 But two days since He deign'd to die, Alleluia!
That we no more in death might lie. Alleluia!

3 The Holy women to the tomb — Alleluia!
With gifts of precious ointment come. — Alleluia!

4 They seek within the guarded grave — Alleluia!
The Lord, Who died mankind to save. — Alleluia!

5 An Angel clad in white appears, — Alleluia!
Who brings glad tidings to their ears. — Alleluia!

6 Ye trembling daughters, do not fear; — Alleluia!
Ye seek the Christ; He is not here. — Alleluia!

7 Go, bid the glad Disciples see — Alleluia!
Their Risen Lord in Galilee. — Alleluia!

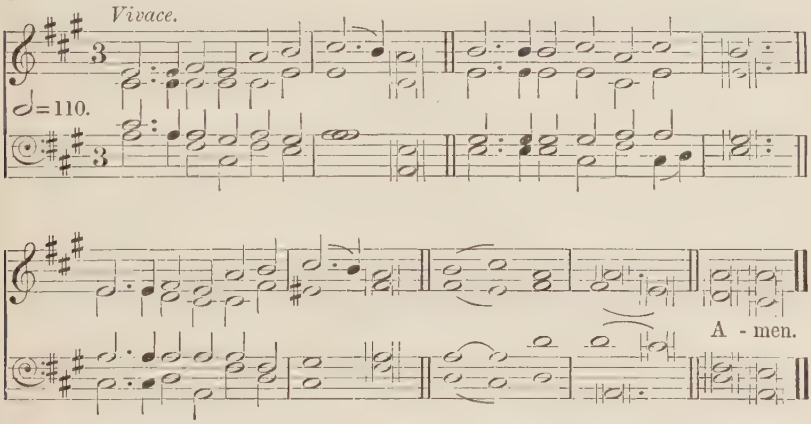
8 Of Simon Peter, next, I ween, — Alleluia!
Then of th' Eleven, He was seen. — Alleluia!

9 This time of Holy Paschal joy, — Alleluia!
In Hymns to Christ let all employ. — Alleluia!

10 The Holy Trinity be praised, — Alleluia!
Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. — Alleluia!

## 464

### ON THE RESURRECTION MORNING.




1 On the Resurrection morning
Soul and Body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3 For a space the tiréd body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter Morn.

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song!

5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

6 Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection Day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

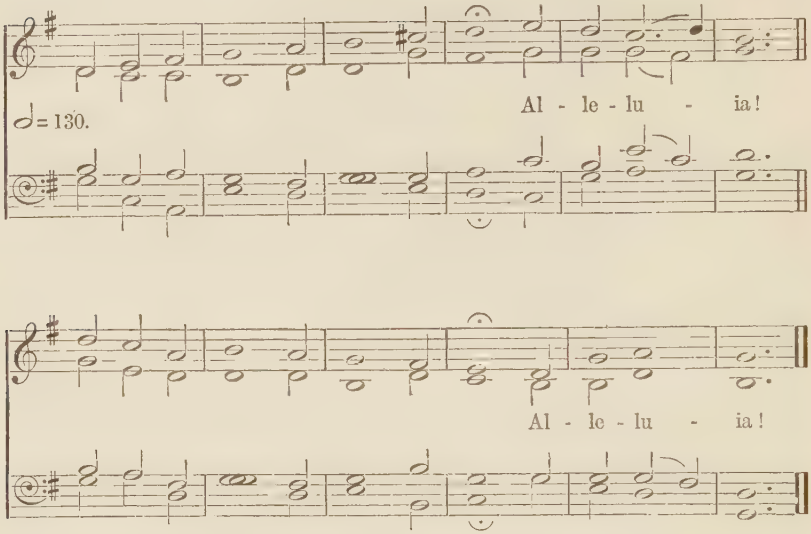
7 On that happy Easter Morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last,
To Thy Cross, through death and judgement,
Holding fast.

## 465

LÆTARE, ALLELUIA!

MELCHIOR FRANCK, 1628.




*Or tune of* 481.

1 THE clouds of night have pass'd away; Alleluia!
Mary, rejoice, rejoice to-day. Alleluia!

2 He, That abhorréd not thy womb, Alleluia!
Hath sprung to life from out the tomb. Alleluia!

3 Death's arrows keen are snapt in twain; Alleluia!
At Jesu's feet Death lieth slain. Alleluia!

4 Though heaviness endure a night, Alleluia!
Joy cometh with the morning-light. Alleluia!

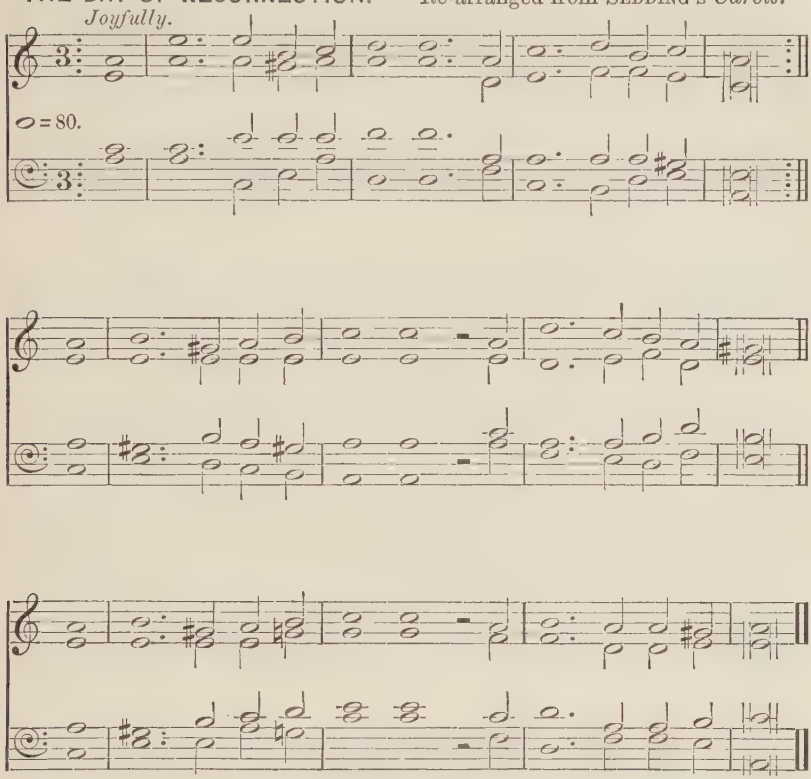
5 From spitting hid He not His Face; Alleluia!
It beams with glory now and grace. Alleluia!

6 His Wounds in Side, in Hands, in Feet, Alleluia!
Are springing-wells of mercy sweet. Alleluia!

7 Thy transverse arms, O Cross, are now Alleluia!
The Sceptre whereto all things bow. Alleluia!

## 466

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION. Re-arranged from SEDDING'S *Carols.*




1 THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God;
From death to Life Eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the Heav'ns be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

## 467

### THE FOE BEHIND.

*Trier Gesangbuch* (with additions).

*Allegro.*

♩= 150. 1 The foe be - hind, the deep be - fore, Our hosts have dared and pass'd the sea ;

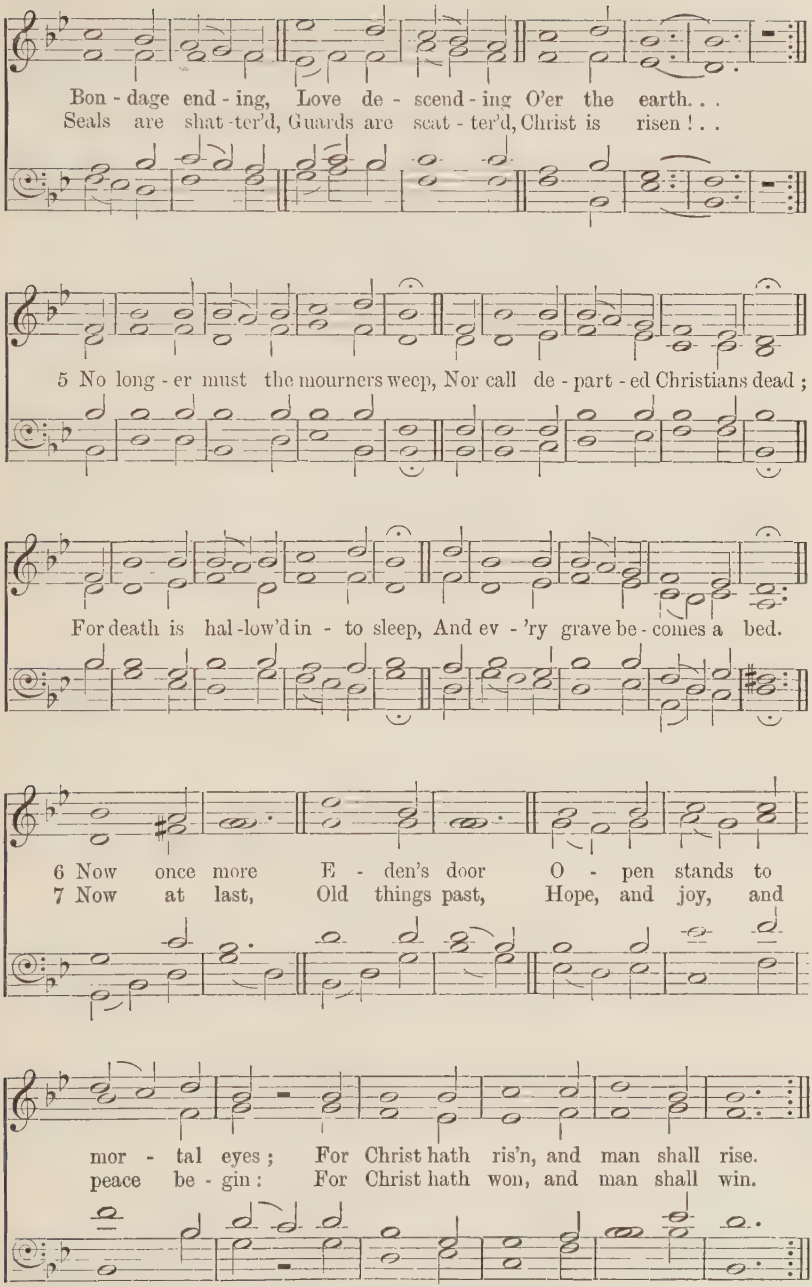
And Pharaoh's war-riors strew the shore, And Is- rael's ransom'd tribes are free.

2 Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now ! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now ;

The Lord hath triumph'd glo-rious - ly ! The Lord shall reign vic- to - rious- ly !

3 Hap - py mor- row, Turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth !
4 Seals as - su - ring, Guards se - cu - ring, Watch His earth- ly prison :

# Eastertide.


Bon - dage end - ing, Love de - scend - ing O'er the earth. . .
Seals are shat - ter'd, Guards are scat - ter'd, Christ is risen ! . .
5 No long - er must the mourners weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead ;
For death is hal - low'd in - to sleep, And ev - 'ry grave be - comes a bed.
6 Now once more E - den's door O - pen stands to
7 Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and
mor - tal eyes ; For Christ hath ris'n, and man shall rise.
peace be - gin : For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

8 It is not ex - ile, rest on high; It is not sad - ness,

peace from strife; To fall a - sleep is not to die;. .

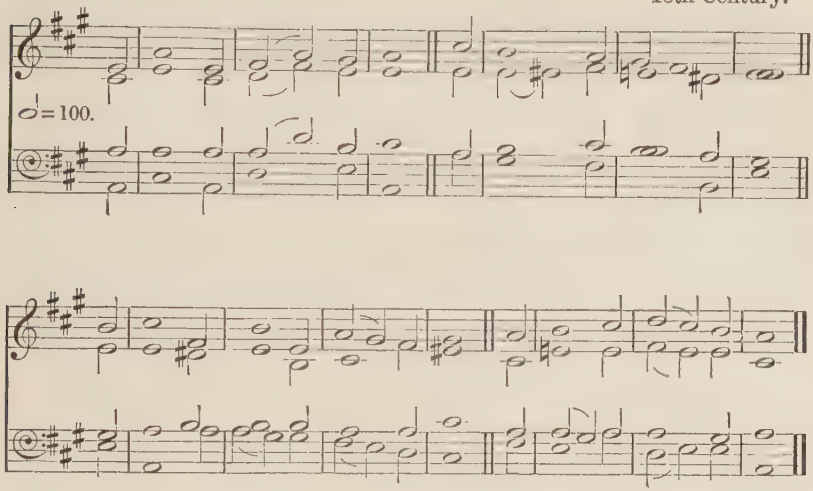
To dwell with Christ is bet - ter life. 9 Where our ban - ner
10 His Right Arm is

leads . . us We may safe - ly go; . . .
o'er . . us, He will guide us through; . .

Where our Chief pre - cedes us We may face the foe. . .
Christ hath gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low you! . .

468

S. CATHARINE. 18th Century.




1 The Lord is risen indeed;
Now is His work perform'd;
Now is the mighty Captive freed,
And death's strong castle storm'd.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
Then Hell has lost his prey;
With Him is risen the ransom'd seed
To reign in Endless Day.

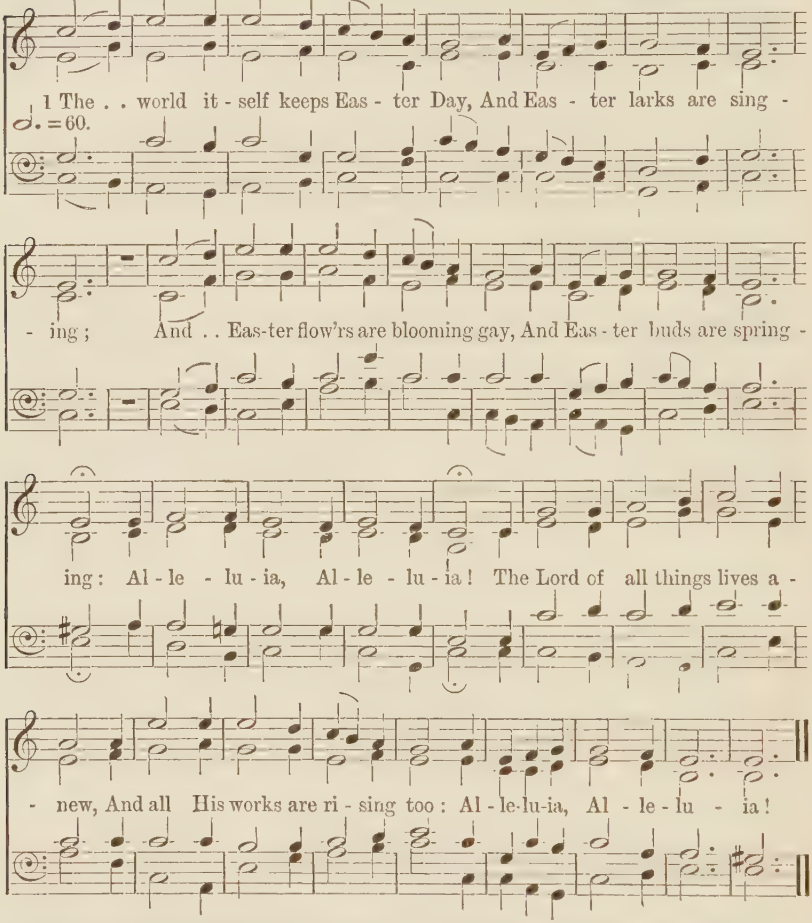
3 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending Angels, hear!
Up to the Courts of Heav'n with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright Celestial Choirs,
To sing our Risen Lord.

## 469 THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY.

Re-arranged.
From NEALE & HELMORE'S Carols.




2 There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter Morning early,
When day had scarcely chas'd the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly :
Alleluia, Alleluia !
With loving but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find :
Alleluia, Alleluia !

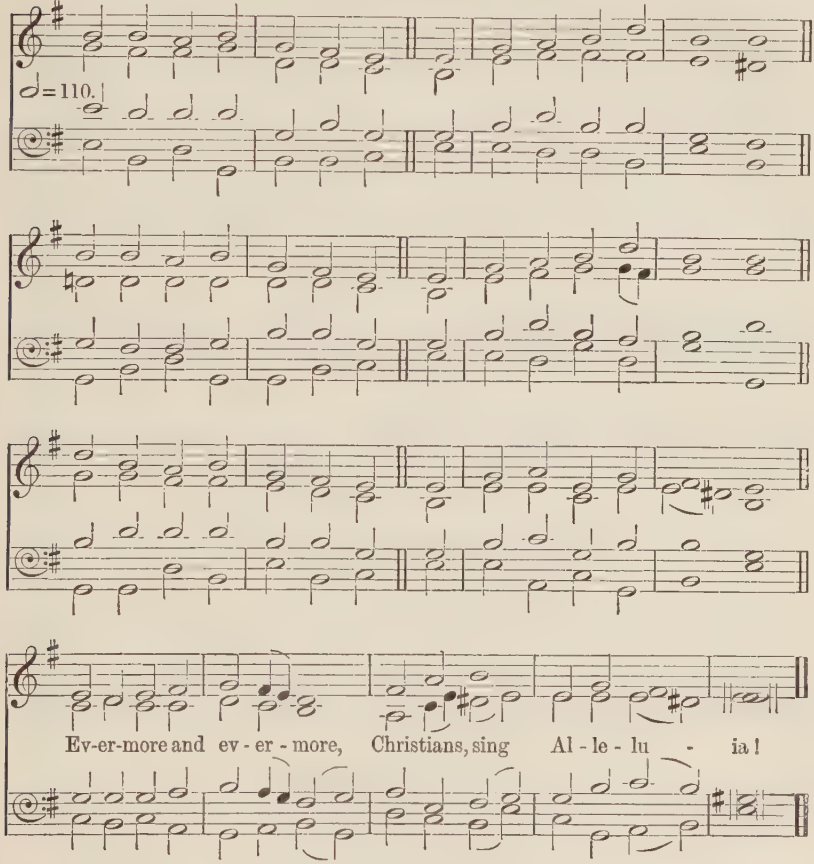
3 But earlier still the Angel sped,
His news of comfort giving :
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living ?"
Alleluia, Alleluia !
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia, Alleluia !

4 But one, and one alone, remain'd,
With love that could not vary ;
And thus a joy past joy she gain'd,
That some-time sinner, Mary :
Alleluia, Alleluia !
The first the dear, dear Form to see
Of Him That hung upon the Tree :
Alleluia, Alleluia !

5 The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing :
Alleluia, Alleluia !
The Lord hath ris'n, as all things tell :
Good Christians, see ye rise as well !
Alleluia, Alleluia !

## 'TWAS ABOUT THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

NEALE & HELMORE'S Carols.




1 'TWAS about the dead of night,
And Athens lay in slumber;
Moonlight on the temples slept,
And touch'd the rocks with umber;
And the court of Mars were met
In grave and rev'rend number.
Evermore, &c.

2 Met were they to hear and judge
The teaching of a stranger;
O'er the ocean he had come,
Through want, and toil, and danger;
And he worshipp'd for his God
One cradled in a manger.
Evermore, &c.

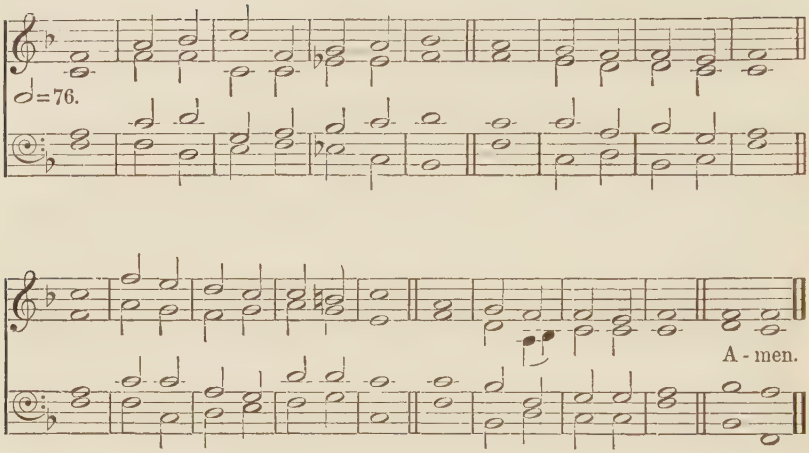
3 While he spake against their gods,
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection;
'Till with bolder voice and mien
He preach'd THE RESURRECTION.
Evermore, &c.

4 Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
Of blasphemy and treason;
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason;
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Evermore, &c.

5 Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
Now Europe hath received it;
Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
Now children have believed it;
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achieved it.
Evermore, &c.

## 471 THE ROGATION DAYS.

DUNDEE.




1 Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The Summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

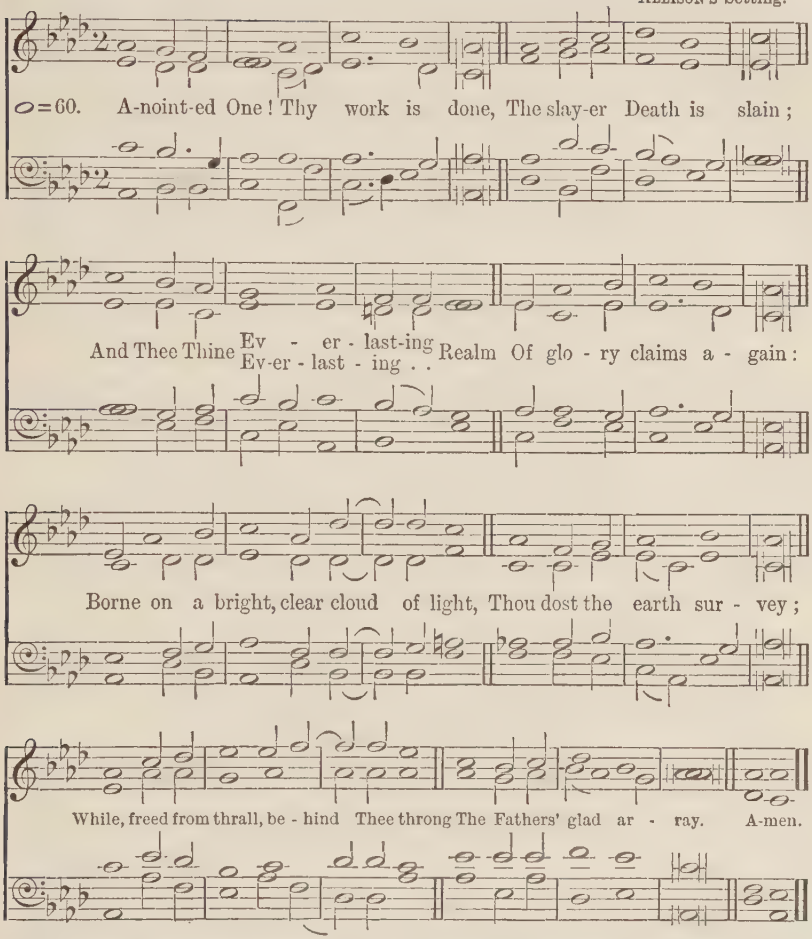
5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new Heav'n and earth
We never may forego.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit glory be,
The Ever-Blessed Three in One
Through all Eternity.

**472** *ASCENSIONTIDE.*

OLD CXXXVII.

CRESPIN, 1557.
ALLISON'S Setting.



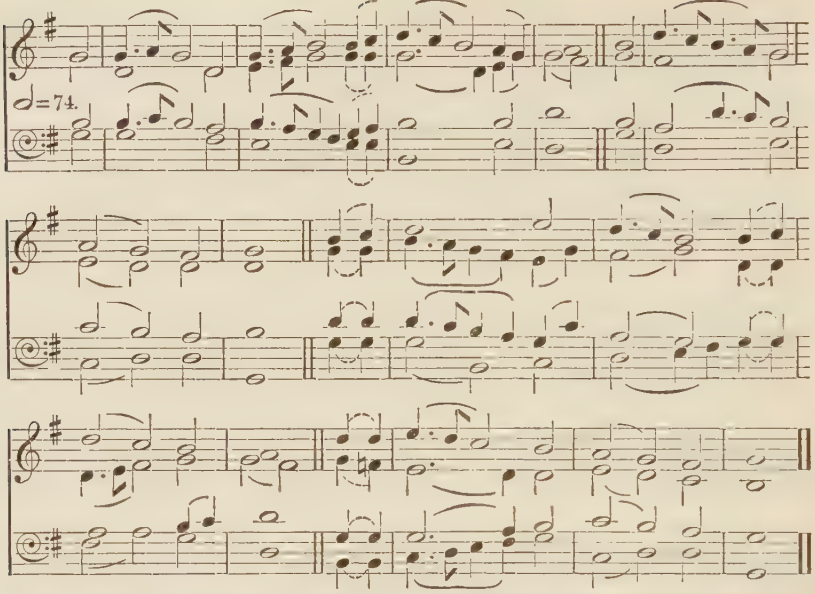

2 Th' Angelic Host, in wonder lost,
Th' Eternal Gates fling wide;
And Thee, triumphant, God and Man,
Throne at the Father's side:
There dost Thou wait, our Advocate,
Our Priest, the Prince of Peace;
Thy once shed Blood presenting still,
With prayers that never cease:

3 And thence with power dost deck and dower
The Church, Thy Royal Bride;
And still, her all-pervading Life,
To all dost life divide
Thence, day by day, 'midst fight and fray,
Each Saint dost Thou uphold;
Thou to the brave dost conquest give.
And triumph to the bold.

4 Where Thou, the Head, O Christ, hast [sped,
Do Thou the Body call,
And, o'er the path Thy Footsteps trod,
Thy Members, one and all.
Jesu, to Thee all glory be,
Who dost to Heav'n ascend;
With Father and with Spirit Blest,
Through Ages without end.

## 473

GAINSBOROUGH. GANTHONY.




1 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on High:
With His own Right Hand and His Holy [Arm
He hath won the victory.

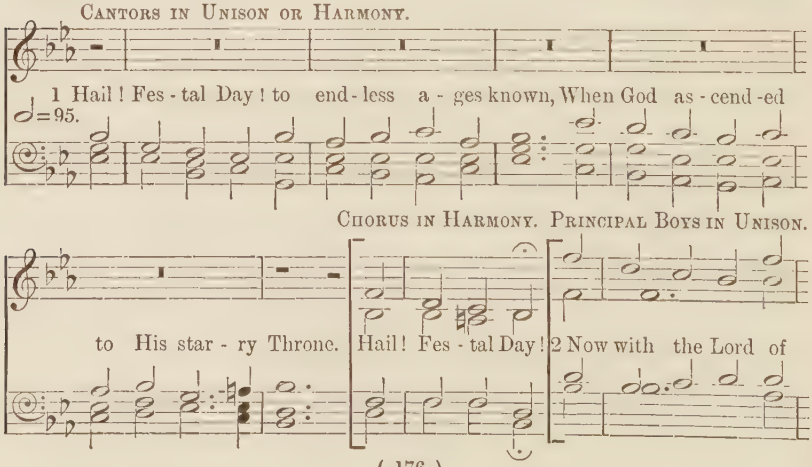
2 Now vanquish'd are the courts of death,
And crush'd thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there.

3 And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
And dragg'd him through the sky,
And captive 'neath His chariot-wheel
He hath bound captivity.

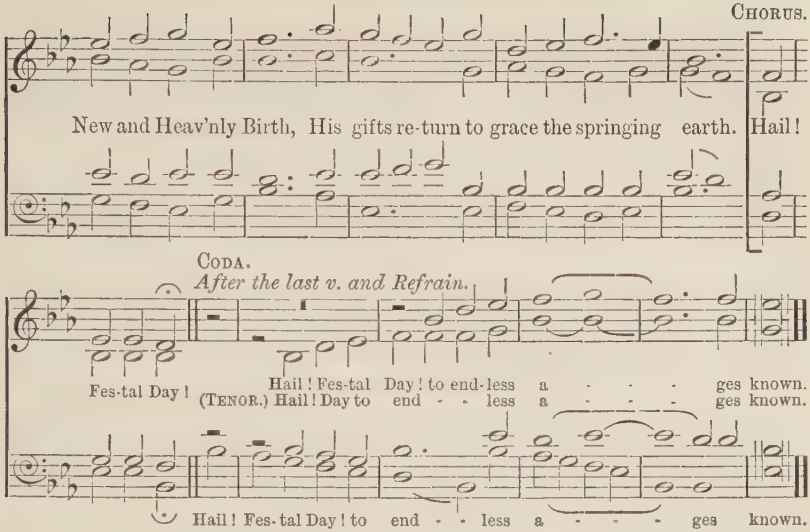
4 God is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on High;
With His own Right Hand and His Holy [Arm
He hath won the victory.

## 474

SALVE FESTA DIES. C. J. RIDSDALE.



# Ascensiontide.




*Or any of the tunes at* 455, 483 *or* 586.

2 Now with the Lord of New and Heav'nly Birth,
His gifts return to grace the springing earth.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

3 Now glows the year with painted flow'rs' array,
And warmer light unbars the gates of day.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

4 Now Christ from gloomy Hell comes triumphing;
And field and grove with flow'r and leafage spring.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

5 The reign of Hell o'erthrown, He mounts on High,
Sent forth with joyous praise from sea and sky.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

6 Loose now the captives, ope the prison door,
The fallen, from the deep, to light restore.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

7 A countless people, from death's bondage freed,
Own Thee Redeemer, following Thy lead.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

8 Stainless and strong, and in Thine Arms sustain'd,
Bear them to God, an off'ring purely gain'd.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

9 One wreath be Thine, that of Thy labour comes,
And one, that of Thy ransom'd people blooms.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

10 Creator and Redeemer! Christ our Light!
The One-begotten of the Father's might.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

11 Co-equal, Co-eternal, Thou to Whom
The Kingdom of the world decreed shall come.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

12 Thou, looking on our race in darkness laid,
To rescue man, Thyself True Man wast made.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

475

VICTORIA.

TREVES' Melody.

Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Ravish'd from our wist - ful eyes;

♩=90.

Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, En - ters now the

High - est Heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - - lu - ia! A-men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits; Alleluia!
Lift your heads, Eternal Gates! Alleluia!
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin; Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

3 See! He lifts His Hands above, Alleluia!
See! He shews the prints of Love; Alleluia!
Hark! His gracious Lips bestow Alleluia!
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!

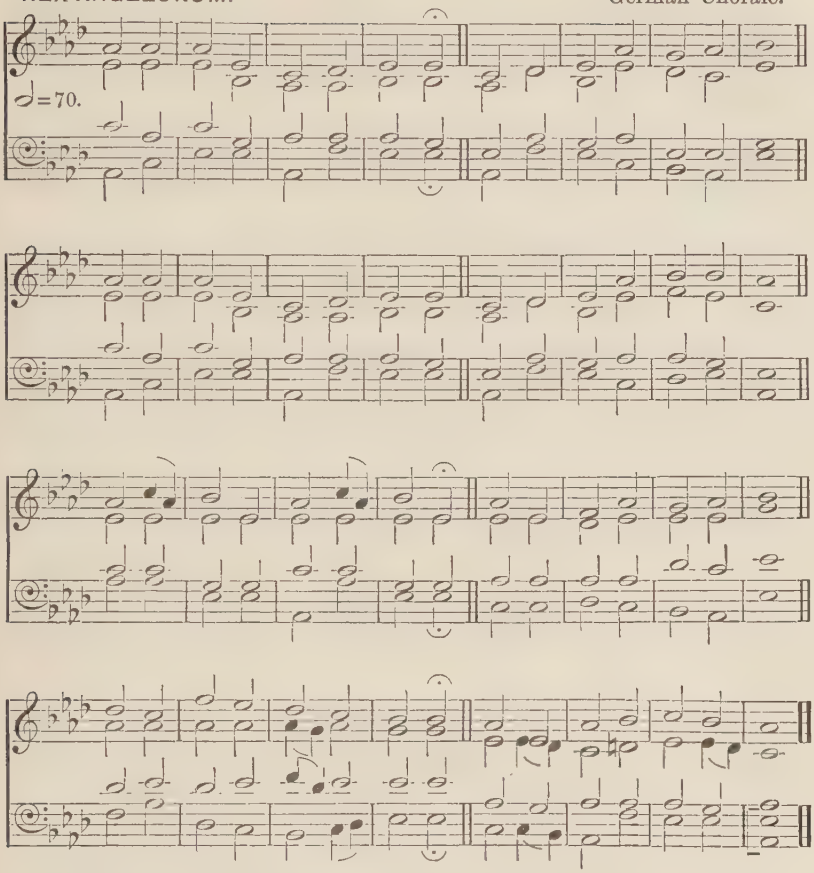
4 Lo! the Heav'n its Lord receives, Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Alleluia!
Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes; Alleluia!
His Prevailing Death He pleads; Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
He the First-fruits of our race. Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
Far above the starry Height; Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia!

## 476

REX ANGELORUM. German Chorale.




1 In the brightness of the sunshine
Thou didst go from earth to Heav'n;
When our Lady stood beside Thee
With the sorrowful Eleven;
Then they gazed upon Thee rising
To the cloud that veil'd the sky,
In the hour of Thine Ascension
To Thy Father's House on High,

2 Lifting up Thy Hands in blessing
Thou wast parted from their sight,
When the golden doors stood open
To the splendour of Thy Might:
Then the Angels sang before Thee,
As Thou wentest on Thy way,
To Thy Throne of strength, predestined,
In the City of the Day.

3 As the Fount of Living Water
Thou dost dwell within the veil;
Giving help to those who wander,
Giving life to those who fail:
As the Storehouse of all mercy
Thou dost dwell in Light Above;
Evermore our Intercessor,
Evermore our Kingly Love.

## 477

LOOK YE SAINTS. German.

♩=110.

Crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him!

1 Look ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now:
From the fight return'd victorious,
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's Brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, Angels crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of Heaven rings:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

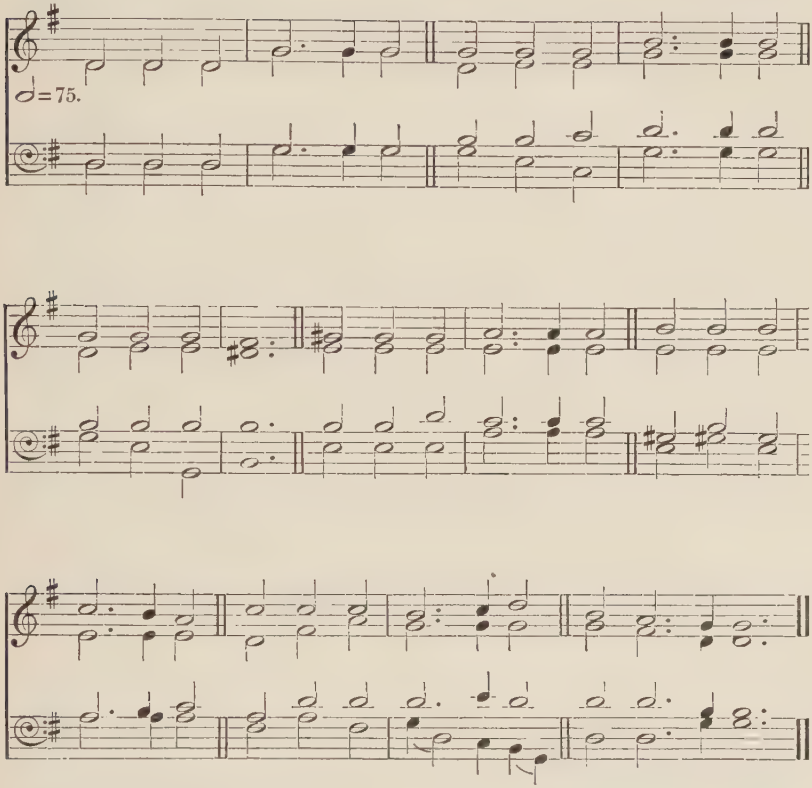
3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and Angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

# 478

SURGE, VICTOR.

JOSEPH SCHNABEL.




1 RISE, glorious Conqu'ror, rise
Into Thy native skies—
Assume Thy right:
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward roll'd,
Pass through those Gates of Gold
And reign in Light.

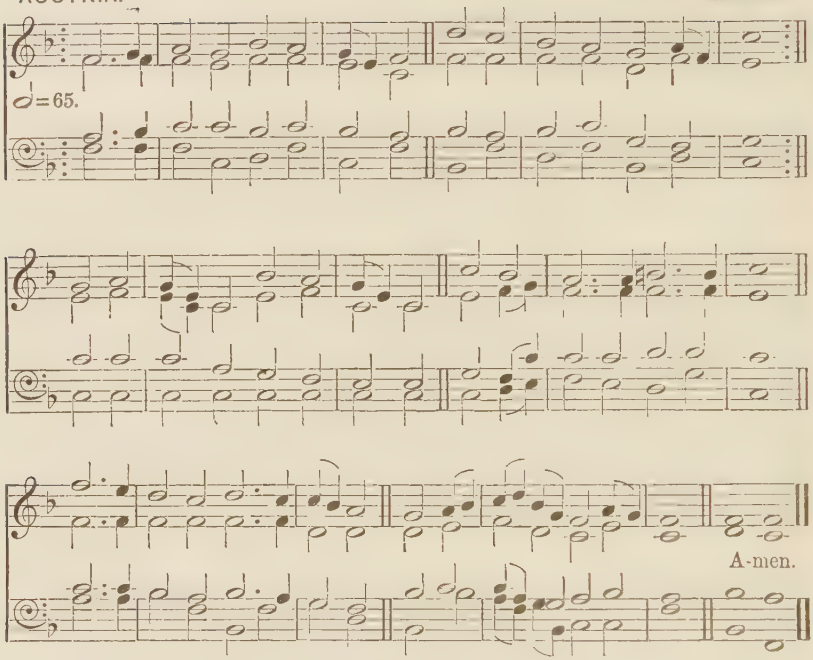
2 Enter, Incarnate God;
No feet but Thine have trod
The Serpent down:
Blow the full trumpet, blow;
Wider yon portals throw;
Saviour, triumphant, go,
And take Thy Crown.

3 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy Heritage.

4 O Lord, ascend Thy Throne;
For Thou shalt rule Alone
Beside Thy Sire,
With the great Paraclete,
The Three in One complete—
Before Whose awful feet
All foes expire.

# 479

AUSTRIA. HAYDN.




1 See the Conqu'ror mounts in triumph,
  See the King in Royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
  To His Heav'nly Palace-gate;
Hark! the Choirs of Angel voices
  Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted,
  To receive their Heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
  With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
  He hath gain'd the victory;
He Who on the Cross did suffer,
  He Who from the grave arose,
He hath vanquish'd sin and Satan,
  He by death hath spoil'd His foes.

3 While He lifts His Hands in blessing,
  He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
  He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walk'd with God, and pleased Him,
  Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
  To His Everlasting Home.

Part II.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
  With His Blood, within the Veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
  And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
  In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
  Double portion of His grace.

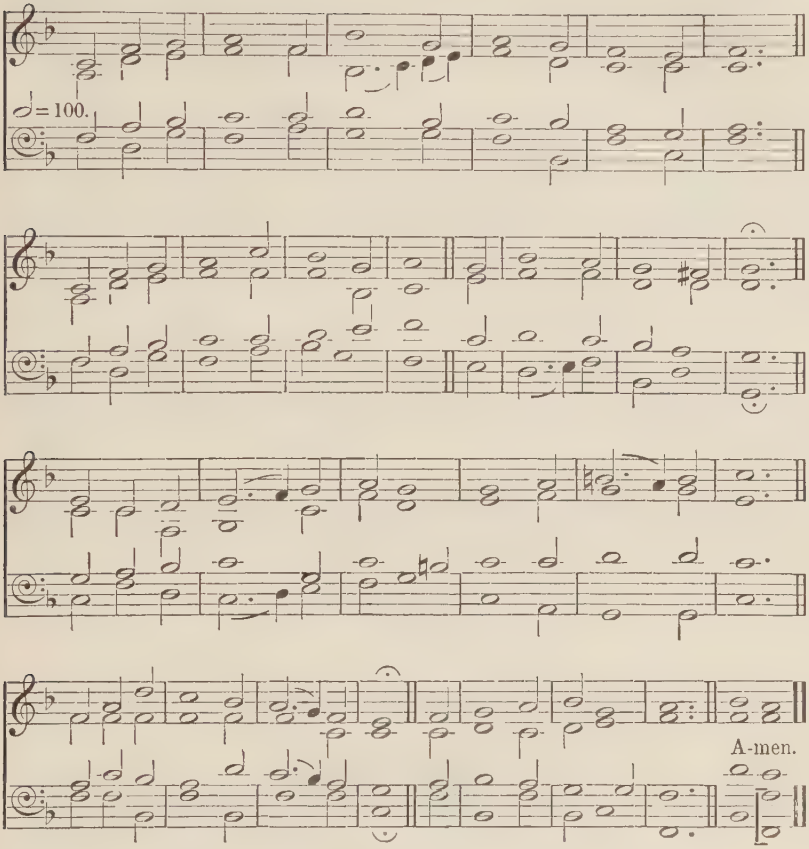
5 Thou hast raised our human nature
  On the clouds to God's Right Hand;
There we sit in Heav'nly places,
  There with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels;
  Man with God is on the Throne:
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
  We by faith behold our own.

*Doxology to either part.*

Glory be to God the Father;
  Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, Risen, Ascending for us,
  Who the Heav'nly Realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
  To One God in Persons Three;
Glory both in earth and Heaven,
  Glory, endless glory, be.

## 480

THOU ART GONE UP. TALLIS.




1 THOU art gone up on High
To Mansions in the skies;
And round Thy Throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on High;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy Crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on High;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy Right Hand on High.

## HEUT' IST GEFAHREN GOTTES SOHN.

*Trier Gesangbuch.*

*Vivace.*

♩=130.

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

*Or tunes* 463 *and* 465.

1 To-DAY above the sky He soar'd, Alleluia!
The King of Glory, Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

2 At God's Right Hand, for evermore, Alleluia!
He sits, while earth and Heav'n adore. Alleluia!

3 Fulfill'd is David's mystic strain, Alleluia!
Who sang Messiah's boundless reign. Alleluia!

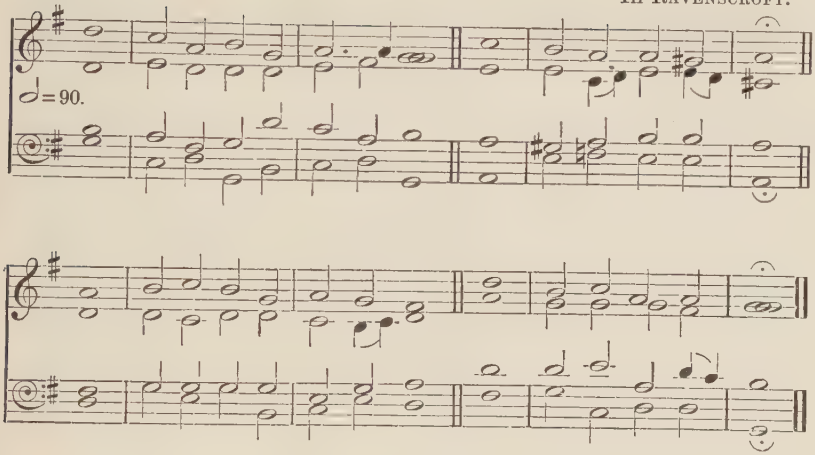
4 My Lord is seated with the Lord, Alleluia!
Upon the Throne of God adored. Alleluia!

5 In this our day of holy joy, Alleluia!
Be hymns to Christ our glad employ. Alleluia!

6 The Holy Trinity be praised, Alleluia!
Glad thanks to God Almighty raised. Alleluia!

BRISTOL.

In Ravenscroft.




1 Welcome to us is Christmas Morn ;
For then our Saviour mild
In Bethlehem town for us was born,
A dread and Holy Child :

2 But, oh, with Christmas carols glad
Are blent some notes of woe,
To think what anguish for our sakes
That Heav'nly Babe must know.

3 And good for us that Blesséd Day
On which our Saviour died,
And shed the Water and the Blood
From out His Precious Side :

4 We thank the Lord Who saved us thus,
But glad we dare not be,
For thinking of the Crown of Thorns,
And of the Blood-stain'd Tree.

5 Our Easter Day is glad and bright,
And Alleluias ring
From all the Church, to welcome back
Her Risen Lord and King :

6 Yet not at Blesséd Easter-tide
The triumph is complete ;
Our Saviour lingers yet on earth,
Far from His Father's Seat.

7 But Blest Ascension Day to us
Brings happiness alone ;
We joy with our triumphant Lord
Ascending to His Throne.

8 The Angels welcome Him on High
With glad and solemn lay ;
Then let us echo back their songs,
This bright Ascension Day.

## 483 WHITSUNTIDE.

HAIL! FESTAL DAY!

J. MORLEY.
*S. Alban's Tune Book.*

*Stately.* (*Unison—Alternately,* MEN AND BOYS.)

Hail! Fes - tal Day! thro' ev - 'ry . . age Di -

♩=100.

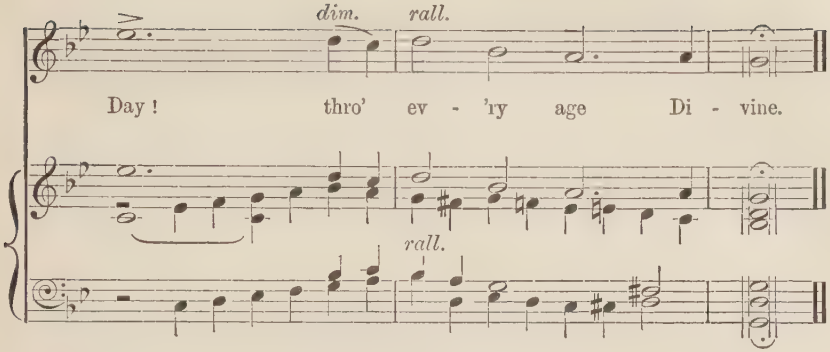
*cres.*

- vine, When God's fair grace from Heav'n on

FULL.
*ff*

earth did shine. . . . . Hail! Fes - tal

# Whitsuntide.




*Or any of the tunes at* 455, 474, *or* 586.

1 Hail! Festal Day! thro' ev'ry age Divine,
When God's fair grace from Heav'n on earth did shine.
*Chorus.* Hail! Festal Day! thro' ev'ry age Divine.

2 Lo! God the Spirit to th' Apostles' hearts
This day in form of fire Himself imparts.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

3 Forth from the Father, bearing mystic powers,
On human hearts new strength He richly showers.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

4 Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell,
God's wondrous works in divers tongues to tell.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

5 Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Holy Fount of Light!
Life-Giver! Fire of radiance ever bright!
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

6 Thou Good all good containing, Peace Divine!
Fill with Thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

7 Who fillest all things, earth, and sky, and sea,
Cleanse Thou and guard us; bid us live to Thee.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

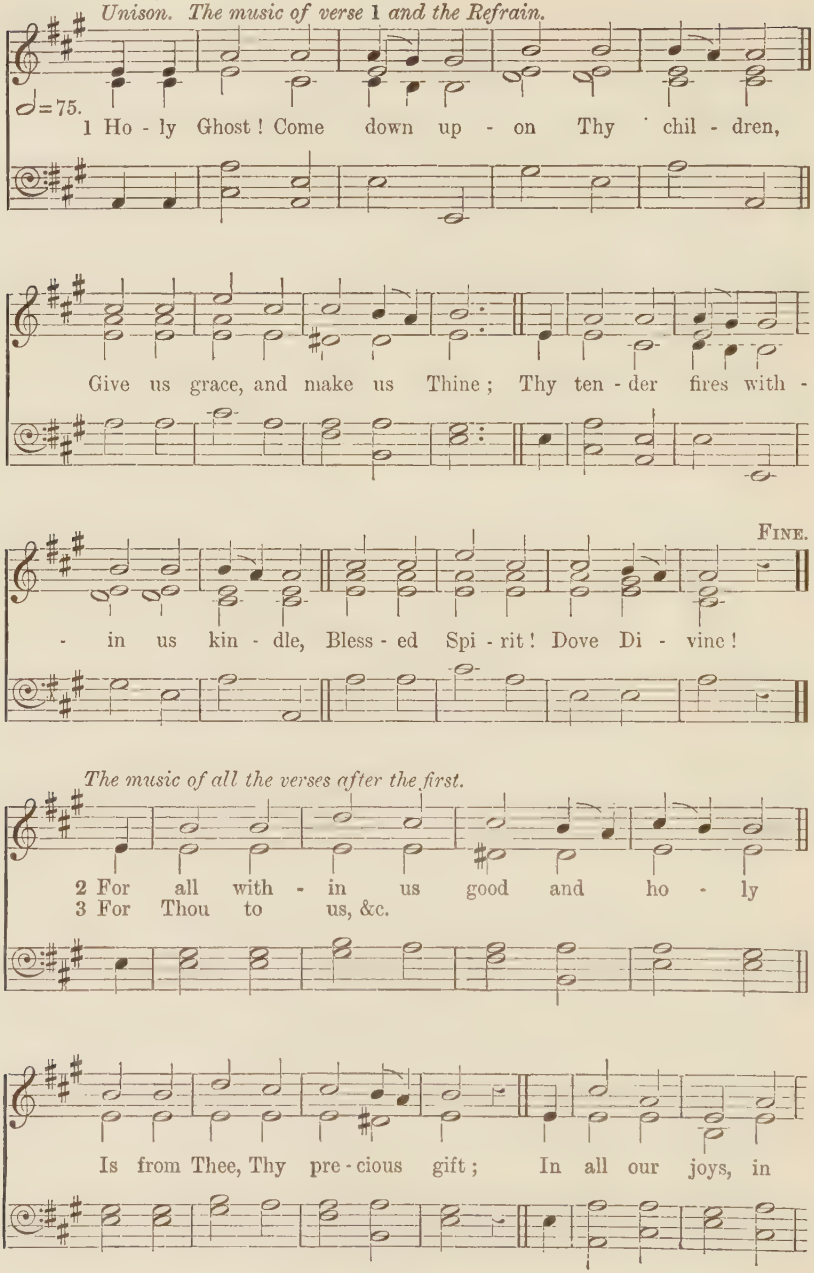
8 Some foretaste grant us of Thy secret things,
The overshadowing of Cherub-wings.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

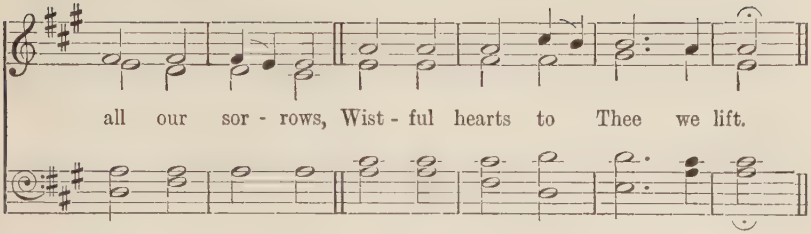
9 To love Divine our lips and hearts inspire!
By flying Seraph touch'd with Altar fire.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

484

DESCENDE, SPIRITUS.

*Unison. The music of verse 1 and the Refrain.*






3 For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love;
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit! Heav'nly Dove!

Holy Ghost, &c.

4 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit;
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
And still our sins, new ev'ry morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.

Holy Ghost, &c.

5 Dear Paraclete, how hast Thou waited
While our hearts were slowly turn'd;
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burn'd.

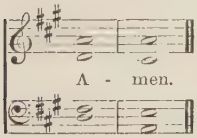
Holy Ghost, &c.

6 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our Lord;
O dearest Spirit, make us faithful
To Thy least and lightest word.

Holy Ghost, &c.

7 Ah, sweet Consoler! though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
They will not be always thus.

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blesséd Spirit! Dove Divine!



485

BRETTEN.

J. S. Bach.

♩= 60.

A-men.

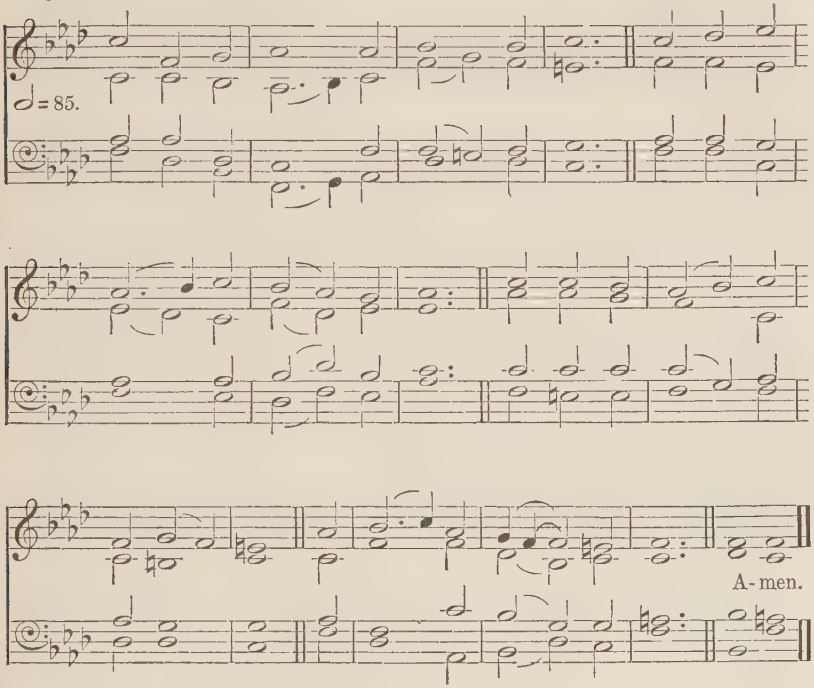
1 Holy Ghost, Divine Creator,
Who didst on the waters move;
Holy Ghost, Regenerator,
Author of all life and love;
Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Thou Who didst with Fire baptize
Holy Ghost, Great Renovator,
Come, the World evangelize!

2 In the hour of danger, hear us;
Breeze in heat, refresh our soul;
In the days of sorrow, cheer us;
Balm of sickness, make us whole;
Faith, and Hope, and Resignation,
Breathe upon us with Thy Breath;
Give us Heav'nly Consolation
In the solemn hour of death.

## 486

MOST HOLY SPIRIT.

*Trier Gesangbuch.*




1.

Most Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
Our hearts and voices we uplift
To Thee, the Fount of Light and Love,
The Giver, and the Gift.

2.

Thou o'er the waters far and near
Wast brooding at Creation's dawn,
When earth was waste and void and drear,
Ere glorious Light was born.

3.

When God, of dust, in form Divine
His best and noblest work would frame,
Man, by that quick'ning Breath of Thine,
A living soul became.

4.

When God from sin and death began
Our fallen nature to restore,
By Thee conceived, the Second Man
A Virgin Mother bore.

5.

When in the Jordan's hallow'd wave
John Baptist did his Lord baptize,
Thy Mystic Form, descending, gave
A sign to wond'ring eyes.

6.

The gifts and graces, which of old
Man by his disobedience lost,
Thou didst restore a thousandfold
At blesséd Pentecost.

7.

In Holy Church each sacred rite
Is quick'ned by Thy Heav'n-sent grace;
By faith perceived, though out of sight,
We still Thy working trace.

8.

Most Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
While we this day Thy praises tell,
Come with Thy Gifts of Faith and Love,
And ever in us dwell.

487

DEUS PARACLITUS. C. J. RIDSDALE.

*Slow.*

♩=90. O King en - throned on High, Thou Com - fort -

- er Di - vine, Blest Spi - rit of . . all

*un poco rall.*

Truth, be nigh, And make . . us Thine. A - men.

2.

Thou art the Source of Life,
Thou art our Treasure-store;
Give us Thy Peace, and end our strife
For evermore.

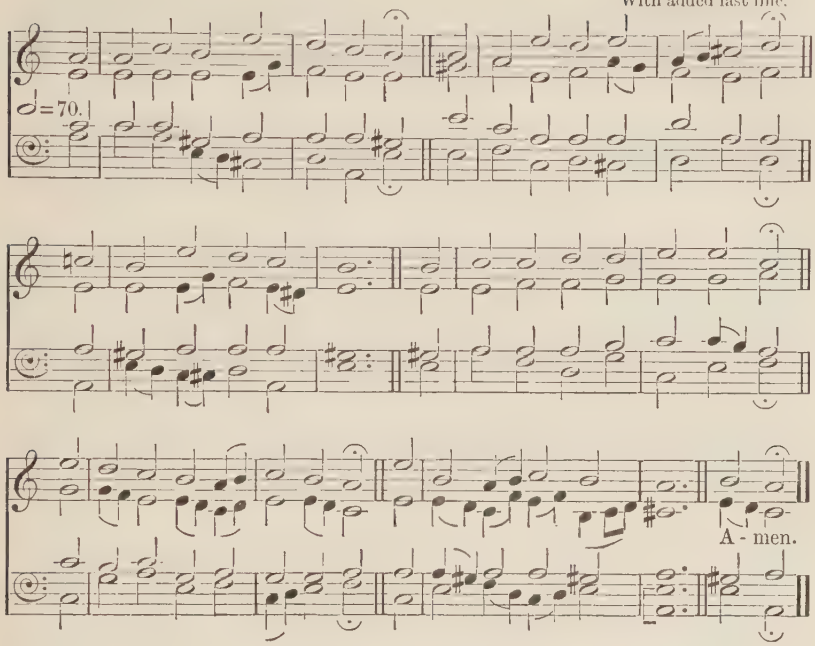
3.

Descend, O Heav'nly Dove,
Abide with us alway;
And in the fulness of Thy love
Cleanse us, we pray.

## 488

WARUM BETRUBST DU DICH.

German Chorale.
With added last line.




1 O Thou, the weary pilgrim's rest!
Solace of all that are oppress'd!
Befriender of the poor!
O Thou in Whom the wretched find
A sweet Consoler ever kind,
A Refuge ever sure!

2 Teach us to aim at Heav'n's high prize,
And for its glories to despise
The world and all below;
Cleanse us from sin; direct us right
Illuminate us with Thy Light;
Thy Peace on us bestow.

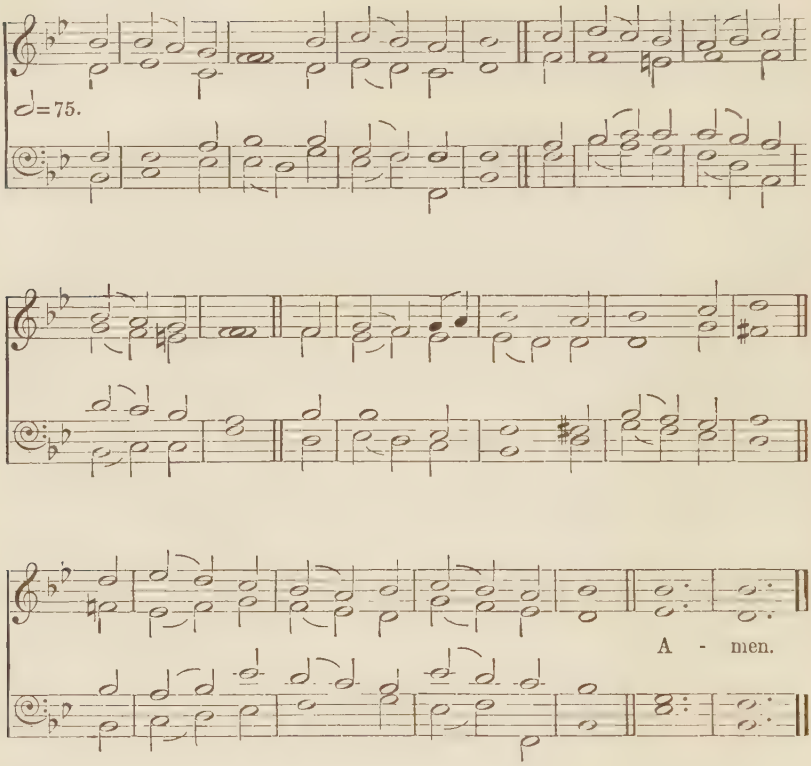
3 And as Thou didst in days of old
On the first Shepherds of the Fold
In Tongues of Flame descend,
Now also on its Pastors shine,
And flood with Fire of Grace Divine
The world from end to end.

4 Lord of all sanctity and might!
Immense, Immortal, Infinite!
The Life of earth and Heav'n!
Be, through Eternal length of days,
All honour, glory, blessing, praise,
And adoration given.

489

WAREHAM.

KNAPP.

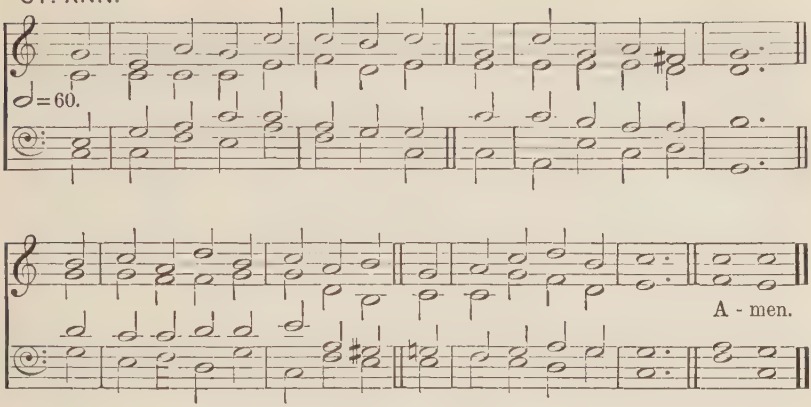



1 SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
Oh shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this Sacred Day.

2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our Great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, Heav'nly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

ST. ANN. CROFT.




1 WHEN God of old came down from Heav'n,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His Feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 Around the trembling Mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath and not of grace,
A dim and dreadful day.

3 But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love:
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His Holy Dove.

4 The Fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On ev'ry sainted head.

5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The Voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

6 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heav'n was heard abroad,
A Rushing, Mighty Wind.

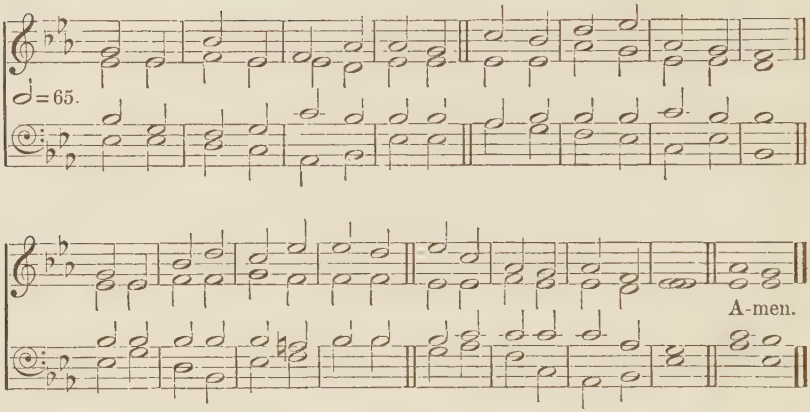
7 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

8 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

**491**

CHARMINSTER. BOYCE.




1 GOD the Father, Whose relation
With the Sole-Begotten Son,
By a mystic generation,
Stood ere time had learn'd to run;

2 God the Son, by tie Supernal
Ever with the Father bound;
In the glorious folds Eternal
Of One single Nature wound;

3 God the Spirit, Stream vivific,
Ceaselessly by Both outpour'd,
And in union beatific
Equally with Both adored;

4 God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Thy United Glories merit
Thanks and praise continually.

5 Praise to Thee and adoration
On Thy Festival be done,
For the Blesséd Incarnation
Of the Co-Eternal Son;

6 For the coming of the Spirit;
For the grace that crowns our life;
For the joys that Saints inherit,
When they cease from earthly strife.

7 More than all, be praise unending
Paid throughout the Church to Thee,
For the Majesty transcending
Of Thy Tri-une Deity;

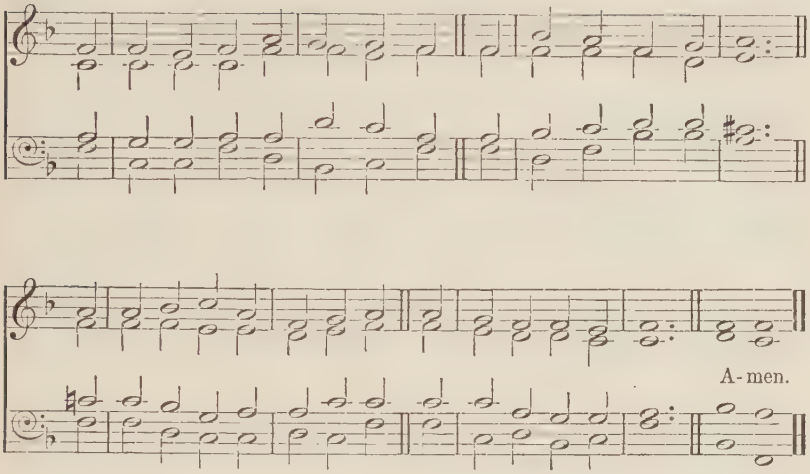
8 Sun of Splendour, never waning,
Fount of Sweetness, never dry,
Staff of Comfort all-sustaining,
Ever-Blesséd Trinity.

# Trinity Sunday.

**492**

REDHEAD, No. 29.

REDHEAD.




1 HAVE mercy on us, God most High!
Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most Holy Trinity.

2 Most Ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.

3 When Heav'n and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in Thy bliss and majesty,
Didst live and love alone.

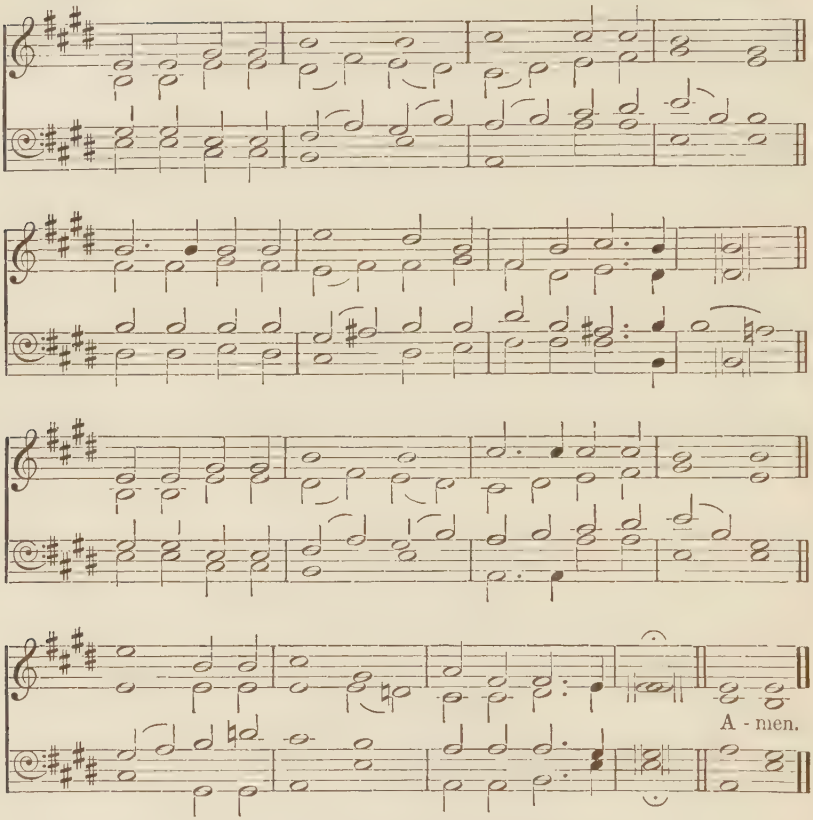
4 How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless;
And oh, what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness.

5 Most Ancient of all mysteries!
Low at Thy Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most Merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.

493

NICÆA.

DYKES.




1 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy Glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blesséd Trinity!

## S. ANDREW'S DAY.

**494**

RATHBUN (*First Tune*). ITHAMAR CONKEY.

♩=110.

A - men.

JESUS CALLS US (*Second Tune*).

♩=65.

A - men.

1 JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet Voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me":

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

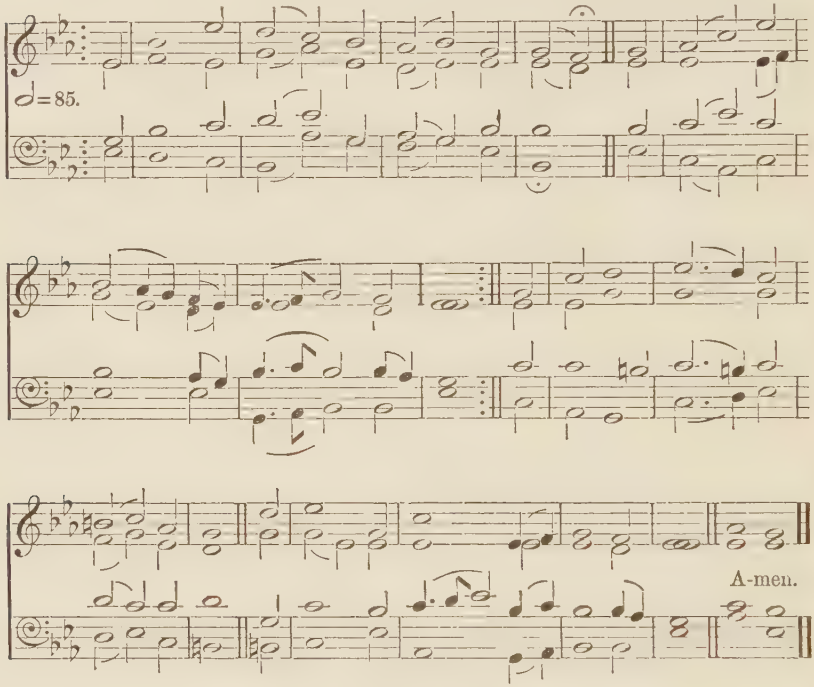
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

## 495 *THE CONCEPTION OF THE B.V. MARY.*

ST. PANCRAS. JONATHAN BATTISHILL, 1732.



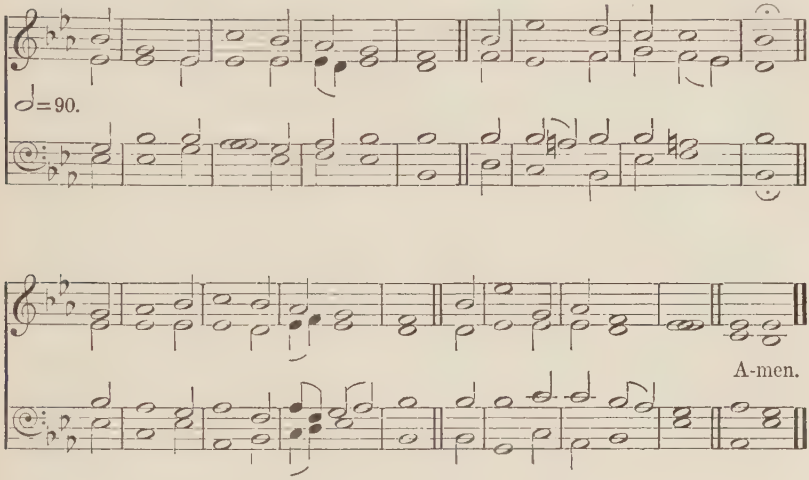

1 LET heart and voice together raise
Triumphant hymns of thankful praise;
This day before our eyes is wrought,
With grace of healing richly fraught,
A link in that bright Chain of Love,
Which knits lost man with Heav'n above.

2 The Virgin comes; and soon shall earth
Behold a greater, holier Birth;
When Angel Choirs, no longer mute,
Descending shall their God salute;
And ev'ry land with joyful cry
Chant "Glory be to God on High."

3 Seed of the Woman, Virgin-born,
Who, pitying our estate forlorn,
Didst come Thy people to set free,
All praise, O Christ, is due to Thee
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Spirit evermore.

## 496 S. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

BEDFORD. WHEALE.




1.
WE have not seen, we cannot see,
The Happy Land above,
Where sin, and death, and suff'ring flee,
And all is peace and love:

2.
Its Sun that never goeth down,
Its streets of pearl and gold,
Its Blesséd Saints that wear the crown
That never groweth old.

3.
We only see the path is long
By which we have to go;
We only feel the foes are strong
That seek to work us woe.

4.
We have not seen, we cannot see,
The Cross our Master bore,
With all its pains, that we might be
The slaves of sin no more.

5.
We only think it hard to part
With very pleasant sin,
And give to God a perfect heart.
And make Him Lord within.

6.
The Spirit's grace we cannot see,
That makes an infant whole;
And gives the water power to free
From sin a guilty soul.

7.
We only know that we have power
To do our Father's will;
Though ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We meet temptation still.

8.
We walk by faith, and not by sight
And, Blesséd Saint, like thee,
We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,
Because we cannot see.

9.
Upon the promise we would lean
Thy doubting heart received;—
"Blesséd are they that have not seen,
And that have yet believed."

## 497 *S. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.*

HIERUSALEM LUMINOSA. Rev. Clement Powell.

♩=82.

A - men.

1 Hail the love and power amazing
Of th' Incarnate living Word!
Year by year the song upraising,
Join we all with one accord,
Holy Saints and Martyrs praising,
Who have died for Christ the Lord.

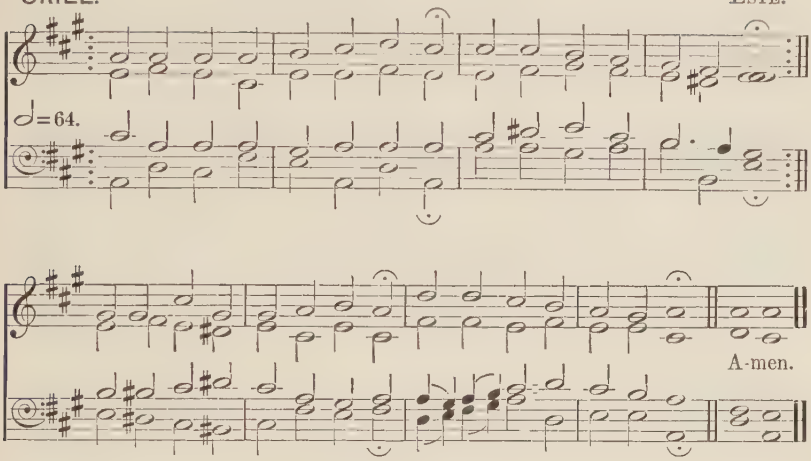
2 Sing we how, for naught esteeming
Tyrants' rage, a Prelate dies,—
How the murd'rer's weapon gleaming,
Altar's sanctity defies;
Yet the Martyr's life-blood streaming,
Still for pard'ning mercy cries.

3 How he lived a life laborious,
Be the saintly story told;
How he died a Martyr glorious,
Prelate wise, Confessor bold;
How he reigns in Heav'n victorious,
Robed in white, with crown of gold.

4 To the Lord of all Creation,
In Whose love the Martyrs rest,
To the God of our Salvation,
Whom their dying breath confess'd,
Honour, praise, and adoration,
Father, Son, and Spirit Blest.

## 498 CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

ORIEL. ESTE.




1 'GAINST what foeman art thou rushing?
Saul, what madness drives thee on,
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the Sinless One?
Oh, how shortly, (*bis*)
Shall He make His vengeance known!

2 See the Lord, from Heav'n descending,
Smites him, binds him, lays him low;
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly, to the blow:
See him rising,
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.

3 Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
Oh, how fierce his anger burn'd!
Now that he hath lost his daring,
And the Gospel truth hath learn'd,
The destroyer
Straightway to a lamb is turn'd.

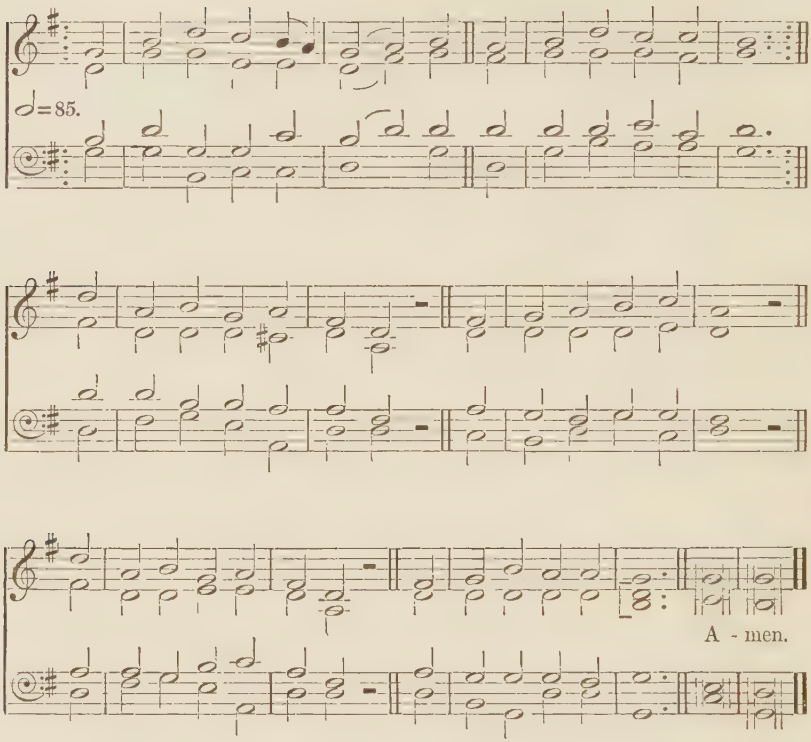
4 Christ, Thy Power is man's Salvation,
And Thy Love is here made known:
He who wrought such desolation,
That Thy cause might be o'erthrown,
Now converted,
Makes that Sacred Cause his own.

5 Praise the Father, God of Heaven,
Him Who reigns supreme on High:
Praise the Son, for Sinners given
Both to suffer and to die:
Praise the Spirit,
Guiding us most lovingly.

499

ASCENDIT.

German.




1 We sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats of hate:
The rav'ning wolf rush'd forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day.

2 O Glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O Light that pierc'd and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O Voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
O Love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ord'ring all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy!

4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power.
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen Saint can find.

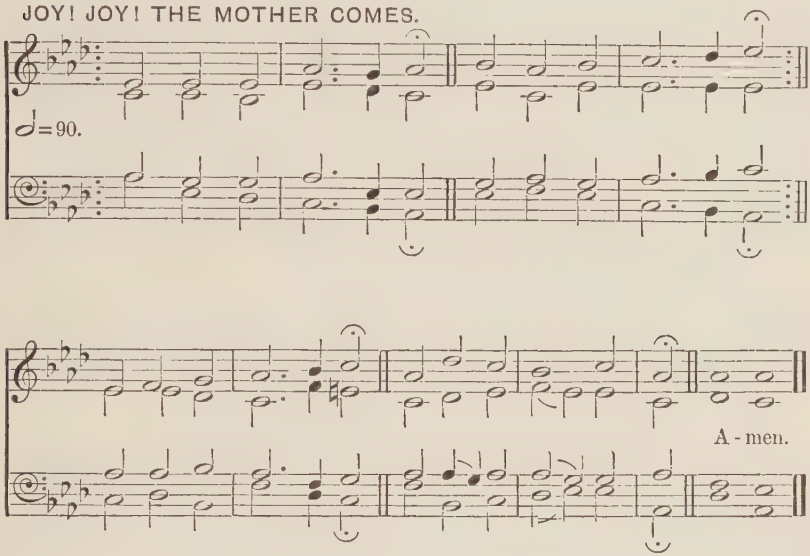
## *THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE*

COMMONLY CALLED

## *THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.*

**500**

JOY! JOY! THE MOTHER COMES.




1 Joy! Joy! the Mother comes;
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

2 Saint Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While Angels round about
In glowing circles move;
And o'er the Infant broods
The Everlasting Dove.

3 There in the Temple court
Old Simeon's heart beats high;
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy:
But see! the shadows pass,
The world's True Light draws nigh!

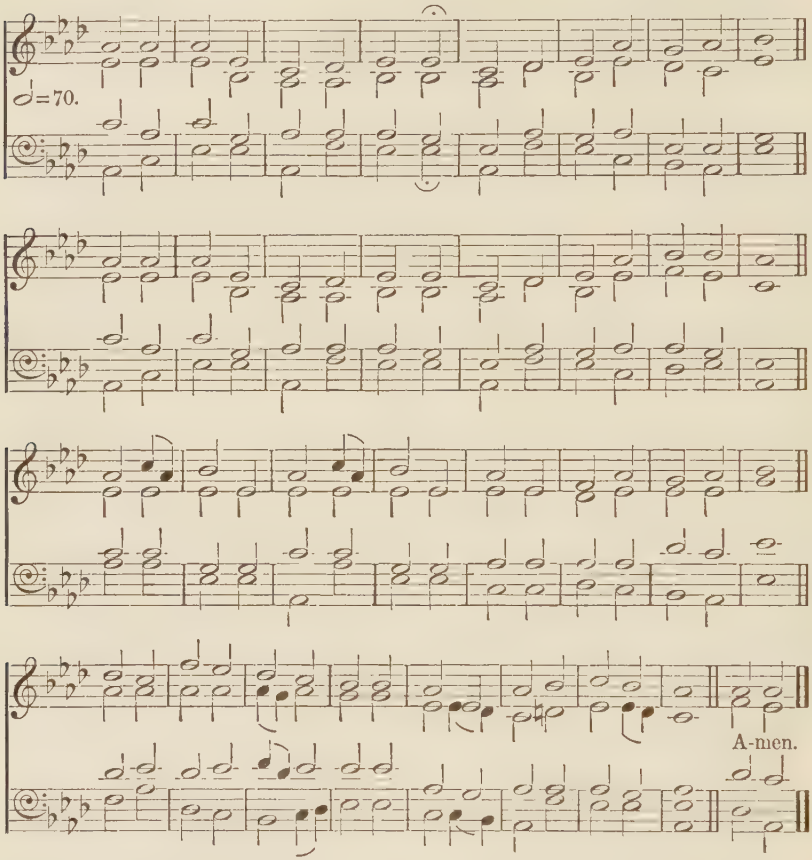
4 O Infant God! O Christ!
O Light most Beautiful!
Thou comest Joy of joys!
All darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside Thy Light are dull.

5 Yes! Thou wilt set us free;
Thou wilt be wholly ours,
To lighten ev'ry soul
In earth's benighted bowers,
Condoning Adam's curse,
And turning throns to flowers.

6 To Father, and to Son,
Who came to set us free,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise and glory be,
As hath been, and is now,
And through Eternity.

501

REX ANGELORUM. German Chorale.




1 O Jerusalem belovéd, joyful Morn has dawn'd to thee,
Sing with joy and exultation, sing a song of Jubilee;
For the Lord, Whom thou art seeking, He for Whom the Nations pray,
He, in human flesh appearing, to His Temple comes to-day.

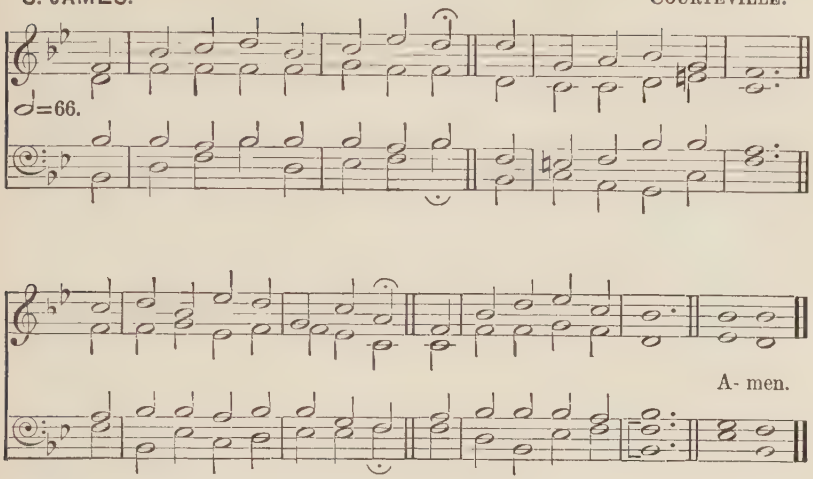
2 He the First-Begotten, Only Son of God, to-day is come,
He the First-Begotten, Only Son of holy Mary's womb;
All the faithful sons of Israel are in Him to God allied;
All in Him are now presented to the Lord, and sanctified.

3 Light the Gentile world to lighten, and thy glory, Israel,
Shines in Him the Heav'nly Dayspring, God with us, Emmanuel;
Now the aged World receives Him in its arms with faith's embrace,
And with Simeon rejoices in the sunshine of His Grace.

4 May we, Lord, with holy Simeon, and with Anna, wait for Thee,
In the visions of Thy Temple; may our hearts Thy Temples be!
So, with Saints and holy Angels, may we all for evermore,
In Jerusalem the Golden, Thee the Lord of all adore!

502

S. JAMES. COURTEVILLE.




1 O SION, open wide thy gates;
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
The Truth Himself, is here.

2 No more the simple flock shall bleed;
Behold, the Father's Son
Himself to His own Altar comes,
For sinners to atone.

3 Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her New-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

4 The aged Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And Anna welcomes Israel's Hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

5 But silent knelt the Mother Blest
Of the yet silent Word,
And, pond'ring all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

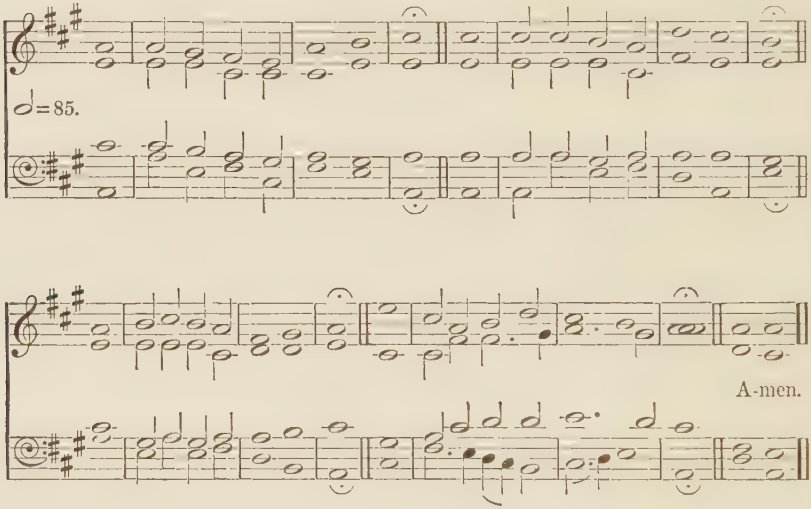
6 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

## *THE THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.*

THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.

**503**

OLD HUNDREDTH. BOURGEOIS.




1 LORD, we implore Thy mighty grace,
That still, in ev'ry holy place,
Our hymns to Thee may freely swell,
And peace within our borders dwell.

2 To Thee, O God, for ever near,
We look for aid in doubt and fear;
The raging ocean Thou canst still,
The madness of the people's will.

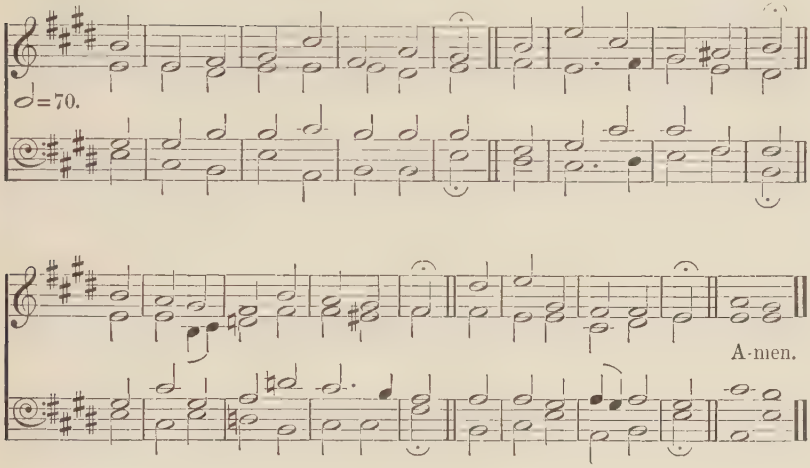
3 Thou didst the fierce contention guide,
Which swept our land in tumult wide,
When fearful storms, as yet unknown,
Cast down the Altar and the Throne.

4 Avenge not on our nation's head
The blood this day unjustly shed;
Hear us, O Lord, who humbly pray,
Nor turn in wrath Thy Face away.

5 Almighty Father, hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord most High,
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
Doth live and reign eternally.

## 504 S. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

S. PAUL. J. T. COOPER.




1 THE highest and the holiest place
Guards not the heart from sin;
The Church that safest seems without
May harbour foes within.

2 Thus in the small and chosen band
Beloved above the rest,
One fell from his Apostleship,
A traitor-soul unblest.

3 But not the great designs of God
Man's sins shall overthrow;
Another Witness to the Truth
Forth to the lands shall go.

4 The soul that sinneth, it shall die;
Thy purpose shall not fail;
The Word of Grace no less shall sound,
The Truth no less prevail.

5 Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways;
Long as the worlds endure,
From foes without and foes within
Thy Church shall stand secure.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

505

CRÜGER.

## S. BENEDICT, ABBOT.

J. CRÜGER.

*Slow.*

♩=66.

A-men.

1 SAINT of the thorns and roses!
Saint of the Perfect Way!
Far greater than earth's soldier,
Thou whom we hymn to-day;
He that a city taketh
Is not of worth so rare,
As he who rules his spirit
With never-ceasing care.

2 Saint of the thorns and roses!
Saint of the Holy Rule!
By deeds and precepts teaching
The secrets of thy school,
To quench the darts of Satan
By flesh with anguish torn,
Then rise for aye a Victor,
Saint of the roseate thorn!

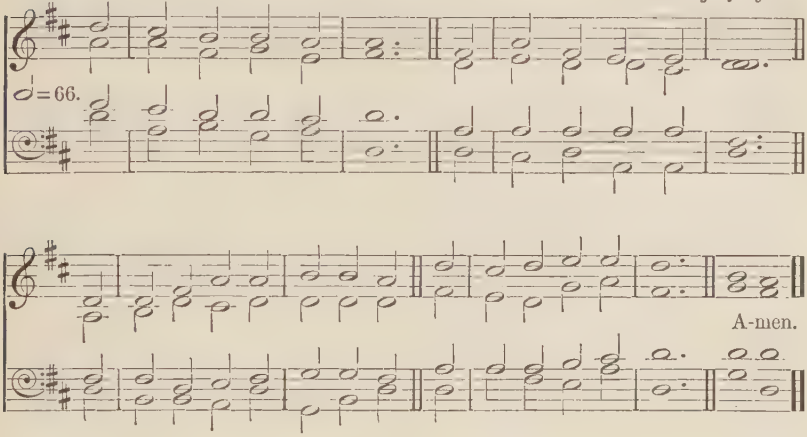
3 Saint of the thorns and roses!
Each pang, which drew from thee
The very life-blood flowing,
Hath set thy spirit free:
And, as thy spirit waking
Hails the Eternal Morn,
Sweet Sharon's rose shall crown thee,
The Rose without a thorn!

4 O guide us, Heav'nly Father,
And rule us in Thy love,
And lead us to Thy Kingdom
Of Perfect Rest above;
And, lest we lose the roses
In Heav'n's Eternal Morn,
Help us to grasp more bravely
Our daily Cross of Thorn.

## 506 *THE ANNUNCIATION OF OUR LADY.*

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIUM.

By permission.
From *Songs of Syon.*




1 Praise we our God this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting Saints of old.

2 The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the Promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her, whom Heaven's Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

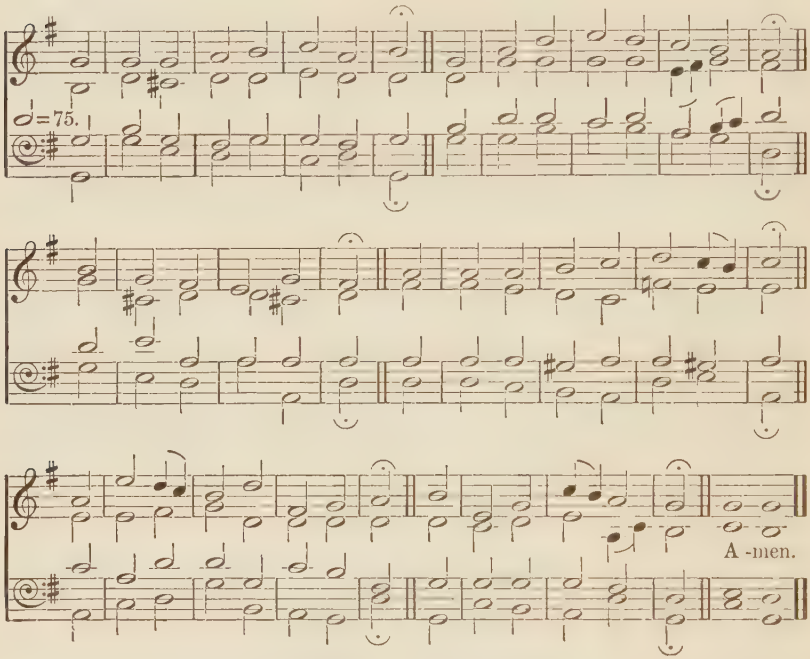
4 Meekly she bow'd her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favour'd of the Lord.

5 Blesséd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
Th' Incarnate Saviour's Birth.

6 Jesu, the Virgin's Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

## 507 *S. GEORGE THE MARTYR.*

ECCLESTONE. BOYCE




1 O NOBLE Martyr, thee we sing,
O Soldier worthy of thy King,
Saint George, our Patron Saint:
A heathen ruler to defy,
And for thy Master, Christ, to die
Thou didst not fear nor faint.

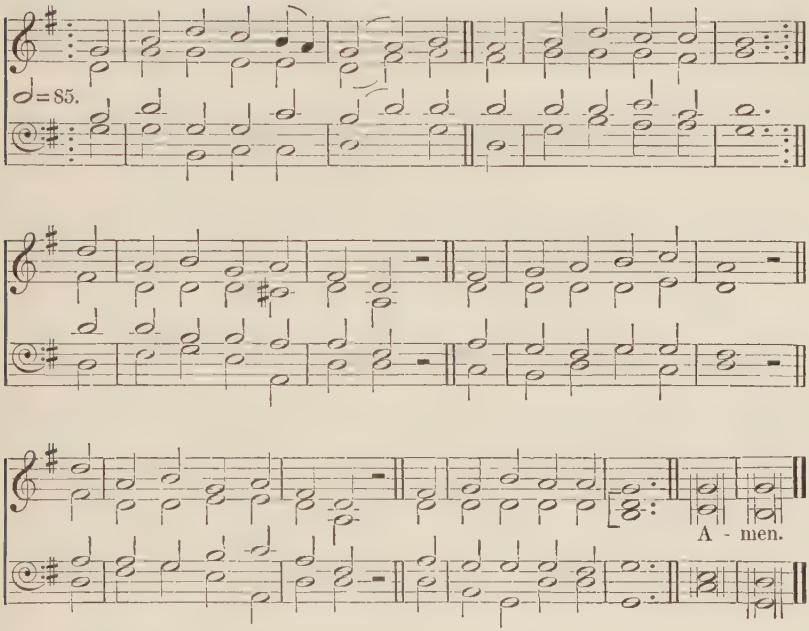
2 Those arms, unstain'd by coward fear,
All red with thine own blood appear,
And soiléd is thy face:
That bloody robe is whiten'd now,
That soil upon thy noble brow
Shines like a Crown of Grace.

3 May we, in Jesu's armour dight,
Share in the white-robed Martyrs' fight,
To reap a like renown:
And, militant on earth below,
Through Him withstand our ghostly foe,
And win our Heav'nly Crown.

4 To Christ our King all praise be given,
The Prince of Martyrs throned in Heav'n,
Who suffer'd for the lost:
To God the Father glory be,
And honour, laud, and praise to Thee,
O God the Holy Ghost.

## 508 *S. MARK THE EVANGELIST.*

ASCENDIT. German.




1 We praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

2 The Saint who left his comrades,
And turn'd back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, Most Mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy Love Thy Saint hath number'd
Among the Blesséd Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

6 O Jesu, Glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the vict'ry win.

## 509 S. PHILIP AND S. JAMES'S DAY.

MAINZ. MICHAEL HAYDN.

♩=85.

A-men.

1 COME, let us raise our voices,
This gladsome First of May,
To Him Who decks the meadows,
And makes the hedgerows gay;
The bare brown earth has taken
Her springtide robe of green,
And, sparkling in the sunbeams,
The springtide flowers are seen:

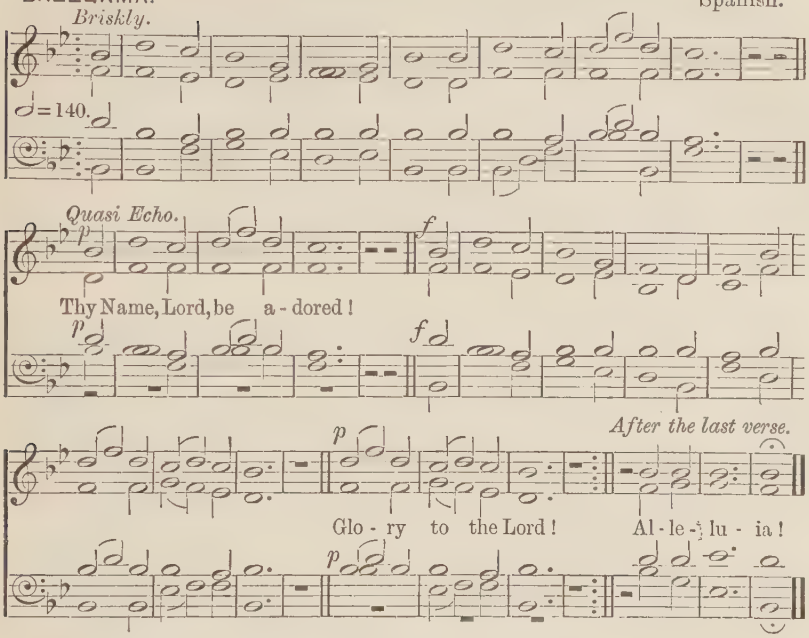
2 But 'midst our Spring rejoicing,
We'll not forget to-day
What Holy Church remembers
Upon the First of May:
How Christ's two valiant soldiers,
Saint Philip and Saint James,
To death for their dear Master
Gave up their mortal frames.

3 Their glorious steps we'll follow,
Come peace to us or strife,
With Him at hand to guide us,—
Our Way, our Truth, our Life;
And one day He will show us,
His earth-born flowers who prize,
The Roses and the Lilies
That bloom in Paradise.

4 To Thee, Almighty Father,
To Thee, Co-equal Son,
To Thee, Most Holy Spirit,
To Thee, Blest Three in One,—
By men on earth and Angels,
That throng the Courts of Heav'n,
All glory, praise and honour,
From age to age be given.

## 510 THE OBSERVANCE OF MAY DAY.

BALLERMA. Spanish.




1 For all Thy love and tenderness, so bountiful and free,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
Aloft on wings of joyous praise our hearts soar up to Thee:
Glory to the Lord!

2 The springtime breaks all round about, waking from winter's night:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of golden light:
Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in the earth, a voice is in the air:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
All nature sings aloud to God; there's gladness ev'rywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

4 The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on hill and on the plain:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The soft air stirs the tender leaves that clothe the trees again:
Glory to the Lord!

5 Thy handiwork is very fair: for all Thy bounteous love
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better Land Above?
Glory to the Lord!

6 And oh, to wake from death's short sleep, as plants from winter's grave!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And rise all glorious in the Day when Christ shall come to save!
Glory to the Lord!

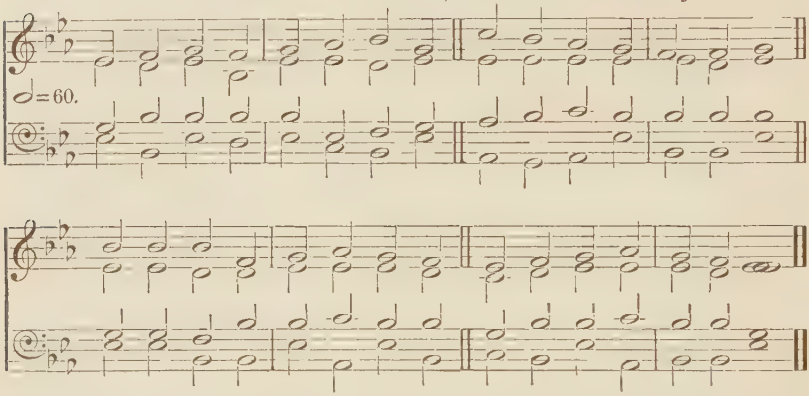
7 And oh, to dwell in that fair Land, where hearts cannot choose but sing!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of all the Blest is like an endless spring!
Glory to the Lord! Alleluia!

## THE INVENTION OF THE HOLY CROSS.

**511**

BATTY (RINGE RECHT).

*The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*




1 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

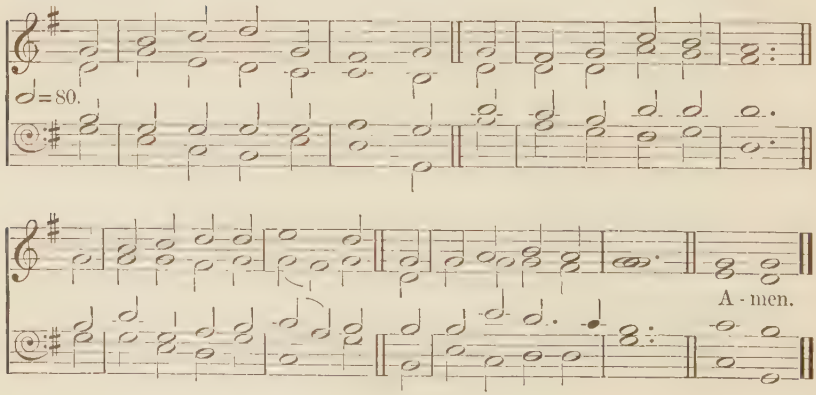
5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

## S. JOHN AT THE LATIN GATE.

**512**

S. ALPHEGE.

GAUNTLETT.



1 Through Rome's infuriate city,
From Cæsar's judgement chair,
They drag Christ's loved Disciple,
The Saint with silver'd hair.

2 In boiling oil they plunge him,
The flame forgets its might,
And sends him forth anointed,
And stronger for the fight.

3 To desert Island banish'd,
With God the exile dwells,
And sees the future story
His mystic writing tells.

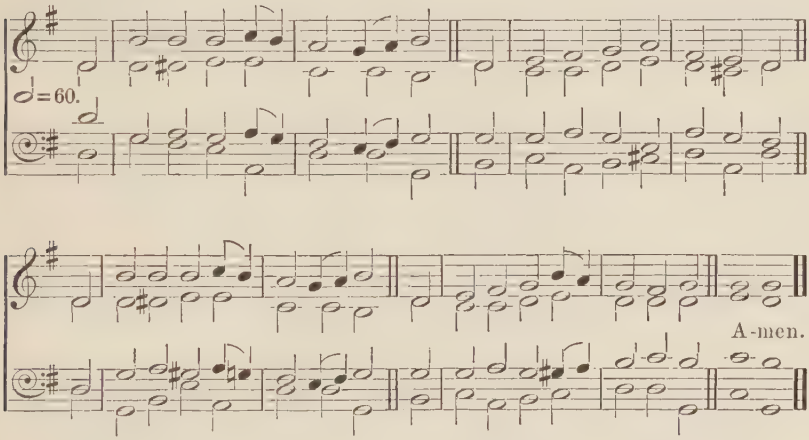
4 So may Christ love and teach us
To suffer and to die,
That, of His Death partaking,
We then may reign on High.

5 All praise to God the Father,
All praise to God the Son,
All praise to God the Spirit,
Eternal Three in One.

## *S. AUGUSTINE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*

**513**

SCHUMANN. From R. Schumann.




1 Apostle of our own dear home,
By thee glad tidings came of old,
And we, who sat in night and gloom,
The Dayspring from on High behold.

2 There came a strange, a solemn band,
Whose measured hymn was softly sung,
As, traversing the stranger's land,
They worshipp'd Christ in heart and tongue.

3 Before, a silver cross was raised,
The sacred banner waved behind;
The gath'ring heathen stood amazed,
Such sounds came floating on the wind:

4 "Ye servants of the Lord, rejoice,
For conquest waits upon our band;
God's praise in our unwearied voice,
His sword in our resistless hand!

5 "Now is our hour of vengeance come,
Which shame upon the heathen brings,
And bonds shall be their nobles' doom,
And chains the portion of their kings."

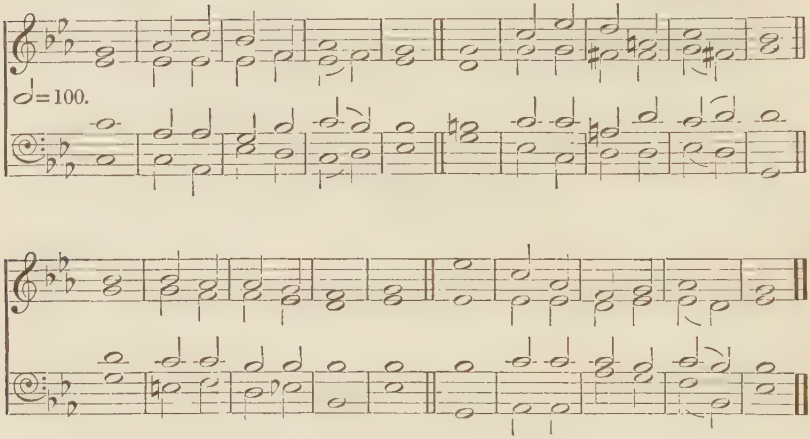
6 And ever, as they went, they spread
The words of truth, and love, and life,
And fast the powers of darkness fled,
And malice ceased, and lust, and strife.

7 Oh joyful day for Anglia's race,
When, dwelling first together there,
The Angel soul and Angel face
Fulfill'd that old paternal prayer.

8 Thou Who didst give One Faith of old,
First Father of th' Eternal Creed,
Till we be joined in one fold,
Still look upon us in our need.

## 514 *S. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.*

S. BARNABAS. GAUNTLETT.



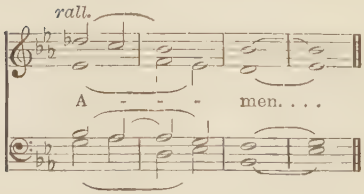

1 In Heav'n 'tis given to rest thee,
Thy lands and lordship leaving,
This Holy Day hath blest thee,
Thine end of toil receiving.

2 For Heav'n thy land thou quittest,
And all thy fleeting treasure:
And Heav'n in quittance gettest,
And payment without measure.

3 The Church was fasting for thee,
In prayer her soul prostrating;
Then came the Spirit o'er thee,
Christ's Messenger creating.

4 True Son of Consolation,
The weak from want thou shieldedst;
And, heralding salvation,
To death thy body yieldedst.

5 To Christ, Who doth inherit
The Throne, be praise ascending,
With Sire and Holy Spirit,
Through ages without ending.



## 515 *S. ALBAN, PROTO-MARTYR OF BRITAIN.*

DAILY, DAILY. German.

♩=85.

A-men.

1 Laud the grace of God victorious,
Sing triumphant o'er the foe;
Tell of him, a Martyr glorious,
For the changeless truth laid low;
Faithful servant, bright example,
Whom all lands and ages know.

2 Valiant soldier, noble Martyr,
First of Britain's sons to die,
Pagan ire and cries withstanding,
By the grace of God Most High,
By the strength of Him, Protector,
Who, in strength and power, was nigh.

3 Craggy way, and steep and narrow,
Dark and drear the path of blood;
Cruel foes were pressing round him,
As he touch'd the Jordan's flood,
Yet he fought, a soldier valiant,
And the enemy withstood.

4 Patient, humble, like his Master,
He resign'd a spirit calm;
Crown'd with coronal unfading,
Now he bears a glist'ning palm;
Sheathing sword no longer needed,
He took up the endless Psalm.

5 Laud and honour to the Father,
Equal honour to the Son,
Adoration to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

## 516 S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

HAIL, HARBINGER OF MORN. C. J. RIDSDALE.

*Vivace.* *poco rall.*

♩=110. * Hail, har - bin - ger of Morn: Thou that art this day born,

*Org.*

*a tempo.* *poco rall.*

And her - ald - est the Word with clar - ion voice!

*Ped.*

*a tempo.* *poco rall.*

Ye faith - ful ones, in him Be - hold the dawn - ing dim

*a tempo.* *poco rall.*

Of the bright Day, and let your hearts re - joice. A - men.

*Ped.*

2 John;—by that chosen name
To call him, Gabriel came [High:
By God's appointment from his Home on
What deeds that babe should do,
To manhood when he grew,
God sent His Angel forth to testify.

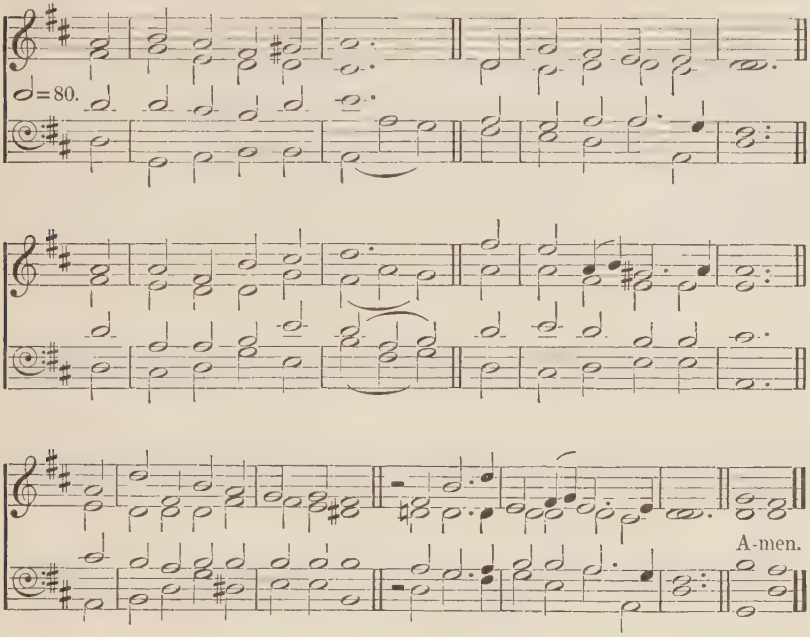
3 There is none greater, none,
Than Zachariah's son; [born:
Than this no mightier Prophet hath been
For ever he may claim
More than a Prophet's fame;
Sublimer deeds than theirs his brow adorn.

4 "Lo, to prepare Thy way,"
Did God the Father say,
"Before Thy Face My messenger I send,
Thy coming to forerun;
As on the orient sun [attend."
Doth the bright day-star morn by morn

5 Praise therefore God Most High;
Praise Him, Who came to die
For us, His Son That liveth evermore;
And to the Spirit raise,
The Comforter, like praise,
While time endureth, and when time is o'er.

* By permission of Messrs. Novello and Company, Ltd.

GOPSAL. HANDEL.




1 Lo! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgement nigh
From op'ning skies.

2 Your God e'en now doth stand
At Heav'n's opening door;
His fan is in His Hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

3 Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His way plain
Your King before;
For evermore
He comes to reign.

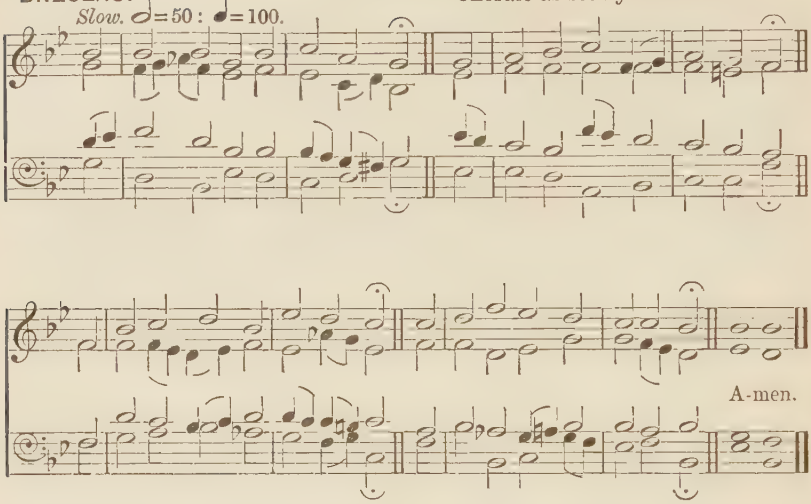
4 Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgement come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

5 O God, with love's sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
Christ's soldier for the fight
With grace that shields from harm,
Thrice-Blesséd Three,
Heav'n's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally.

**518**

BRESLAU. Chorale as set by MENDELSSOHN.

*Slow.* 𝅗𝅥 = 50 : 𝅗𝅥 = 100.




1 WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His Messenger before Him went,
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

2 The least, of all that here attend,
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and His Spouse are we.

3 A higher race, the sons of Light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the Morn.

4 And as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joy'd to hear the Bridegroom's Voice,
Thus may Thy Pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.

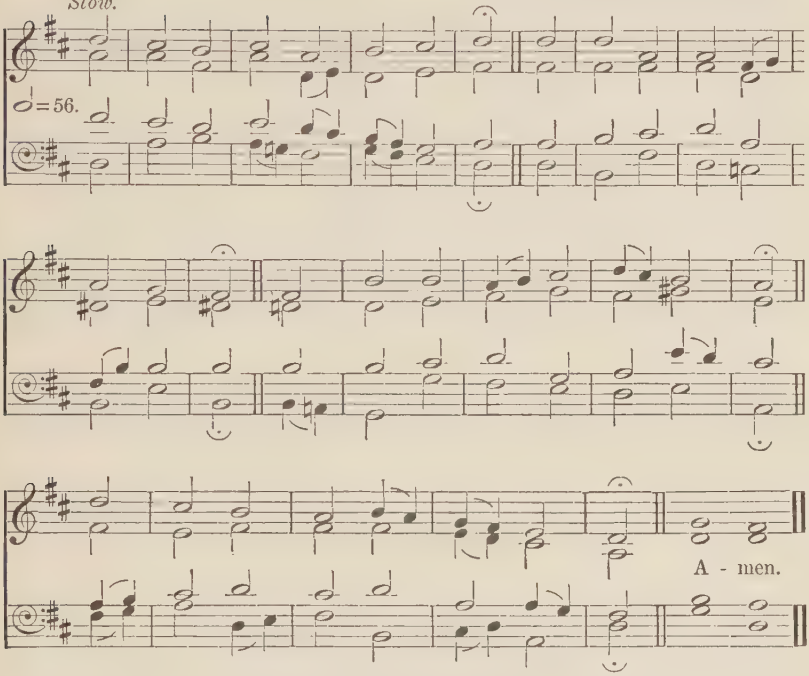
5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

## 519 S. PETER'S DAY.

ALTONA.

*Slow.*

Attributed to LUTHER.




NOTE.—*See* 331 *for a setting of "Altona" by J. S. Bach.*

1 CREATOR of the rolling flood,
On Whom Thy people hope alone,
Who cam'st by Water and by Blood,
For man's offences to atone:

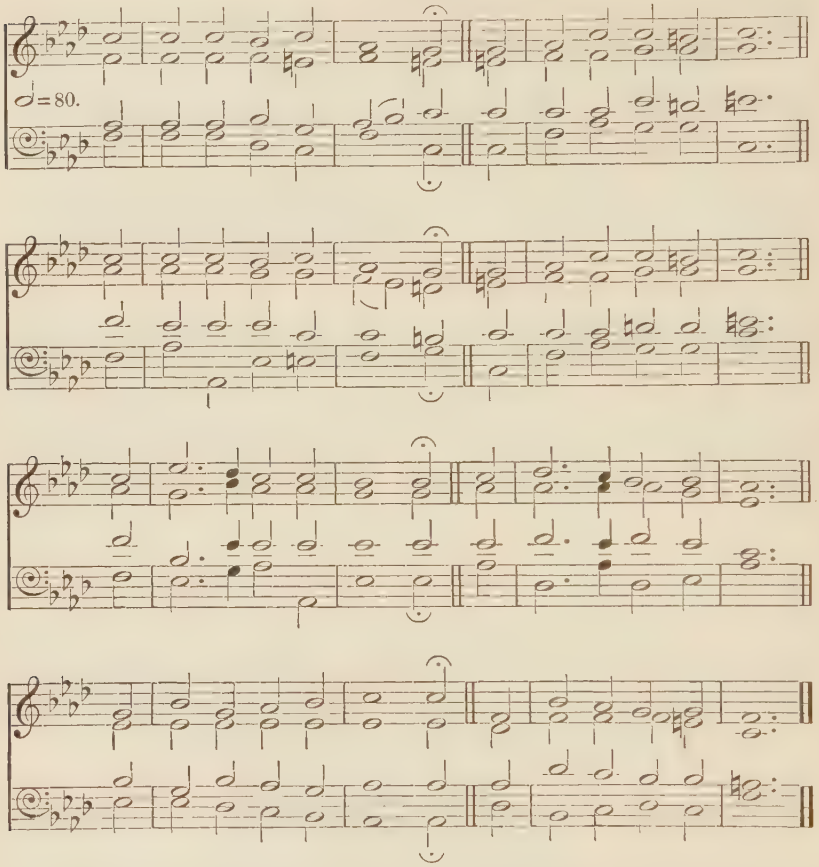
2 Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an Endless Church for Thee;

3 Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy Sacred Rock to stand:

4 And when, our life-long toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burden down
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee.

520

UNICUM FUNDAMENTUM. *Aachen Gesangbuch.* 17th Century.




1 Sing we the praise of Peter,
And while his name we praise,
To Christ the sure Foundation,
Adoring hearts we raise.

2 To our Creator's glory
We raise the chant on high,
And praise the second shepherd,
The First to glorify.

3 O Peter, light of doctrine,
And torch of holy love;
The very type of fervour,
And wisdom from above.

4 Type, too, of sad transgression,
The fruit of faithless fears;
But, from thy fall, uprisen,
Of penitential tears.

5 The grace of the Great Fisher
Call'd thee, a fisher then,
To ply a nobler calling,
And search the depths for men.

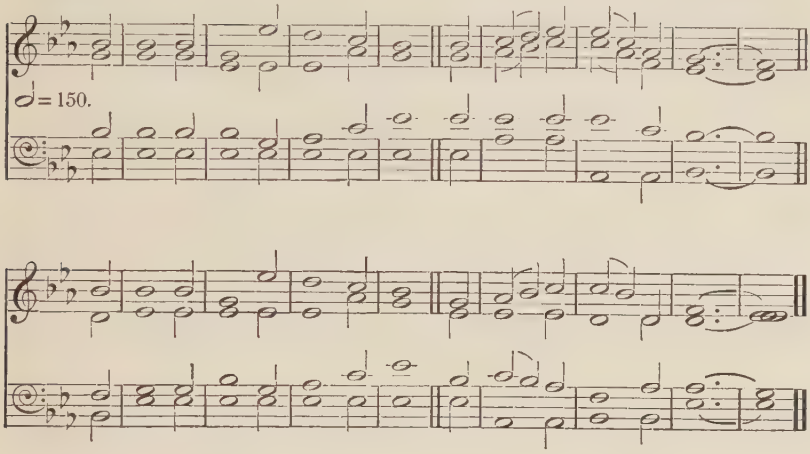
6 By faith thy very shadow
Dispell'd the power of ill,
The fierce diseases healing
Which baffled human skill.

7 The cross at last approaching,
Thy heart with hope beat high;
What joy for the Disciple
The Master's Death to die.

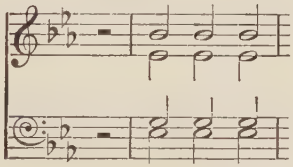
8 Thou from the Cross didst follow
Thy Master to the skies;
And thus thou art our leader,
That we, too, there may rise.

## 521 *S. PAUL THE APOSTLE.*

S. NICHOLAS. Traditional.




*For verse* 1, *line* 3.



1 The great Apostle call'd by Christ,
And wean'd from all beside,
Preach'd the same Faith he once abhorr'd,
The Lord Whom he denied.

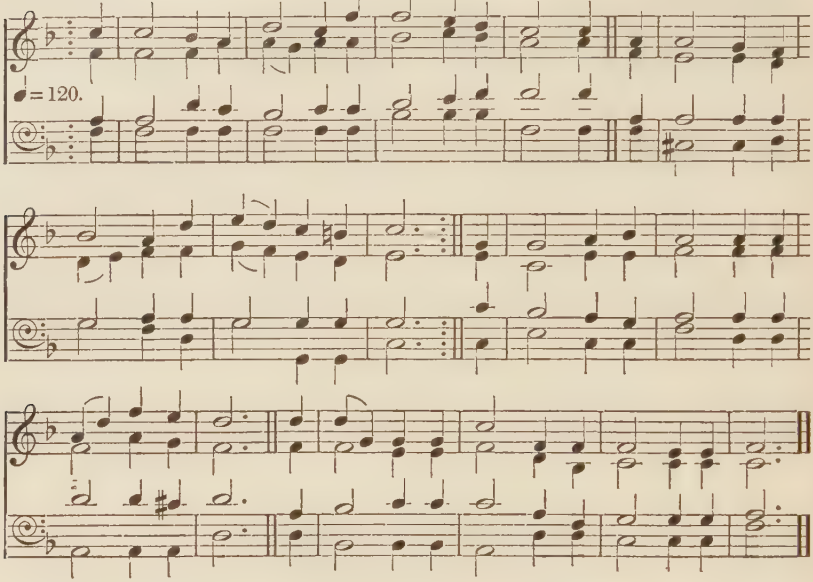
2 In perils and in troubles oft
His toilsome life he pass'd;
But He, Who turn'd his heart at first,
Upheld him to the last.

3 A chosen vessel of His will,
He fought the fight of faith,
And gain'd the Crown of Righteousness,
Obedient unto death.

4 Thou, Lord of Grace, to all Thy will
Submissive may we be,
And follow meekly in his steps,
Who bravely follow'd Thee.

## 522 *THE VISITATION OF THE B.V. MARY.*

ROMNEY. J. T. Cooper.




1 Far over the mountains in gladness of springtime,
Sweet Mary arising now hastens to-day;
The winter has gone, with its gloom and its darkness,
And lilies and roses are strewing the way;
The turtle's sweet note and the singing-bird's voice
Are calling on Nature to praise and rejoice.

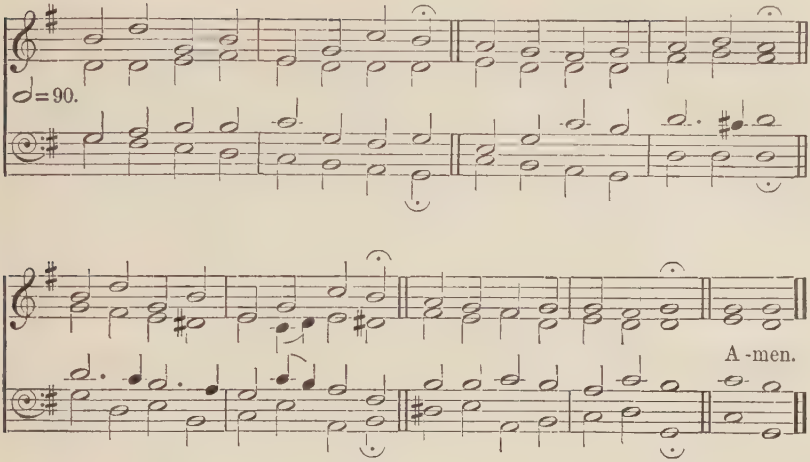
2 What seeketh she over the beautiful mountains?
The solace of love, the communion of Saints;
And so through all perils we see her press onward,
All strong in her purpose of love that ne'er faints;
Full lonely she seems, but did faith draw the veil,
What wonderful vision our eyesight would hail!

3 Oh should we not see the bright legions of Angels,
All clustering round her to shield and protect,
And little ones strewing the pathway with flowers,
Before the sweet Lily of Judah elect!
For Gabriel's message hath spoken the word,
And Mary is Mother of Jesus the Lord.

4 O glad Visitation of Mary to Hebron!
O wondrous communion beyond all compare,
When Mary saluted her cousin so saintly,
And chanted *Magnificat* joyfully there!
O depth of the Mystery, passing all thought,
Which Mary to Hebron this Holy Day brought!

5 And let us with Mary return to our homesteads
From saintly Communion and Blest Eucharist,
Thus evermore dwelling in Presence of Jesus,
United in Mystery with the Lord Christ;
O praise we the Godhead, the Blest Three in One,
Whose Love and Whose Power but spake and 'twas done.

S. CECILIA. A. H. BROWN.




*Or tune of* 716.

1 WHITHER thus, in holy rapture,
Royal Maiden, art thou bent?
Why so fleetly art thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent?

2 Filléd with th' Eternal Godhead,
Glowing with the Spirit's Flame,
Love it is that bears thee onward,
And supports thy tender frame.

3 Lo! thine aged cousin claims thee,
Claims thy sympathy and care;
God her shame from her hath taken;
He hath heard her fervent prayer.

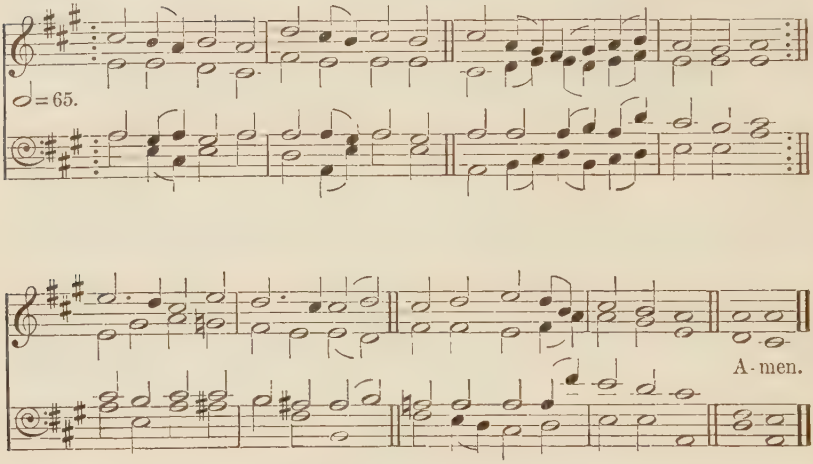
4 Blessed Mothers! joyful meeting!
Thou God's Hand in her dost own:
She, with lips inspiréd, greets thee
Mother of the Lord alone.

5 As the sun, his face concealing,
In a cloud withdraws from sight,
So in Mary then lay hidden
He Who is the World's True Light.

6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While Eternal Ages run.

## 524 *S. MARGARET OF ANTIOCH.*

CŒLESTIA. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 When the Lord makes up His jewels,
And of goodly pearls His store,
One, methinks, will shine with radiance,
'Mid His treasures evermore,
She who stood as firmest rock
In the court of Antioch.

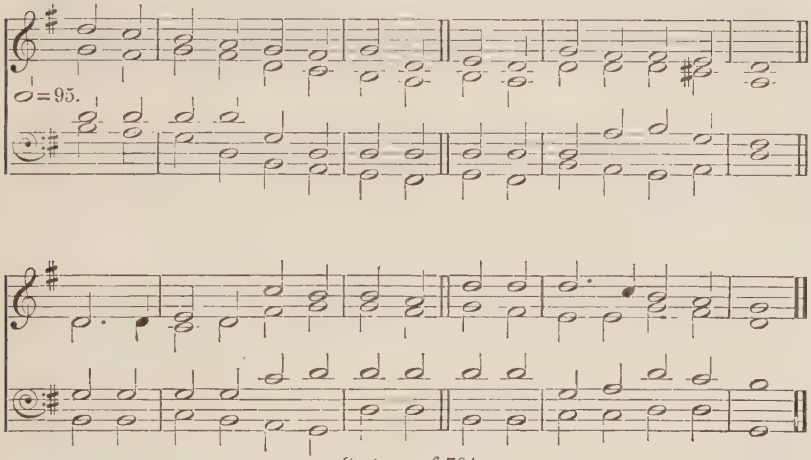
2 Underfoot she trod the Dragon,
Through the virtue of the Cross,
Crown and palm-branch nobly winning,
Endless gain for earthly loss:
Thus she vanquish'd all her foes,
Thus the lily won the rose.

3 Naught we know of her confession,
Only that for Christ she died;
For the long revolving ages
Draw a veil o'er all beside;
But in regions far away
Greets she now the Eye of Day.

4 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Praise we now, with Saintly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 525 *S. MARY MAGDALEN.*

SOULS OF MEN.




*Or tune of* 704.

1 On the Bosom of the Saviour
Like a flower of stainless white,
Lies the trophy of His mercy,
In a blaze of Heav'nly Light.

2 Pardon'd sinner! wondrous convert!
Was there ever joy like thine?
'Midst the splendours of the Angels
How thy fervent graces shine!

3 And yet thou too wert once wand'ring,
Once wert soil'd with darkest stains,
Who art now the fairest blossom
In the Land where Jesus reigns.

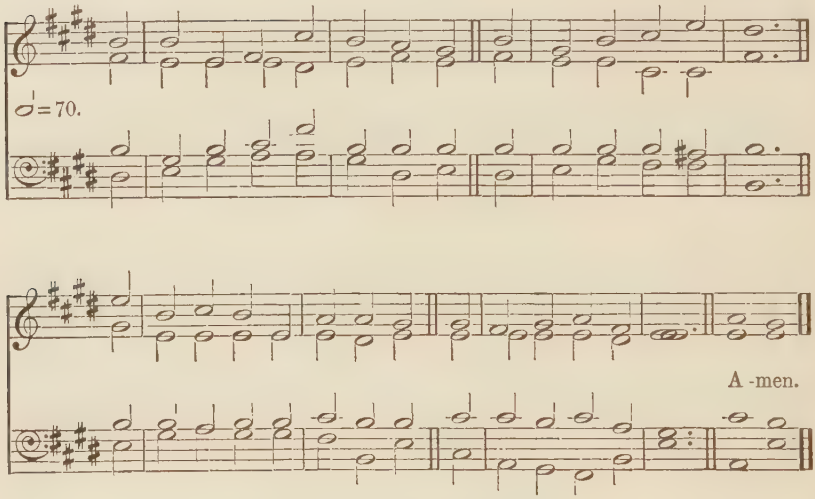
4 Blessed swiftness of a pardon,
Which thy guilt could not delay!
Happy penance of a moment
Burning lifelong sins away.

5 Ah! the sweetness of thine ointment
All the earth is filling now;
And thy tears are turn'd to jewels
For a crown upon thy brow;

6 Oh how wisely hast thou chosen
For thyself the better part,
To be braided, like a jewel,
On thy Saviour's Sacred Heart.

## 526 *S. JAMES THE GREAT.*

S. FULBERT. GAUNTLETT.




1 Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's Royal Son,
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

2 Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

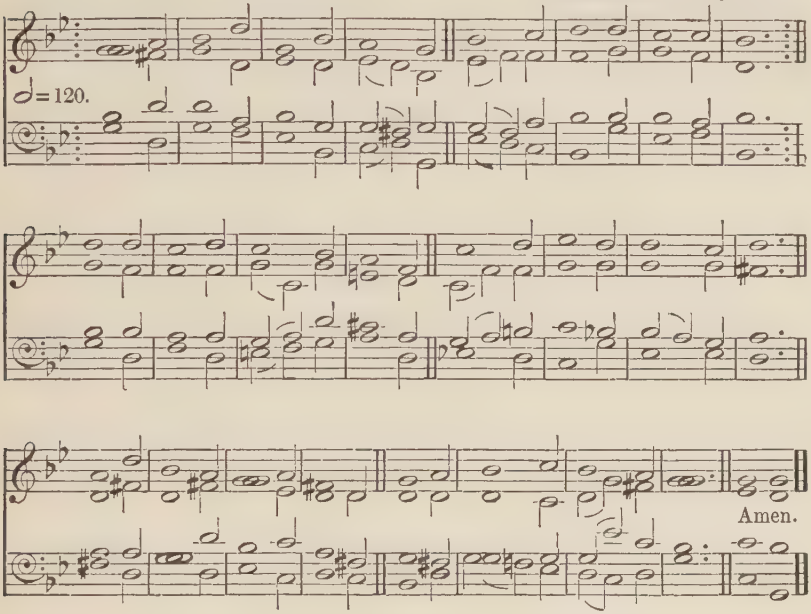
3 Christ heard, and will'd that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage,
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

4 Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror's Throne:
Thus God grants prayer; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit Blest,
By Saints on earth be honour done,
And by the Saints at rest.

## 527 *S. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE B.V. MARY.*

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE. Darmstätter *Gesangbuch.*




1 Holy Anna, Juda's glory,
Through the Church, from East to West,
Ev'ry tongue proclaims thy praises,
Spotless Mary's mother blest.

2 Saintly kings, and priestly fathers,
Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue those before thee
Didst excel by Grace Divine.

3 Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,
Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favour of High Heaven,
Our immortal Virgin Star.

4 From the stem in beauty budded
Ancient Jesse's Mystic Rod:
Earth from thee received the Mother
Of th' Almighty Son of God.

5 All the human race benighted
In the depths of darkness lay,
When in Anne it saw the dawning
Of the Long-expected Day.

6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While Eternal Ages run.

## 528 *S. ANNE.*

S. ANNE. Anon.

♩=75.

*Org. Ped.*

1 Mother, from whose bosom's veil
Fell the Star of Israel,
Whence was kindled pure and bright
Judah's Everlasting Light,
Shining through the shadows dim
From the stall of Bethlehem.

2 Mother of the Royal Line,
Count the life-tale down to thine,
Kings and queens of royal shoot,
Sprung from Jesse's parent root:
Count no more! the swelling list
Ends in the Eternal Christ.

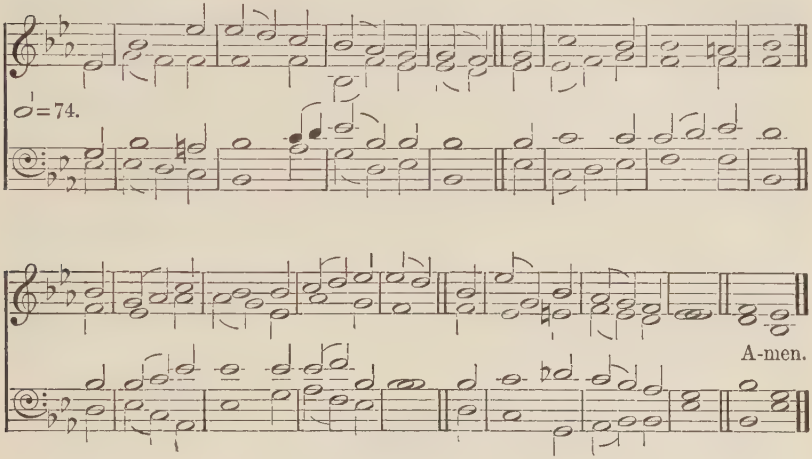
3 Mother, of thy line the last
Wedded to the earthly past,
Yet another Spouse must come
Unto David's Royal Home:
God, God-sent to thine abode,
Fills thy daughter's breast with God.

4 Holy Spirit, Wondrous Guest,
Fills thy daughter's virgin breast;
Holy Spirit, Spousal Dove,
Lights the clear flame of His love:
Mother, pure maternity
Shineth to all time in thee.

## *LAMMAS DAY AND S. PETER'S CHAINS.*

**529**

ABRIDGE. ISAAC SMITH.




*For the Lammas.*

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
The summer dews to fall.

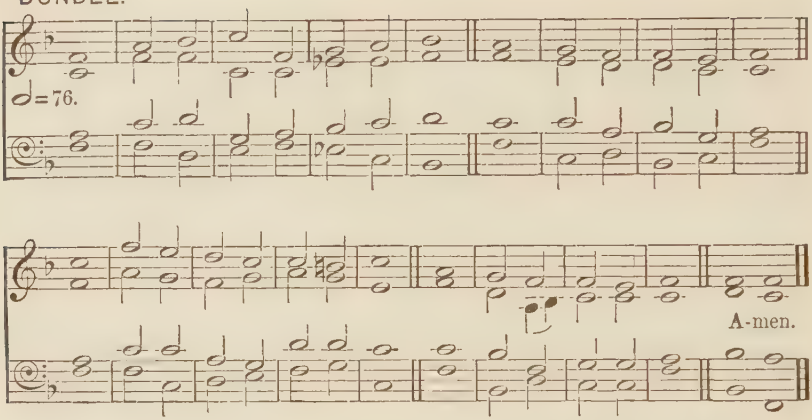
4 Thy gifts of mercy from above
Matured the swelling grain:
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Oh ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care,
But what our Father's Hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

**530**

DUNDEE.




*For S. Peter's Chains.*

1 How blesséd is the force of prayer:
Eager for Peter's fate,
Thy soldiers, Herod, bound him fast,
And watch'd before the gate.

2 But Jesus has His soldiers too;
They also vigils keep;
They watch to prayer, while Peter rests
In faith, composed in sleep.

3 And Jesus other soldiers has;
Responsive to the call
Of prayer, His holy Angels come,
Sent by the Lord of all.

4 His Angels camp around the just,
And spread their silver wings
Above the heads of sleeping saints,
With soft o'ershadowings.

5 Prayer brought an Angel down from Heav'n;
Sentries and bars are vain;
With Heav'nly Light the prison shines,
Unlock'd is Peter's chain.

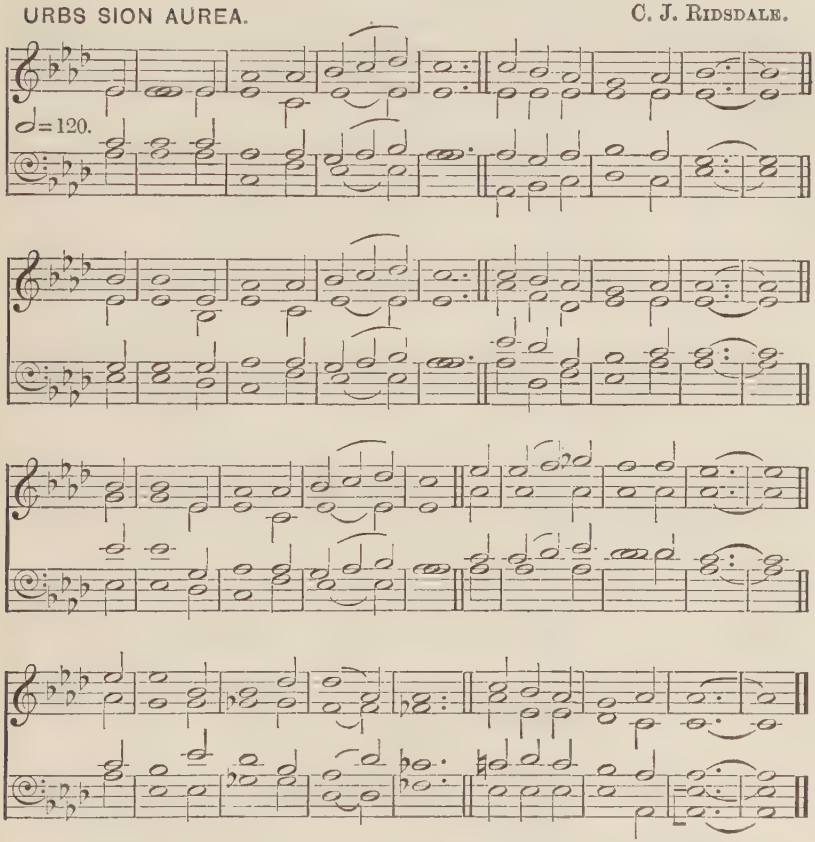
6 Oh if we had the inner eye
To see the hidden world,
Banners of glory we should see
Triumphantly unfurl'd.

7 The Holy Angels we should see
Emerging from the cloud,
Saving Thy servants from the gulf,
And hurling down the proud.

8 Help us, O help us, Lord, to walk
By faith and not by sight,
That we may with Thy Angels live
In Thine Eternal Light.

## 531 THE TRANSFIGURATION.

URBS SION AUREA. C. J. RIDSDALE.

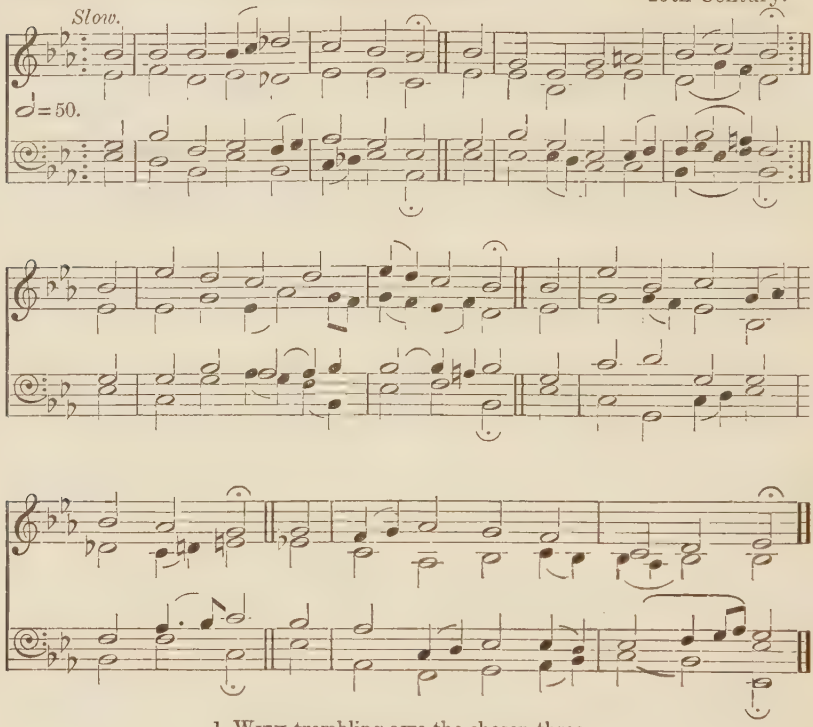



1 IN days of old on Sinai
The Lord Almighty came
In majesty of terror,
In thunder-cloud and flame:
On Tabor, with the glory
Of sunniest light for vest,
The excellence of beauty
In Jesus was express'd.

2 All light created paled there,
And did Him worship meet;
The sun itself adored Him,
And bow'd before His Feet;
While Moses and Elias,
Upon the Holy Mount,
The Co-eternal glory
Of Christ our God recount.

3 O holy wondrous Vision!
But what, when, this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in Heav'n at last?
But what, when all the Glory
Of Uncreated Light
Shall be the promised guerdon
Of them that win the fight?

ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER 15th Century.




1 With trembling awe the chosen three
The Holy Mount ascended,
Where, wrapp'd in blissful ecstasy
They saw the Vision splendid—
Their Lord array'd in Living Light,
And, on His Left and on His Right,
By glorious Saints attended.

2 O Vision bright, too bright to tell,
The joys of Heav'n unveiling!
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing;
When, Saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate, and scorn, and railing.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, some Vision brief,
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling:
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
O what shall be the dazzling Light
Of Thine Eternal Dwelling!

## 533 THE SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

MONSIGNY.

MONSIGNY.
*The Children's Service Book.*

♩ = 120.

A - men.

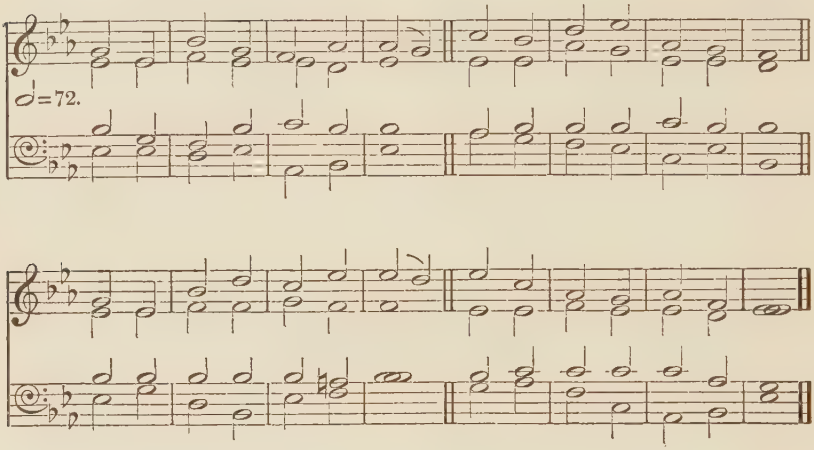
1 LORD, to-day we praise Thee
For Thy Holy Name,
Name above all others
Whence Salvation came:
Altogether lovely,
Name surpassing sweet,
Name which draws the sinner
To Thy Pierced Feet.

2 Holy Name of Jesus,
Morning Star so bright,
Shining in Thy Radiance,
On a world of night:
Name which draws the Saintly
To the Golden Crown,
Name which won the Martyrs
All their bright renown.

3 Till before the Daybreak
Flee the shadows dim,
Till the Choirs Eternal
Raise th' unceasing hymn,
To the Name All-Worthy
Honour, Glory, Praise,
Now, and still for ever
Through the Endless Days.

## 534 *S. LAURENCE.*

CHARMINSTER. BOYCE.




1 WHO is this that shines so bright,
In God's Everlasting Light,
With the flame-encompass'd brow?
Holy Laurence, it is thou!

2 Who are these, thy feet around,
Poor and needy, halt and bound?
'Tis the treasure thou dost hoard,
Holy Deacon, for thy Lord.

3 Wherefore hastest thou to-day,
Holy Deacon, on thy way?
Thou must haste to serve thy Priest
In His Heav'nly Eucharist.

4 What is this cross'd iron brand
Which thou bearest in thine hand?
Staff, whereby thy feet have trod
On the pathway to thy God.

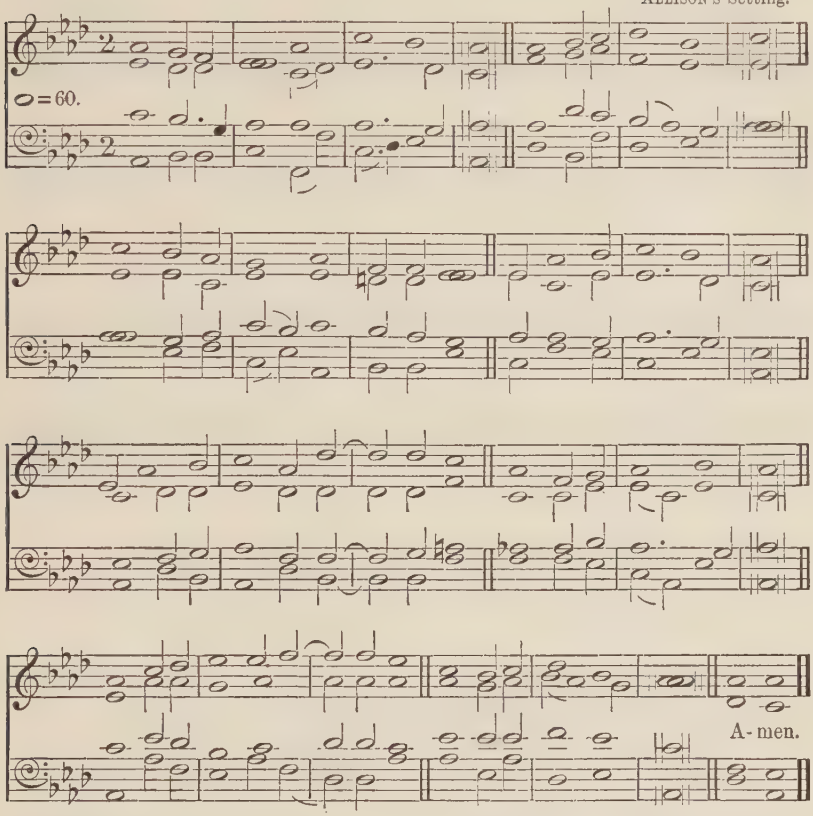
5 He hath gone before thy feet,
Through the fiery furnace-heat;
That Bright Form thine eyes may scan,
'Tis thy Lord—the Son of Man.

6 Fire shall try for us, for thee,
Each man's work whate'er it be:
Fear not thou, in Christ be bold,
Whose whole life is purest gold!

## 535 S. BARTHOLOMEW.

OLD CXXXVII.

CRESPIN, 1557.
ALLISON'S Setting.



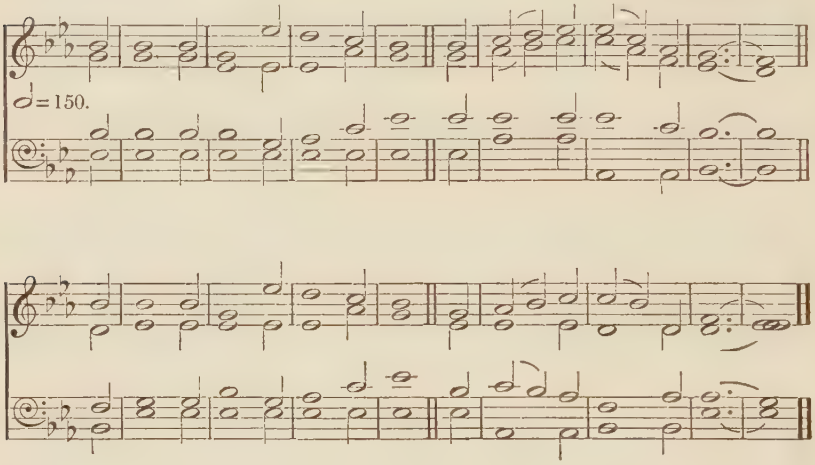

1 BEHOLD an Israelite indeed,
In whom no guile is found,
For such was blest Nathanael's meed,
Ere yet with glory crown'd!
Now he, who once, in bending awe,
Beneath the fig-tree pray'd,
Sees greater things than then he saw,
In Highest Heav'n display'd.

2 O when did he that Vision Bright
Of wondrous glory scan,
Of Angels, to and fro, in flight
Upon the Son of Man?
Long waiting for the sight, perchance,
When came his Master's call,
The Martyr, as with Stephen's glance,
Look'd up and saw it all

3 Now Him Who made Apostles wise,
Who made His weak ones strong,
He gazes on with raptured eyes,
Amidst the Martyr throng:
To Him the Father, praise we sing,
To Him the Son, be laud,
To Him the Spirit, honour bring,
The One Eternal God.

## 536 *S. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP OF HIPPO.*

S. NICHOLAS. Traditional.




1.

When Holy Church went forth to war
With the fierce Heathen's might,
Hope was her ever-bright'ning star,
And Faith her armour bright:

2.

And thus the Cross o'er Heathen might
At length triumphant shone,
Emblem of love, of peace, and light;
Th' oppressors' day was done.

3.

And so the Holy Church went on,
Sorrowing, yet always glad;
Joyful for ev'ry soul she won,
For human frailty sad.

4.

Then other foes sprang up within,
E'en in her very fold;
For soon was entrance made for sin,
When love had waxen cold.

5.

Now turn ye to a Southern clime,
Mark Hippo's distant Star,
How o'er the dreary waste of time
His fix'd ray shines afar.

6.

With lurid ray that Star arose,
With fitful gleam it shone;
From sphere to sphere without repose
Wildly it wander'd on.

7.

But scarce may sigh, or suppliant tone,
Full oft repeated, fail;
The fervent prayer, the mother's moan,
Before the Throne prevail.

8.

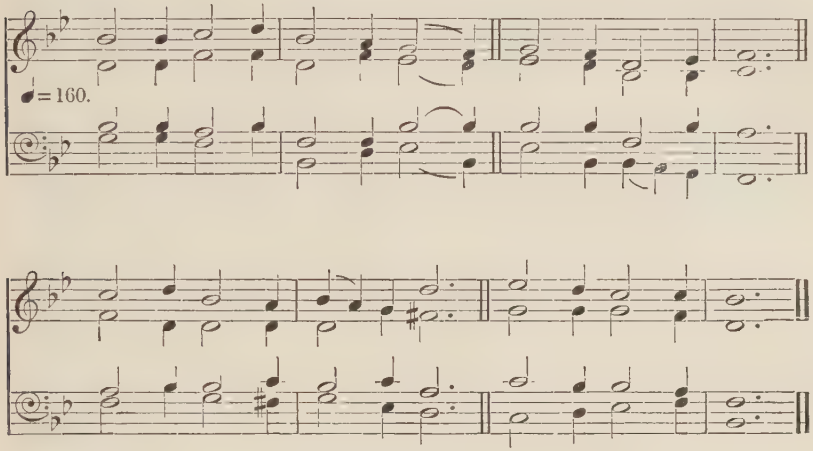
And now, 'mid Holy Church's gems,
The mother and the son
Wear each their saintly diadems,
Their earthly labour done.

9.

O praise the Father, praise the Son,
The Lamb for sinners given,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom alone
Our hearts are raised to Heav'n.

## 537 *THE BEHEADING OF S. JOHN BAPTIST.*

S. LUKE. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 HERALD, in the wilderness
Breaking up the road,
Sinking mountains, raising plains,
For the path of God;

2 Prophet, to the multitudes
Calling to repent,
In the way of righteousness
Unto Israel sent;

3 Messenger, God's Chosen One
Foremost to proclaim;
Proffer'd titles passing by,
Pointing to the Lamb;

4 Captive, for the Word of Truth
Boldly witnessing;
Then in Herod's dungeon-cave
Faint and languishing;

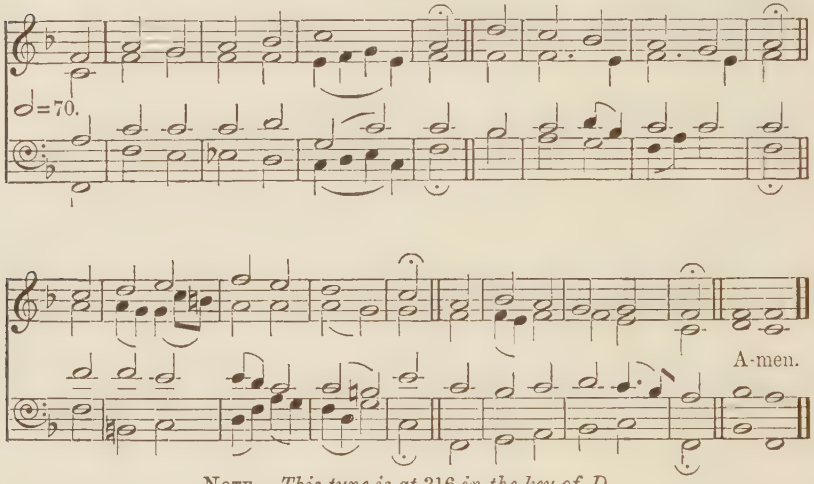
5 Martyr, sacrificed to sin
At that feast of shame;
As his life foreshow'd the Lord
In his death the same.

6 Holy Jesus, when He heard,
Went apart to pray:
Thus may we our lesson take
From His Saint to-day.

## 538 THE NATIVITY OF THE B.V. MARY.

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.

VULPIUS.
Arr. J. S. BACH.




NOTE.—*This tune is at* 316 *in the key of D.*

1 WE keep the Feast in gladness,
When first that Gem of earth,
The Mother of Christ Jesus,
The Royal Maid, had birth.

2 The Rod, foretold in story,
Which sprang of Jesse's kin,
The Rod which bore the Flower
That cleansed the world from sin.

3 The oracles of Heaven,
The word of Prophets sure,
Announced that wondrous Mother,
The Virgin ever pure.

4 The blesséd among women,
Of mortals honoured most,
Conceiving her Redeemer
By God the Holy Ghost.

5 A stainless Maiden, springing
From David's kingly line,
She bore the Everlasting,
She bore the King Divine:

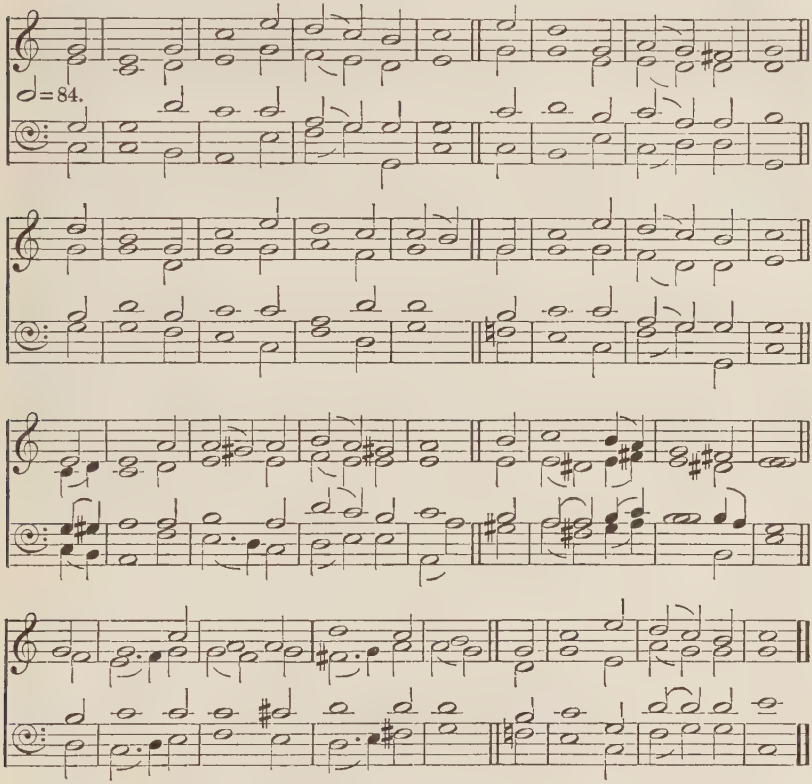
6 The King of men and Angels,
The Prince of perfect Peace,
Whose might hath no beginning,
Whose might shall never cease.

7 To Christ the Son of Mary
Be honour, glory, laud,
With Father and with Spirit,
The Everlasting God.

## 539 HOLY CROSS DAY.

S. MATTHEW'S. [For the original form see Appendix.]

*Approximated to* CROFT'S.




1 THE Cross, the Cross! Oh, bid it rise,
'Mid clouds about it curl'd,
In bold relief against the skies,
Beheld by all the world;
A Sign to myriads far and wide
On ev'ry holy fane,
Meet emblem of the Crucified,
For our transgressions slain.

2 The Cross, the Cross! with solemn vow
And fervent prayer to bless,
Upon the new-born infant's brow
The hallow'd seal impress;
A token that in coming years,
All else esteem'd but loss,
He will press on through foes and fears,
The soldier of the Cross.

3 The Cross, the Cross! upon the heart
Oh seal the signet well,
A safeguard sweet against each art
And stratagem of Hell;
A hope when other hopes shall cease,
And worth all hopes beside—
The Christian's blessedness and peace,
His joy and only pride.

4 The Cross, the Cross! ye heralds blest,
Who in the Saving Name
Go forth to lands with sin opprest,
The Cross of Christ proclaim!
And so 'mid idols lifted high,
In truth and love reveal'd,
It may be seen by ev'ry eye,
And stricken souls be heal'd.

5 The Cross, dear Church, the world is dark,
And wrapt in shades of night;
Yet lift but up within thy ark
This source of Living Light—
This emblem of our Heav'nly birth
And claim to things Divine—
So thou shalt go through all the earth,
And "Conquer in this Sign."

## 540 *S. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.*

ERHALT UNS. KLUG, *Geistliche Lieder.*

*Slow.*

♩=50.

1 BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
Oh, seest thou not His pleading Eye?
With low sad Voice He calleth thee;—
"Leave this vain world and follow Me."

2 O soul, bow'd down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for Heav'n to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His Blesséd Cross.

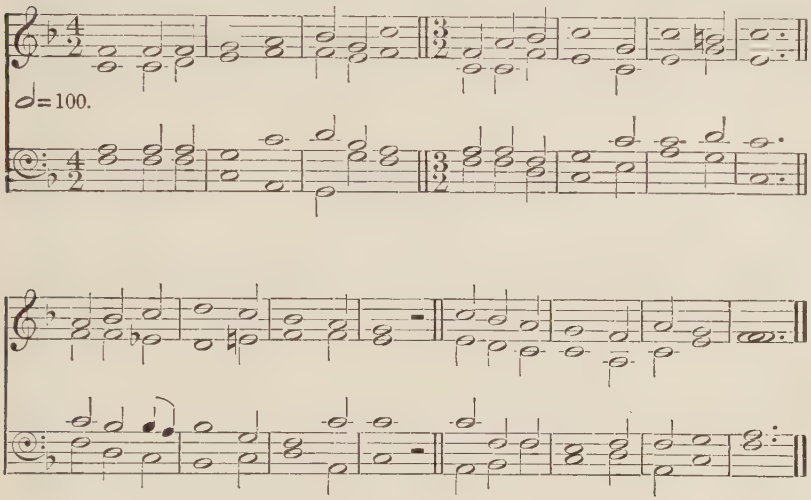
4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seem'd ev'ry day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirr'd his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God sweetly calls us ev'ry day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to Heav'n and Endless Light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he left his earthly all;
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

## 541 *S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.*

ANGELS' SONG. O. GIBBONS.




1 AROUND the Throne of God a band
Of glorious Angels ever stand;
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

2 Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His Will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

3 Lord, give Thy Angels ev'ry day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them ev'ry evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy Throne at last.

542

S. MATTHEW'S. [For the original form see Appendix.]

*Approximated to* CROFT'S.

♩=84.

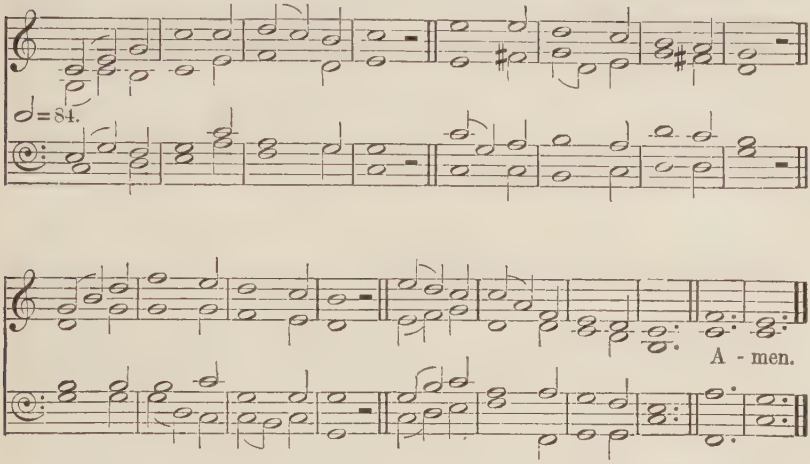
Amen.

1 FATHER, before Thy Throne of Light
The Guardian Angels bend,
And ever in Thy Presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown,
Beside the Crystal Sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

2 And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While Seraph unto Seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
So may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The Brightness of Thy Face.

3 Here, where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our Heav'nly Home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That childhood's time, and manhood's prime
Be Thine, and Thine alone.

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 Praise to God Who reigns above,
Binding earth and Heav'n in love ;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread Sov'reignty.

2 Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers
Marshall'd Might that never cowers.

3 Speeds the Archangel from His Face,
Bearing messages of grace ;
Angel-hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His Will.

4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright Celestial state,
For in Man their Lord they see,
Christ, th' Incarnate Deity.

5 On the Throne their Lord Who died,
Sits in Manhood glorified ;
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

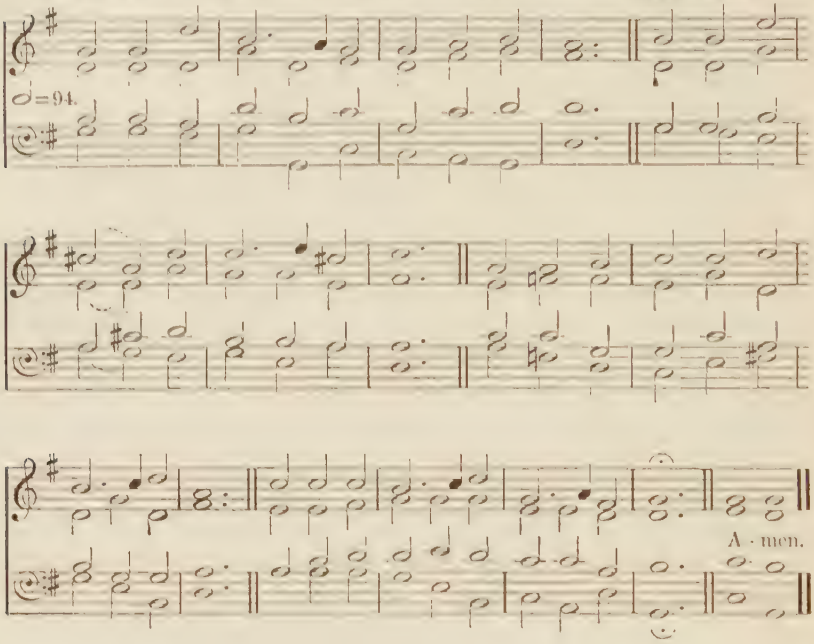
6 Oh, the depths of joy Divine
Thrilling through those Orders Nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banish'd come to reign !

7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the Choirs above,
Praising, with the Heav'nly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 544

PREISE, JERUSALEM, PREISE DEN HERREN.

MS. Mühlhausen, 1733. Zahn.




1 Stars of the Morning, so gloriously bright,
Fill'd with Celestial virtue and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the "Trisagion" ever and aye:

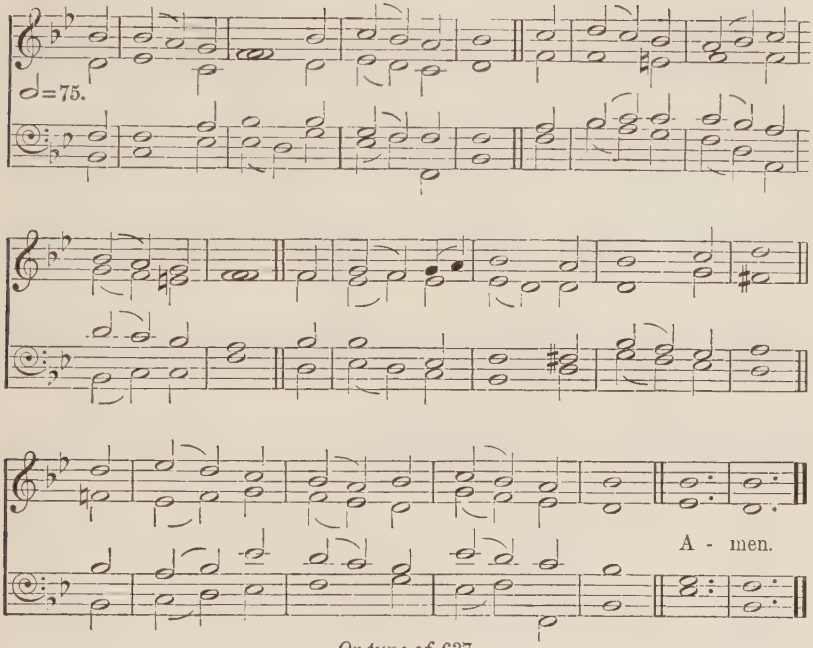
2 These are Thy Ministers, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy Throne;
These are Thy Messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

3 These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the Living Ones, Mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

4 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

5 Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of Angelic Hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the Angels may bow and adore.

WAREHAM. KNAPP.




*Or tune of* 637.

1 THEY come, God's Messengers of love,
They come from Realms of Peace above,
From Homes of never-fading Light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear;
Ye Heav'nly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

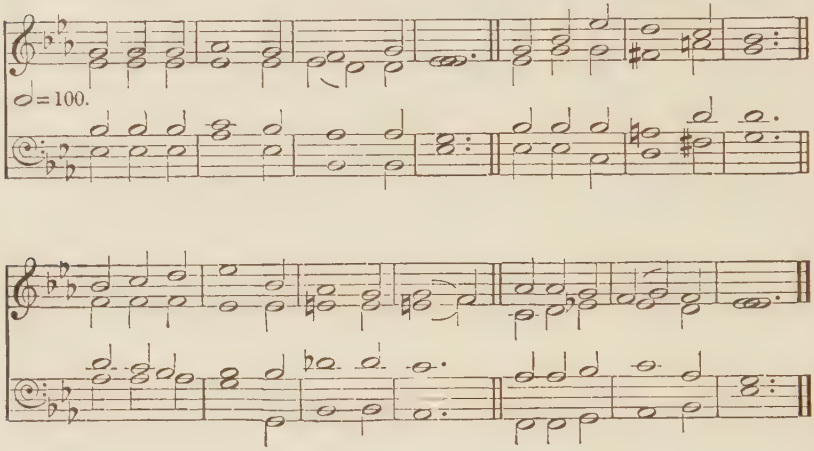
4 Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weigh'd,
Thou didst not scorn Thine Angel's aid;

5 An Angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by Thine own Almighty Power
O shield us in the last dread hour.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
From all above and all below
Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

## 546 *THE HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.*

FONS AMORIS. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 DEAR Angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in Heav'n to guard
A guilty wretch like me!

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

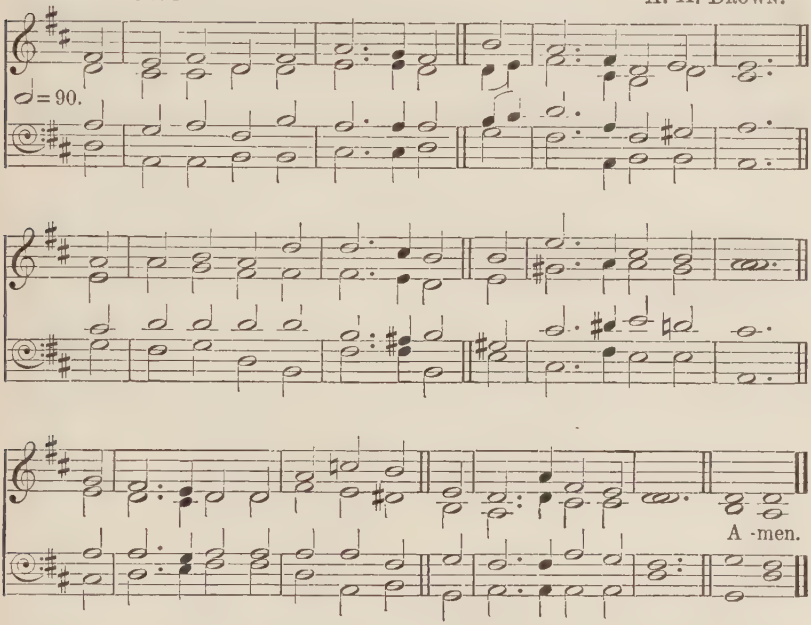
5 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
The prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

6 Then weary not, but love me still,
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon th' Eternal Shore.

## *THE TRANSLATION OF S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.*

**547**

ALLHALLOWS. A. H. Brown.




1 They could not make his shrine too bright,
And so, when years were past,
They straight prepared a noble tomb,
More glorious than the last;
And there the Royal Saint they laid
Within the Abbey vast.

2 O rest most sweet! safe shadow'd o'er
With vows all duly paid,
Spreading o'erhead a canopy
Within the awful shade,
Where hymns and anthems daily rise,
And prayer is ever made.

3 But sweeter still the Rest Above,
Where happy spirits wait,
Where faithful souls are gather'd safe
Before the Golden Gate,
In blessed vigil, till the Lord
Arise in Royal state:

4 Until He comes with Angel-host
In all His Power and Might,
And, seated on the great white Throne,
Enrobed in glory bright,
He calls His faithful Saints around,
And Kingly crowns the right.

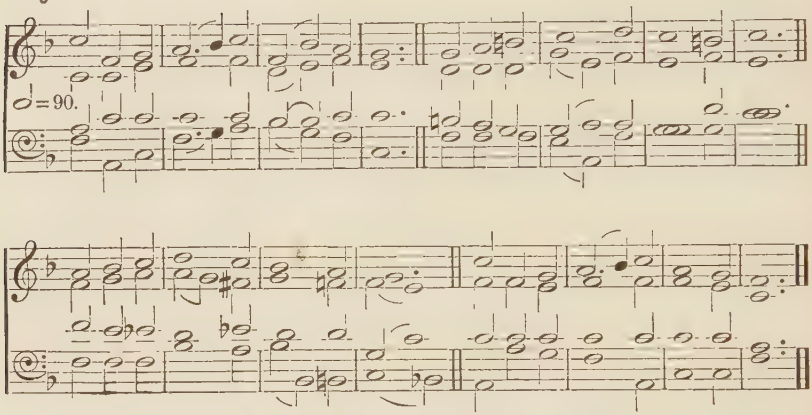
5 And what will be Saint Edward's Crown
Upon that awful day?
Let faith in Jesu's blessed Cross,
And prayers and almsdeeds say—
A kingly government and rule
Of righteousness alway.

6 But greater bliss than brightest crown,
The Presence of the King,
And all the ever-growing joys
That endless ages bring;
And yet 'tis ever more and more
The countless Angels sing!

7 Ah, stay! our very thought is lost
Within that Temple vast,
Where we, O Christ, long sore to be,
With Saints of ages past.
Oh, bring us there, sweet Saviour dear,
To that bright Home at last.

## 548 *S. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.*

AQUÆ GRANÆ. German.




1 Behold and see Christ's chosen Saint
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
"His life is Christ, his death is gain."

2 Two converts, watching by his side,
Alike his love and greetings share;
Luke the belov'd, the sick soul's guide,
And Demas, named in falt'ring prayer.

3 Pass a few years—look in once more—
The Saint is in his bonds again;
Save that his hopes more boldly soar,
He and his lot unchanged remain.

4 But only Luke is with him now:—
Alas! that e'en the Martyr's cell,
Heav'n's very gate, should scope allow
For the false world's seducing spell.

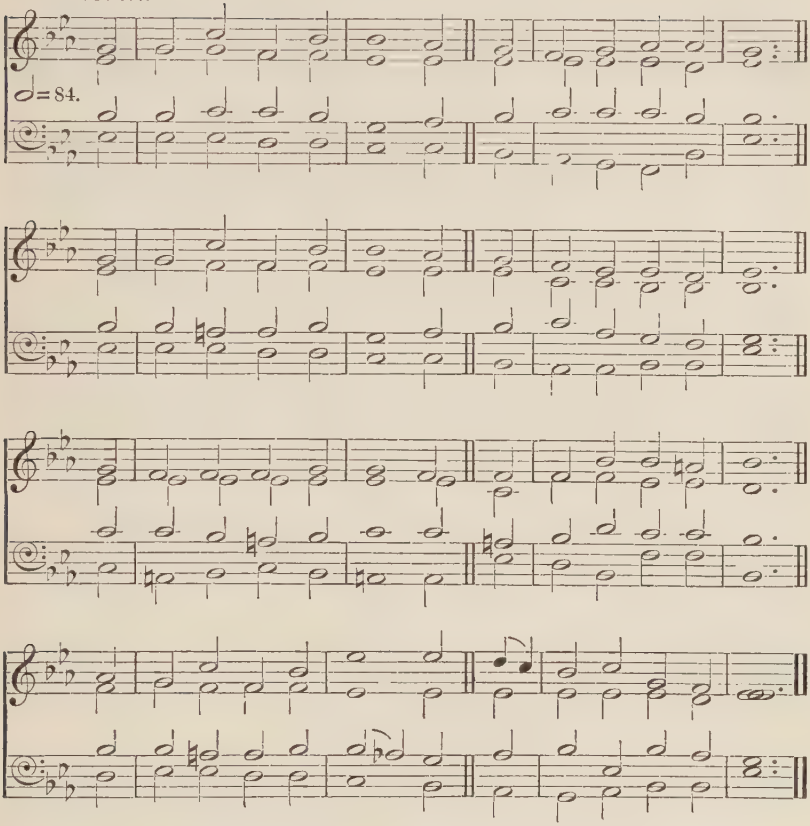
5 'Tis sad—but yet 'tis well, be sure,
We on the sight should muse awhile,
Nor deem our shelter all secure
E'en in the Church's holiest aisle.

6 Ah! Dearest Mother, since too oft
The world yet wins some Demas frail
E'en from thine arms, so kind and soft,
May thy tried comforts never fail!

7 When faithless ones forsake thy wing,
Be it vouchsaf'd thee still to see
Thy true, fond nurslings closer cling,
Cling closer to their Lord and thee

## 549 *S. CRISPIN, MARTYR.*

S. CRISPIN. GAUNTLETT.




1 O CHRIST, Thou Son of Mary,
Accept our thankful lays,
What time we sing with triumph
Thy Martyr Crispin's praise:
Thou Who all work didst hallow,
And labour sanctify;
Who willest daily toiling
Should daily bread supply.

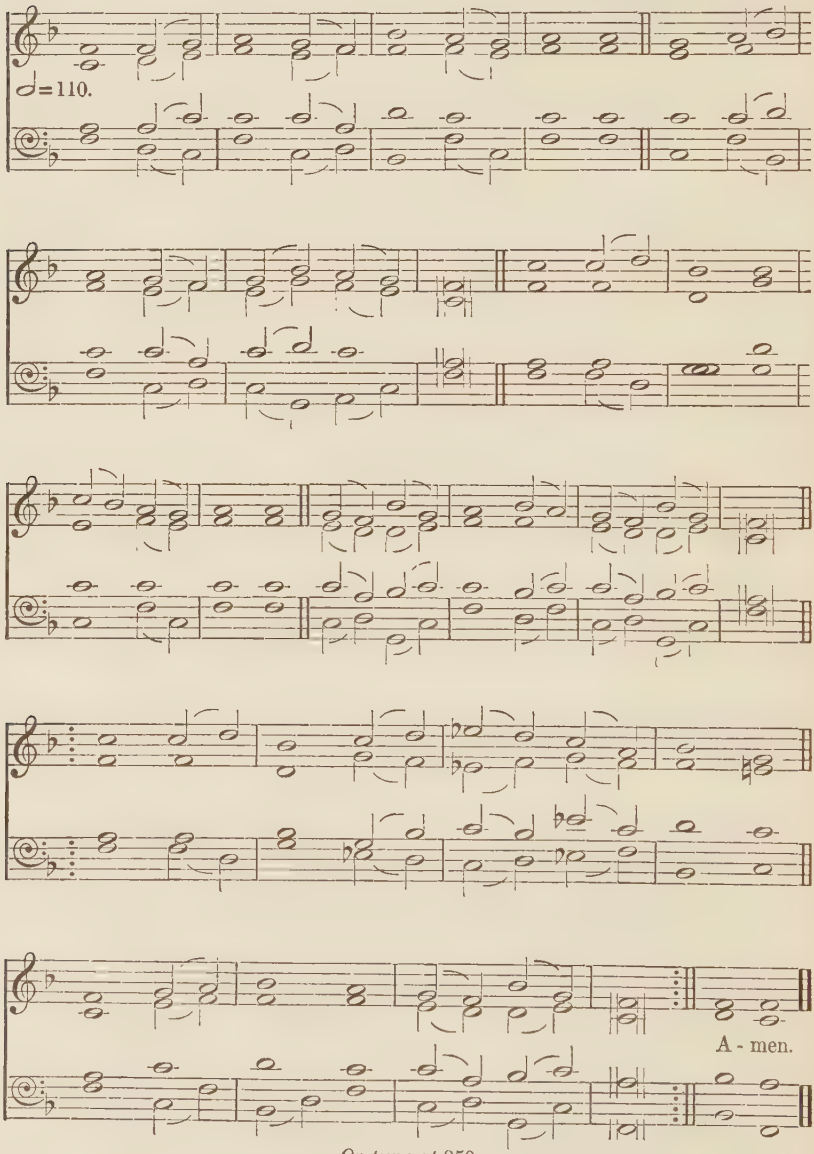
2 Our feet be shod, as pilgrims,
With bands of Gospel peace,
Till life's long march be ended,
And strife and struggle cease:
Till on the ground most holy,
Our shoes from off our feet
We put, with holy gladness,
The pilgrimage complete.

3 Then Mary, Queen of Virgins,
In glory we shall see,
Who here, in lowly cottage,
Knew toil and care for Thee:
And there find Paul the agéd,
Who wrought the tents of old,
Camps, in the time thereafter,
For liegemen of the Fold.

4 Why stand we here so idle?
The day-hours hasten by:
The night when no man worketh,
Its shadows dim the Sky:
Good Master, in the evening
When Thy rewards are due,
Our work be found abiding,
Our treasure with the few.

## 550 *S. SIMON AND S. JUDE, APOSTLES.*

ALLA TRINITA BEATA. From *Laudi Spirituali.*




*Or tune at* 850.

1 Saints of God, whom faith united
In the Twelve Apostles' band:
Who for Christ in pain delighted,
Who are now at Christ's Right Hand:
Ye had many a bitter trial,
Ye were scorn'd and set at naught;
Fearing nothing but denial
Of the Lord, for Whom ye fought.

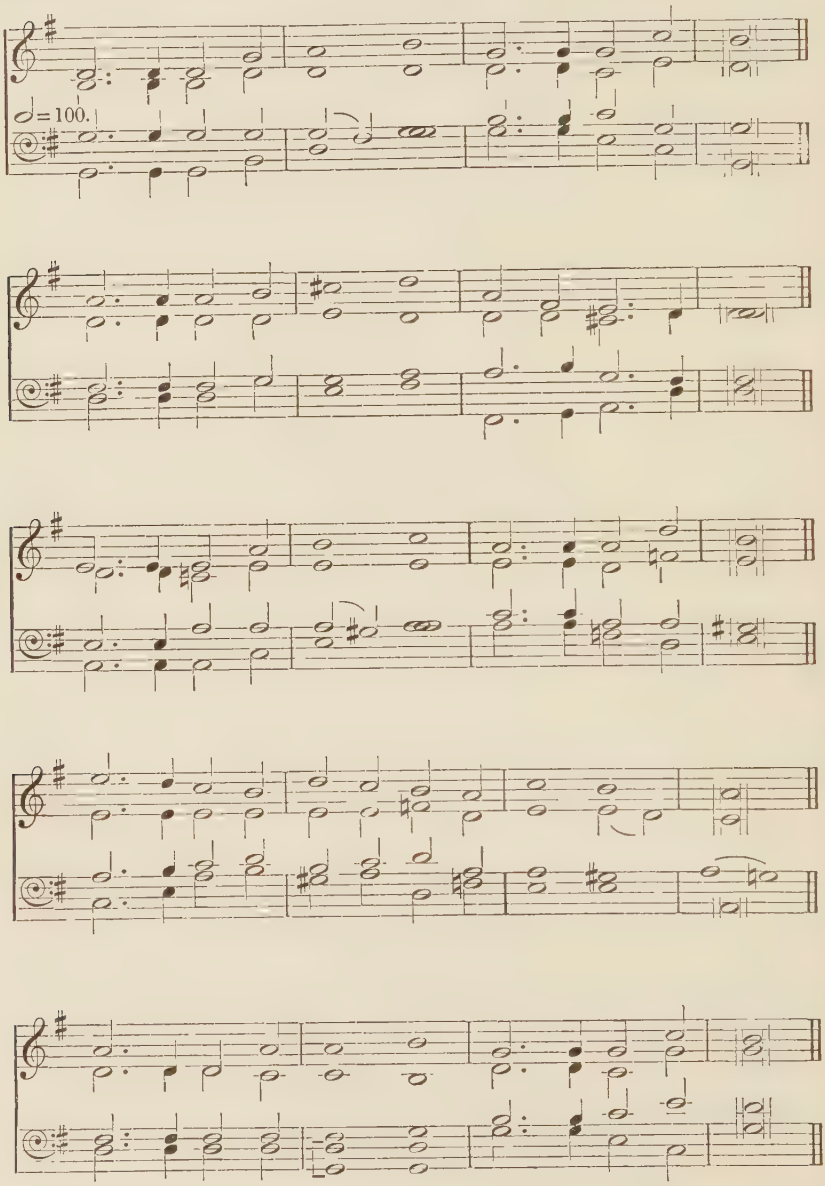
2 Call'd on earth to different stations
In the battle of the Lord,
Ye went on through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and Truth your sword:
Far apart, through toil and peril,
Pass'd ye onward to your rest:
In the streets of gold and beryl,
Now together ye are blest.

3 Leaves of autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And that this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the summer grass:
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best:
Christ's true Martyrs! we would follow
In your steps, and gain our rest.

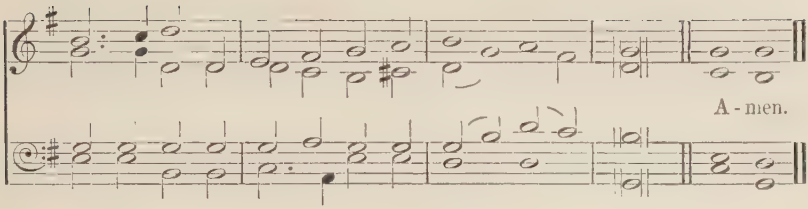
4 Him, Whose love mankind created,
Him, That came for man to bleed,
Him, That hath regenerated
Us and all His Chosen Seed;
We, as we are onward pressing
To His glorious Home on High,
With His Saints and Angels blessing,
Now and ever magnify.

## 551 *ALL SAINTS' DAY.*

DOMUS SANCTORUM. From *The Children's Service Book.*



# Proper of Saints.




*Or tune of* 701.

1 King of Saints for ever,
Unto Thee we sing,
Of all Saints the Captain,
Of all Saints the King;
Captain leading onward
Through this sin-stain'd strife,
King at length bestowing
Crowns of sinless life:
In one blest Communion
With all Saints of Thine,
King of Saints, unite us
In Thy Love Divine.

2 King of Saints in sorrow,
If earth's joys should fade,
Thou art still the nearest
'Neath the Cross's shade:
Here Thy Saints have gather'd
Love that never faints,
Perfected through suff'ring,
Like the King of Saints:
So through earthly sorrows,
Which Thy Saints attend,
King of Saints, O bring us
Where all sorrows end.

3 King of Saints triumphant,
Ev'ry vict'ry won,
Ev'ry sin resisted,
Thine the praise alone;
Thou their King wast with them
When Thy Saints were tried,
Thou their King didst cheer them
Fighting by their side;
Like Thy Saints, triumphant
Be our onward way,
King of Saints, O lead us
Victors ev'ry day.

4 King of Saints departed,
In that Land so blest,
Where no sin can trouble,
Where the weary rest;
Rest, since life's long conflict
For their King is past,
Rest, till they "in beauty"
See their King at last:
Yet the Saints departed,
Still for us they care,
King of Saints, O hearken
To their fervent prayer.

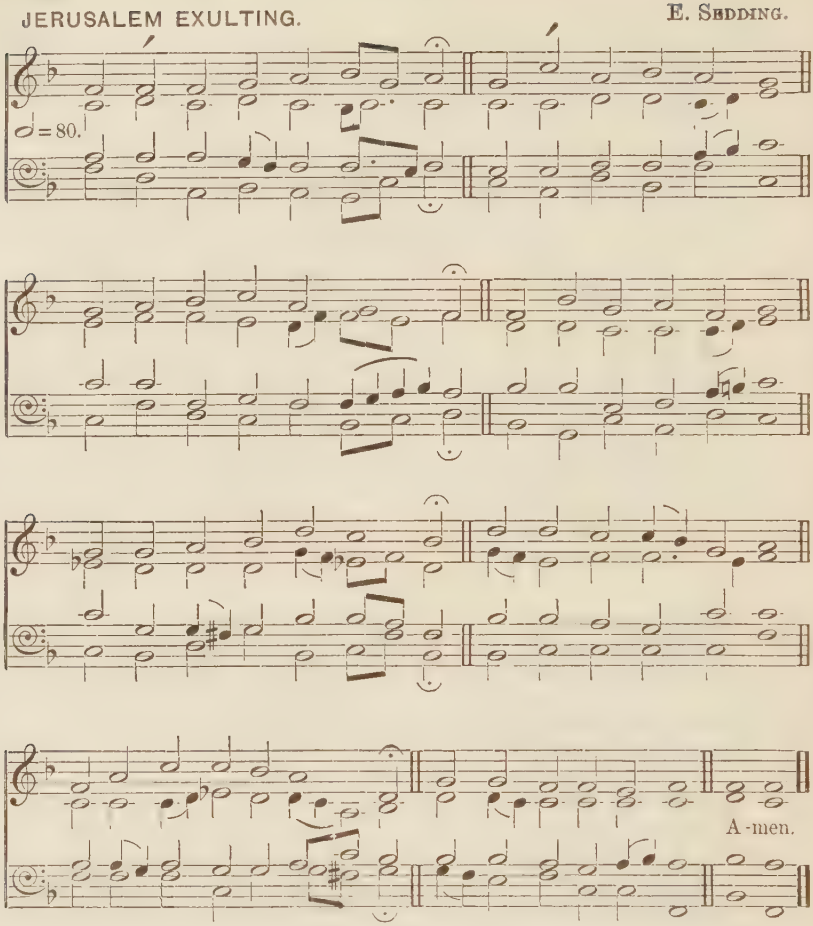
5 King of Saints in glory,
Who, in raiment white,
Cast their crowns adoring
Round the Throne of Light;
Where the palms are waving
O'er the Crystal Sea,
And the incense rising
To the One in Three:
For that glorious worship
With Thy Saints Above,
King of Saints, prepare us
In Thy boundless love.

6 King of Saints for ever,
Hear us as we sing,
May we ever choose Thee,
Thee alone as King:
Ever strive to serve Thee
As Thy Saints have striven,
Till like them we follow
Thee from earth to Heaven:
There with Saints for ever
We will Thee adore,
King of Saints, for ever
Love Thee more and more.

552

JERUSALEM EXULTING.

E. Sedding.




1 O Heavenly Jerusalem,
Of Everlasting Halls,
Thrice blessèd are the people
Thou storest in Thy walls.

2 Thou art the Golden Mansion,
Where Saints for ever sing,
The Seat of God's own chosen,
The Palace of the King.

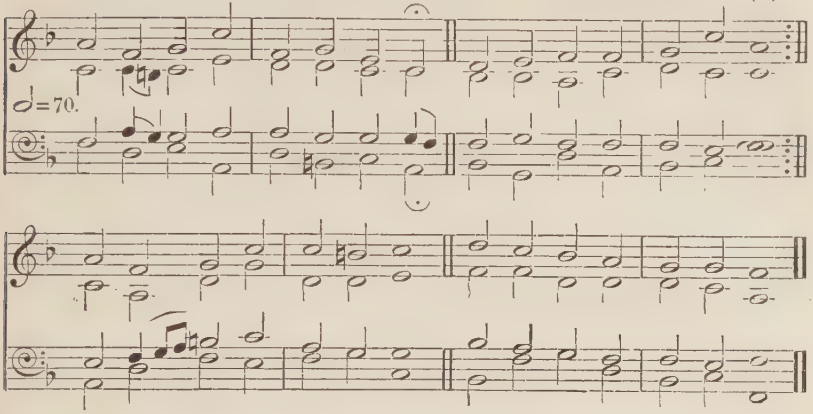
3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

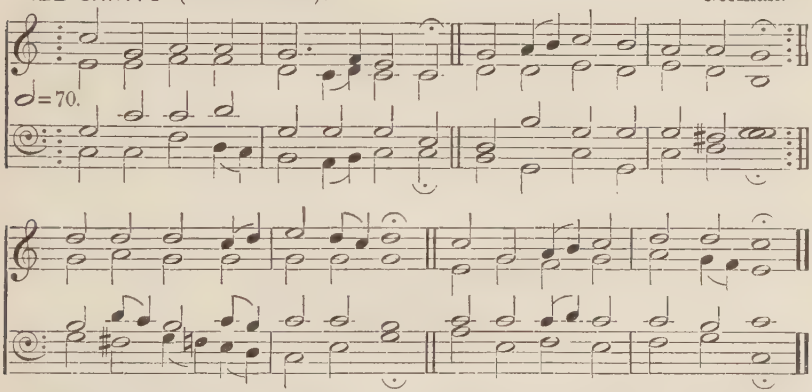
5 Sure hope doth thither lead us:
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ the Sun That lightens
His Church above, below,
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.

ICH BEGEHR NICHT MEHR (*First Tune*). J. CHRISTOPHER BACH (?).




ALL SAINTS (*Second Tune*). German.




1 Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their Heav'nly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouch'd by Time's rude hand;
Whence came all this glorious band?

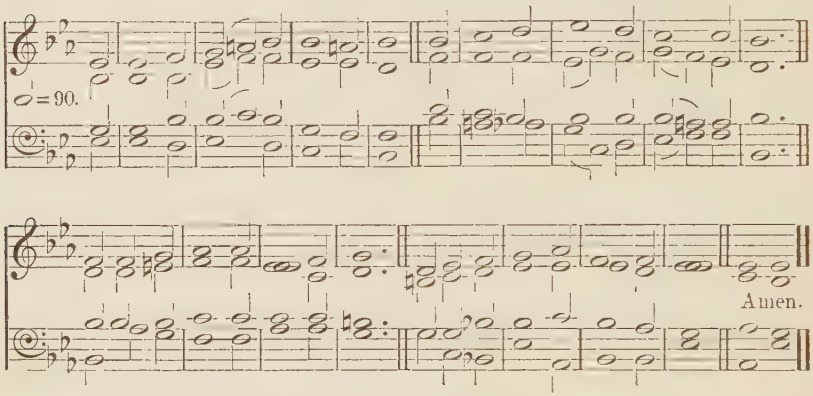
3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God hath bid them weep no more.

5 These th' Almighty contemplating,
Did as Priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most Holy Place
Blest they stand before His Face.

## 554 *COMMEMORATION OF THE DEPARTED.*

ANGELUS. GEORG JOSEPHI.




1 O LORD, to Whom the spirits live
Of all the Faithful passed away,
Upon their path that brightness give
Which shineth to the Perfect Day.

2 Bless Thou the dead which die in Thee,
And make their painful labours cease,
O purge them from impurity,
And give them Everlasting Peace.

3 In Thy green, pleasant pastures feed
The sheep which Thou hast summon'd hence,
And by the still cool waters lead
Thy flock in loving providence.

4 Heal Thou the wounds of earthly strife,
Pouring upon the faint Thy balm,
The wearied with the toils of life
Place in the breast of Abraham.

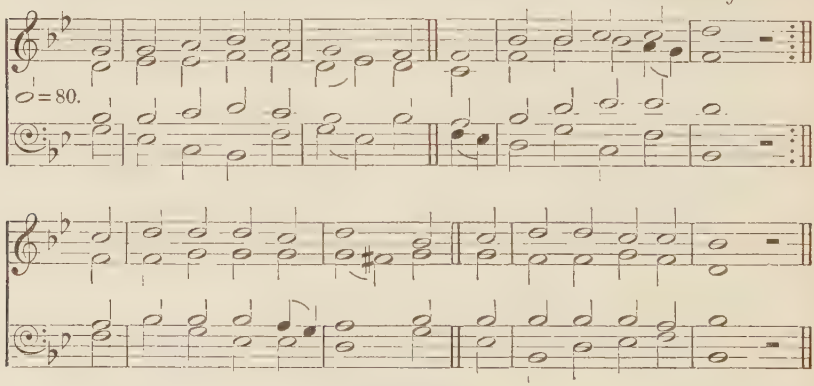
5 How long, O Holy Lord, how long
Must we and they expectant wait
To hear the gladsome bridal song,
To see Thee in Thy Royal State?

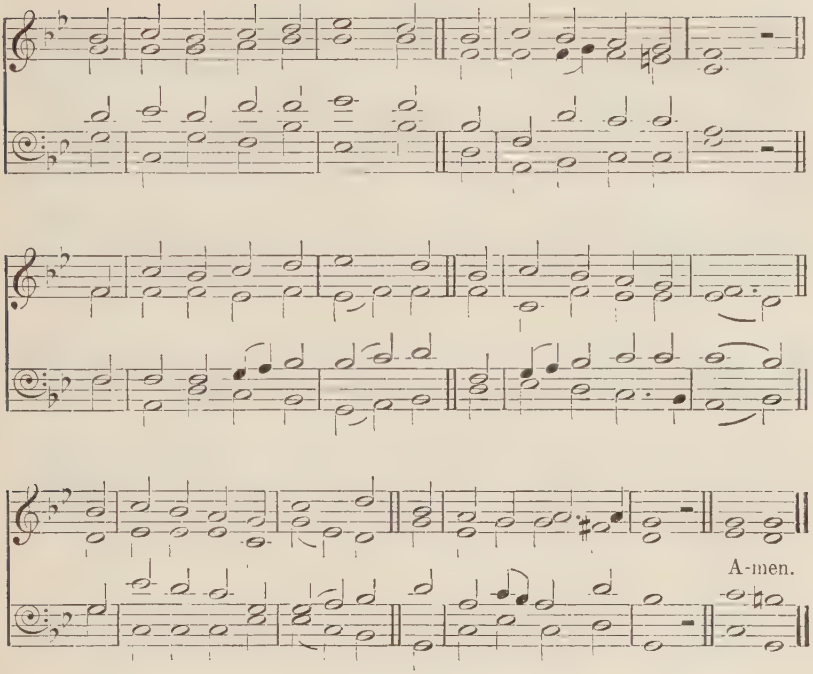
6 O hearken, Saviour, to their cry,
O rend the Heavens and come down;
Make up Thy jewels speedily,
And set them in Thy golden Crown.

7 Direct us with Thine Arm of Might,
And bring us, perfected with them,
To dwell within Thy City bright,
The Heavenly Jerusalem.

## 555

WITH PAIN EARTH'S JOYS ARE MINGLED. *Trier Gesangbuch.*





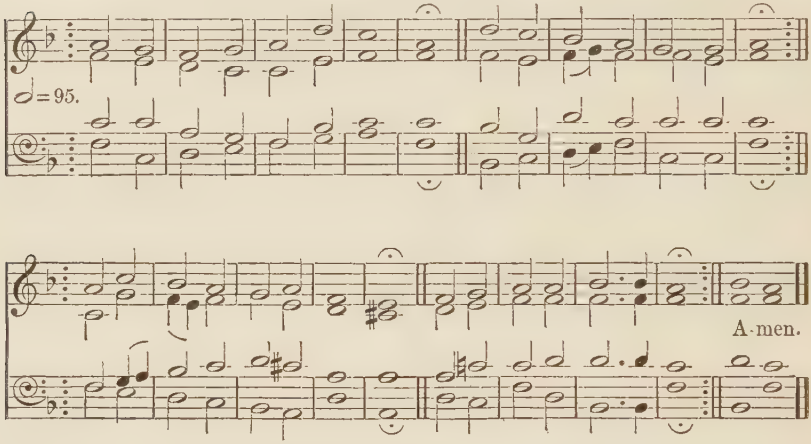

1 With pain earth's joys are mingled,
Earth's glories will not stay,
And, feebler than a shadow,
Like dreams they fade away:
In one brief sudden moment
Death comes to take their place;
But Thee we pray, Lord Jesu,
With Thine unclouded Face,
Regard with gracious favour
Our brethren call'd away;
Lord, grant them joys unfading,
And rest that lasts for aye.

2 Vain, vain are all possessions
That men may gather here;
They last for us no longer
When death is coming near;
Our wealth hath no abiding,
Fame may not with us go;
When death is hasting onward,
They vanish with their show:
So with Thy gracious favour
Regard our dead we pray;
Lord, grant them joys unfading
And rest that lasts for aye.

3 Where are the world's affections,
Where dreams of earthly gain,
Where are the gold and silver,
And where the serving train?
All, all are dust and ashes,
All are but as a shade;
So to the King Eternal
Be our petition made:
Regard with gracious favour
Our brethren call'd away;
Lord, grant them joys unfading,
And rest that lasts for aye.

## 556 *S. KATHARINE V.M.*

S. GOTEBALD'S TUNE. GAUNTLETT.



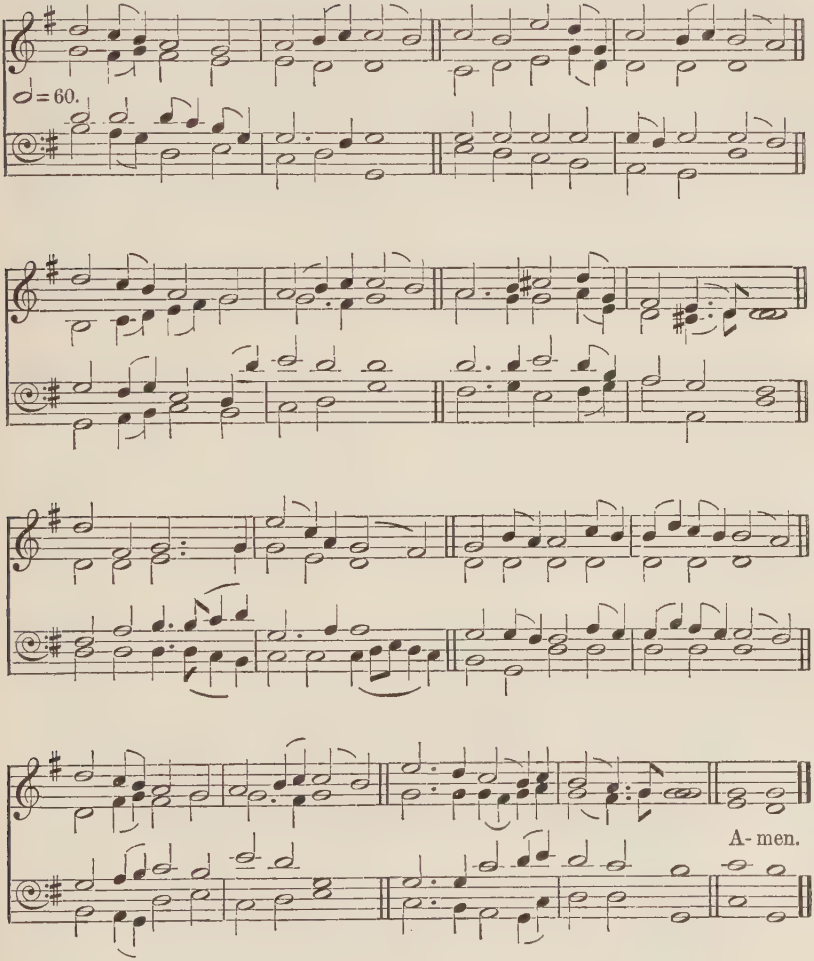

1 BRIGHT among the Virgin-Martyrs,
Whom the Holy Church reveres,
Stands Saint Katharine, brave, undaunted,
Firm amidst her hopes and fears:
What to her the wheel of torture?
What the dungeon's dreary shade?
Hunger, cold, and sharp temptation?
She her willing choice had made.

2 True to Jesus Christ her Master,
Him alone she cares to serve;
Love for Him will give her courage,
And for ev'ry trial nerve;
So she stood, and taught the Sages
Lessons deep of Saintly lore;
What if men could hurt the body?
That they could—but nothing more.

3 Then to Christ she yields her spirit,
Meets with smiles the headsman's steel,
While, around her, bands of Angels,
All unseen, her bliss reveal.
So may we, though all unworthy,
Join at length the Martyr-host,
Praise with them, through Endless Ages,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 557 *APOSTLES.*

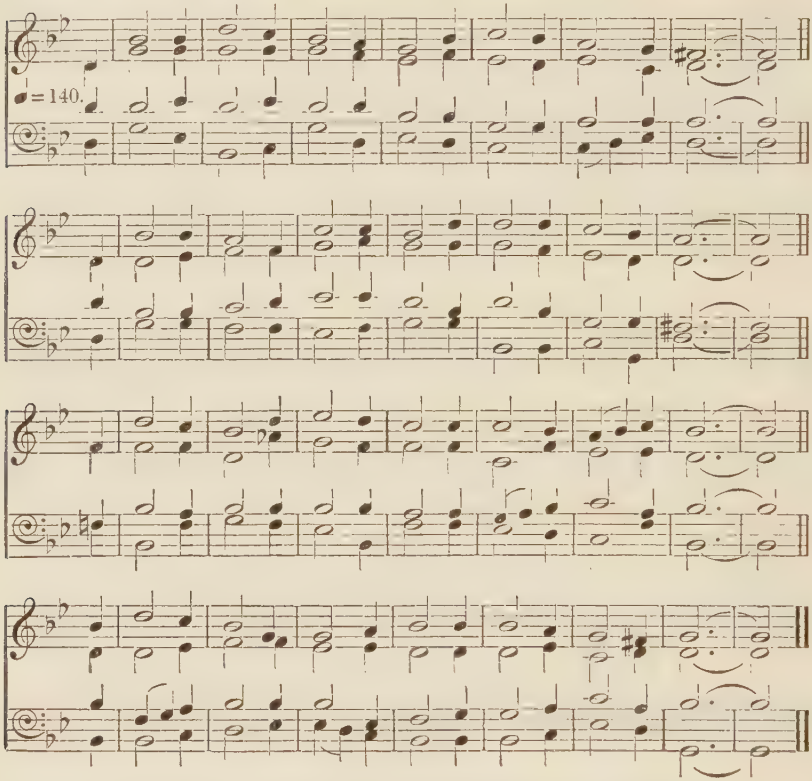
CHRIST CHURCH. BATTISHILL.




1 LET the Church of God rejoice
For th' Apostles' fostering cares,
For the sounding of their voice,
For their preaching and their prayers:
These the Lord our God did choose
To the furthest lands to go:
These the Husbandman did use,
Holiest seed on earth to sow.

2 In the New Jerusalem
Twelve Foundations firm are laid:
On the Apostles of the Lamb
Is the glorious Building stay'd:
Bound to Christ, our Corner-Stone,
Firmly built on them, may we,
One in heart, in doctrine one,
In the Heav'nly Temple be.

THE LEADERS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST. French Air.




1 The Leaders of the Church of Christ, Twelve Stars of holy light,
First in their Master's Kingdom, first Proclaimers of His Might,
Despised on earth, yet high in Heav'n the Church her Chiefs shall tell,
When sitting on their Thrones they judge the Tribes of Israel.

2 They pour'd the rays of Truth Divine on darkness and decay;
Glad tidings sped, the idols bow'd, foul spirits shrank away;
The chains fall from the slaves of sin, the tear was dried from grief:
To those within the veil of death their message brought relief.

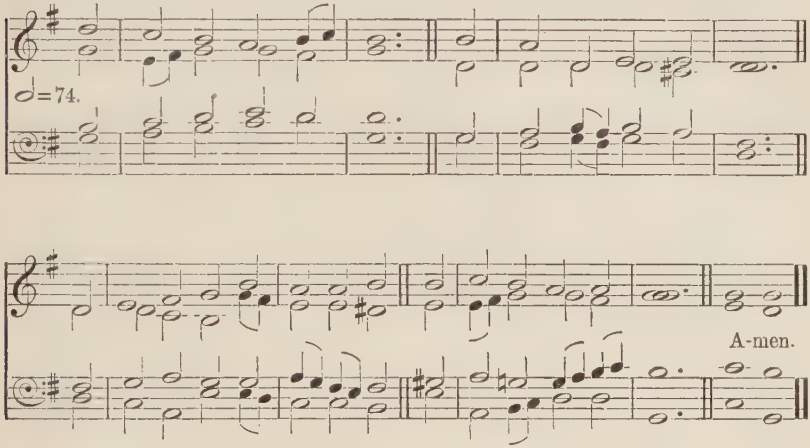
3 It was not by the sword and spear, nor power of human might,
Nor speech of human wisdom, that they triumph'd in the fight;
But by the Cross of Jesus, and by virtue of His Name,
They dared the foe, and won the crown, despising death and shame.

4 O glorious task, to tread the path, which they triumphant trod!
O perfect freedom, that in Christ true service pays to God!
O beautiful, as morning's song, the voice which speaks release!
O beautiful upon the Hills the Messengers of Peace!

5 Still therefore, Twelve of Jesus, doth the Church delight to sing,
How ye led the nations captive to the Footstool of their King;
Still she bears your message onward, till all earth shall own her Lord,
Till her warfare be accomplish'd, and Himself her Great Reward.

## 559 *COMMON OF EVANGELISTS.*

S. ETHELWALD. W. H. MONK.




1 FROM Sinai's trembling peak,
In trumpet-blasts from Heav'n,
And thunders of a threat'ning God,
The olden Law was given

2 To us the selfsame Lord,
Attempered to our gaze
By the soft veil of Flesh, Himself
In love and grace displays.

3 On the hard rock engraved,
The Law from Sinai's Hill,
Precepts supplied, but gave no strength
These precepts to fulfil.

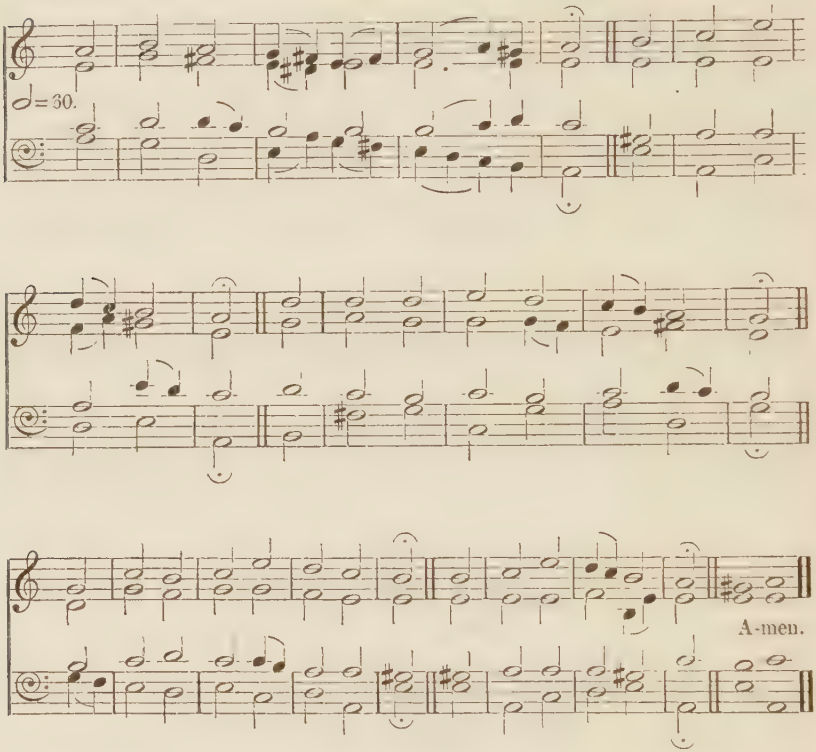
4 Stamp'd in the heart, the Law,
Which Christ proclaim'd anew,
With its commandment also gives
The strength to will and do.

5 This Law with faithful pen
Ye wrote, O scribes of God;
Preach'd it by holiest word and deed,
And seal'd it with your blood.

6 O may that Spirit Blest,
Who touch'd your lips with fire,
These same Eternal Words of Life
Deep in our hearts inspire.

**560**

WENN MEINER SUND'N MICH KRÄNKEN. Hiller's *Choralbuch.*




1 Heralds of Jesus through all time,
Who, speaking day by day,
Have scatter'd wide, through ev'ry clime,
Those truths that in the depths sublime
Of olden Scripture lay.

2 What under night's mysterious screen,
Veil'd in a shadowy hue,
Was by the Prophets dimly seen,
'Twas yours without a veil between
In naked day to view.

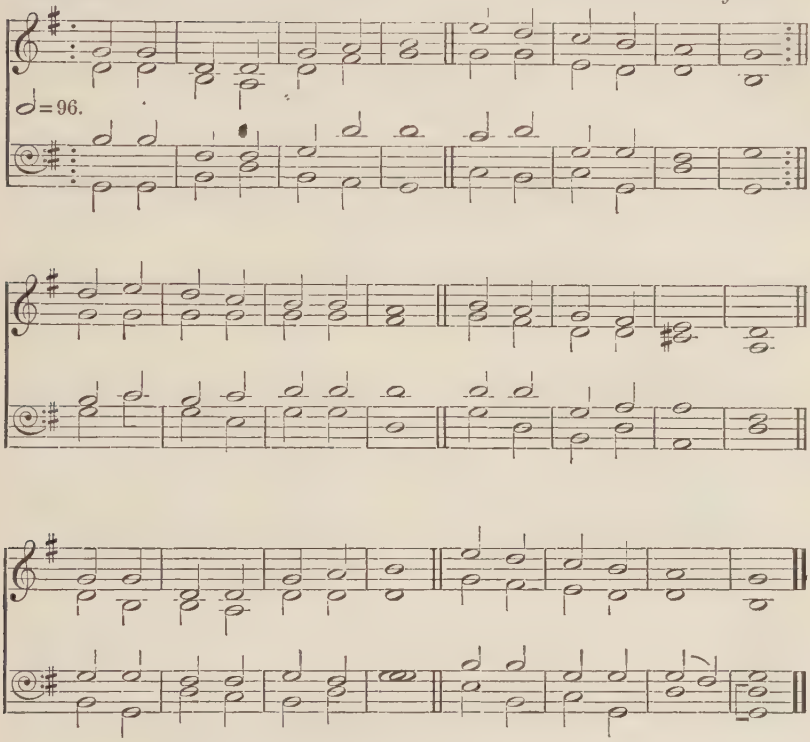
3 What Christ, True Man, Divinely wrought,
What God in Manhood bore,
Your pens to ev'ry age have taught
In words with inspiration fraught,
That live for evermore.

4 Although in space and time apart,
Yet by One Spirit sway'd,
One were ye all in mind and heart,
And with a more than human art
One Perfect Christ portray'd.

5 To God the Blessed Three in One,
Whom Angel-hosts adore,
From men on earth let praise be done,
With Saints whose earthly course is run,
Now and for evermore.

## 561 *COMMON OF MARTYRS.*

LÆTARE. *Aachen Gesangbuch.*




1 Let our Choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness,
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Open'd Heav'n's bright Portal;
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on th' immortal.

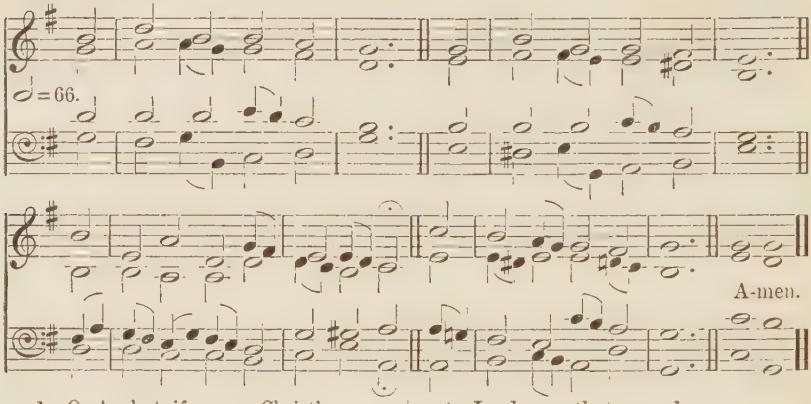
2 Never flinch'd they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the Land
Deck'd in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish;
And Eternal Hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish
He, Who trod the self-same road,
Death and Hell defeated;
Wherefore these their passions show'd
Calvary repeated.

4 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
O the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it!
Who will grasp the Land of Life?
Warriors! up and win it!

## 562

OH! WHAT, IF WE ARE CHRIST'S. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the Crown of Glory be
When we have borne the Cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When Martyr'd Saints, baptized in [blood,
Christ's Suff'rings shared below:

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the Bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

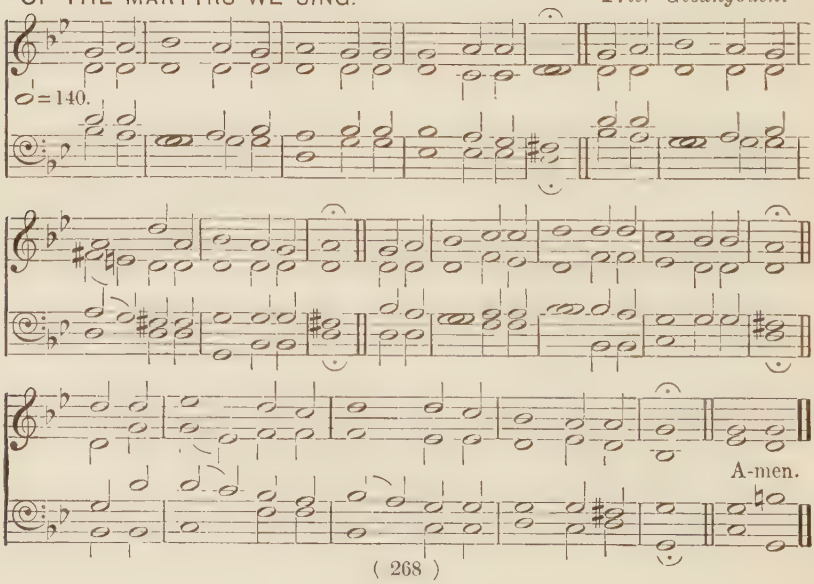
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy Feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom Heav'n and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

## 563

OF THE MARTYRS WE SING. *Trier Gesangbuch.*



Of the Martyrs we sing
Whom the purple adorns,
Who have follow'd their King
In His dread Crown of Thorns.

Now their storms are all pass'd,
And their dark sea of blood
Hath convey'd them at last
To their Haven of good.

Though the tyrant be stern,
Yet they fear not his rod,
For their fears nought discern
But the terrors of God.

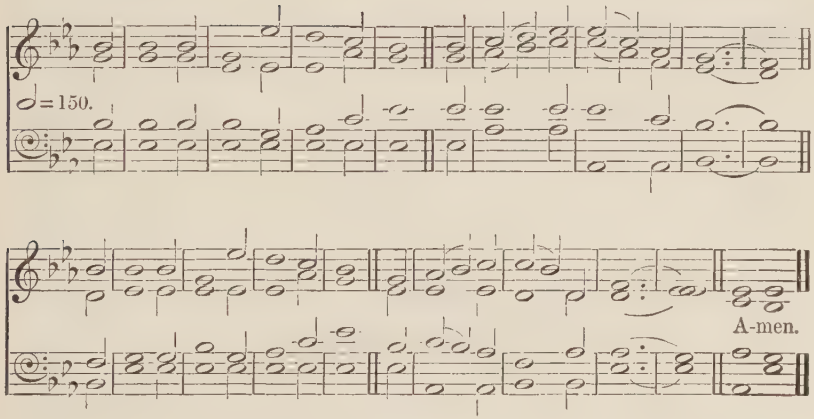
When fierce foemen pursue,
Their life-blood they afford
As an offering due
To their Suffering Lord.

With His own Martyrs' blood
Then His Blood also pleads,
Which once flow'd on the Rood,
And for them intercedes.

Dread Jehovah we sing,
In Christ Jesus made known;
Of all Martyrs the King,
Of all Martyrs the Crown.

## 564

S. NICHOLAS. Traditional.




*Or Tune of* 326, *S. James.*

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A Kingly Crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his Cross below,
He follows in His train.

3 The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

7 A Noble Army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
In robes of light array'd.

8 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

THEIR NAMES ARE NAMES OF KINGS.

Anon.

A. *Vivace.*

♩ = 100.

B. *For the third and last verses only.*

A-men.

* Very slight pause.

A. 1 Their names are names of kings
Of Heav'nly line,
The pride of earthly things
They dared resign.

A. 2 Chieftains they were, who warr'd
With sword and shield;
Victors for God the Lord
On foughten field.

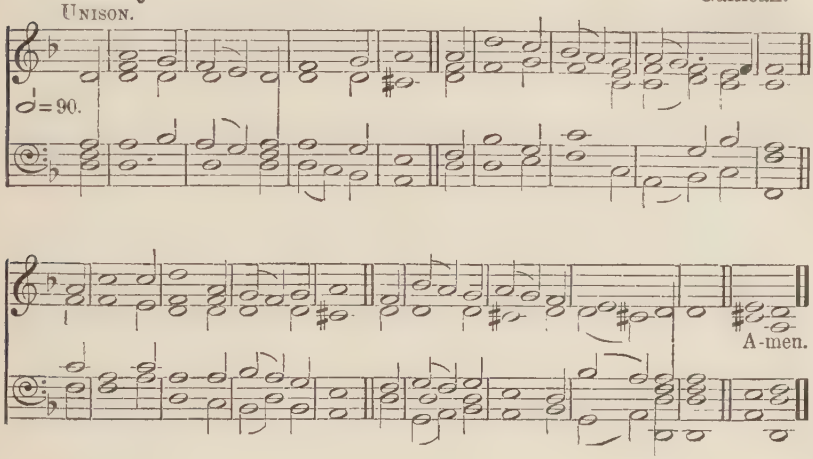
B. 3 Sad were their days on earth,
Mid hate and scorn;
A life of pleasure's dearth,
A death forlorn.

A. 4 Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days;
Only man's blame below—
Above, God's praise!

B. 5 So did the life of pain
In glory close;
Lord God, may we attain
Their grand repose.

## 566 *COMMON OF CONFESSORS.*

O AMOR QUAM EXTATICUS. Gallican.




1.

Not by the Martyr's death alone
The Saint his crown in Heav'n has won,
There is a triumph-robe on High
For bloodless fields of victory.

2.

What though he was not call'd to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died;
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

3.

What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful Sacrifice.

4.

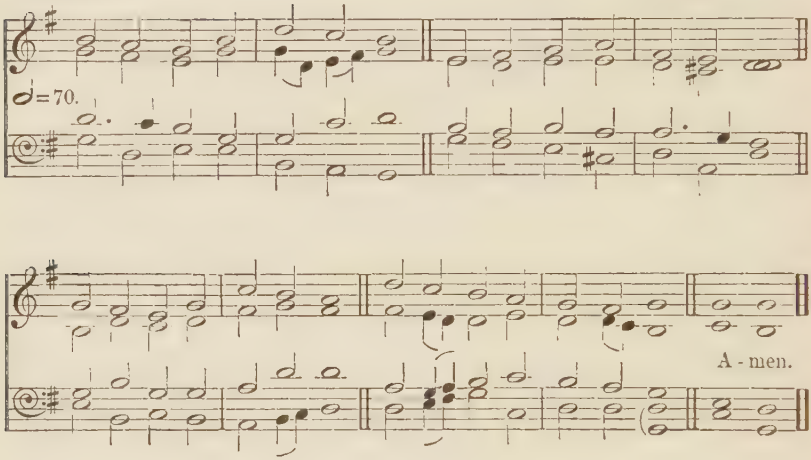
Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn
That we through life to die may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
May live with Thee for evermore.

5.

O Fount of sanctity and love,
O perfect Rest of Saints above,
All praise, all glory, be to Thee
Both now and through Eternity.

## 567 HERMIT SAINTS.

VIENNA. J. H. KNECHT.




1.

HERMITS of the Desert waste,
Tenants of the mossy cell,
Hail to you, who nobly faced
All the raging Hosts of Hell.

2.

Scanty herb and running brook
All your simple fare supplied;
All your rest the chilly rock
Hollow'd in the mountain side.

3.

Asp and adder gliding by,
Howling fiends of angry night,
Gloomy portents of the sky
Smit your soul with no affright;

4.

Where the Golden Mansions glow,
Thither had she sped her way;
From the veil of night below,
Mounting to Immortal Day.

5.

Honour, glory, Majesty,
To the Father and the Son.
With the Holy Spirit be,
While Eternal Ages run.

## 568 *DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH.*

ECCLESTONE. BOYCE.

♩=75.

A - men.

1 O Thou th' Eternal Father's Word,
What though on earth Thy Voice is heard
No longer, as of yore;
Still, age by age, Thou dost supply
With holy Teachers from on High
Thy Church for evermore.

2 They to the long hoar-headed line
Of Fathers pointing—as they shine
Far in the Ages deep—
Preserve the ancient doctrines pure;
Confute new errors; and secure
The Great Deposit keep.

3 All praise to Thee, Who by the pen
Of Saintly Doctors, teaching men
Thy truths, O Truth Sublime!
Without a voice, without a sound,
Thy grace diffusest all around,
Thy glory through all time.

## 569 COMMON OF VIRGINS.

JESU, CORONA VIRGINUM.

Gregorian Melody.
MODE I.

*Unison. A tempo rubato.*

♩=90.

A - men. . .

1.
O LAMB of God, Whose love Divine
Draws Virgin-souls to follow Thee,
And bids them earthly joys resign,
If so they may Thy Beauty see;

2.
The Saint of whom we sing to-day
Was faithful to Thy loving call;
And, casting other hopes away,
Took Thee to be her God, her All.

3.
To Thee she yielded up her will,
Her heart was drawn to Thine Above,
Content if Thou wouldst deign to fill
Thine handmaid with Thy perfect love.

4.
Beneath Thy Cross she loved to stand,
Like Mary in Thy dying hour,
That blessings from Thy pierced Hand
Might clothe her with undying power.

5.
With power to win the Crown of Light
For Virgin-souls laid up on High,
And ready keep her lamp at night,
To hail the Bridegroom drawing nigh.

6.
And surely Thou at last didst come
To end the sorrows of Thy bride,
And bear her to Thy peaceful Home
With Thee for ever to abide.

7.
All glory, Jesu, for the grace
That drew Thy Saint to follow Thee;
Grant us too in Thy love a place
Both now and through Eternity.

## 570 COMMON OF VIRGIN MARTYRS.

S. BONIFACE. *Trier Gesangbuch.*

♩=90.

A-men.

1 Lilies white and roses red,
Virgin-Martyr, crown thy head;
Lilies for a Virgin white,
Roses for a Martyr bright.

2 Holding fast the Glorious Faith,
Firm in life, and firm in death,
Wishing but for Christ to live,
Thou for Him thy life didst give.

3 Trampling sin beneath thy feet,
Thou didst Satan's wiles defeat;
Thou the Heav'nly prize didst gain,
Spurning threats and earthly pain.

4 Glory to the Three in One,
While Eternal Ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Call'd us to His glorious Light.

## COMMON OF ANY SAINT.

**571**

TIBI, CHRISTE, SPLENDOR PATRIS (*First Tune*). Gregorian Melody.

UNISON.

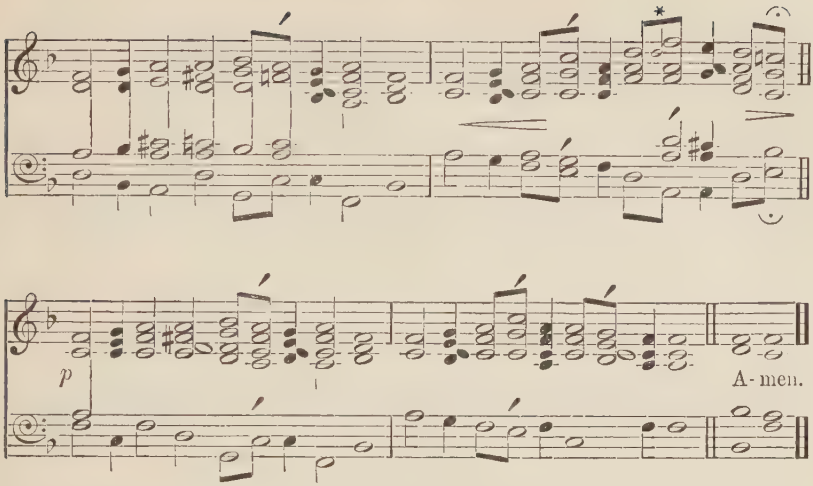
A-men.

CHRIST'S OWN MARTYRS (*Second Tune*). G. F. COBB.

UNISON.

♩=90.

# Common of Saints.




* D is an alternative note for F.

1.

Christ's own Martyrs, valiant Cohort,
White-robed and palmiferous throng,
Ye that 'neath the Heav'nly Altar
Cry, "How long, O Lord; how long?"
Tell us how the fiery struggle
Ended in the Victor-song?

2.

"'Twas His care that watch'd beside us,
His Right Arm that brought us through;
So the fiercer wax'd our torture,
His bright love the sweeter grew;
Till the men that kill'd the body
Had no more that they could do."

3.

Christ's Confessors, noble victors
O'er the world, and self, and sin,
Tell us how ye faced the onset
From without and from within:
Ne'er the stretch'd-out lance withdrawing;
Resolute the Land to win?

4.

"He, with each a fellow-pilgrim,
Was our more than sword and shield:
So they two went on together,
So they two won many a field;
If He for us, who against us;
If He succour, who can yield?"

5.

Christ's dear Virgins, glorious lilies,
Tell us how ye kept unstain'd
Snowiest petals through the tempest,
Till Eternal Spring ye gain'd:
Snowiest still, albeit with crimson
Some more precious leaves were vein'd?

6.

"In the place where He was buried
There was found a Garden nigh;
In that Garden us He planted,
Teaching us with Him to die,
Till to Paradise He moved us,
There to bloom Eternally."

7.

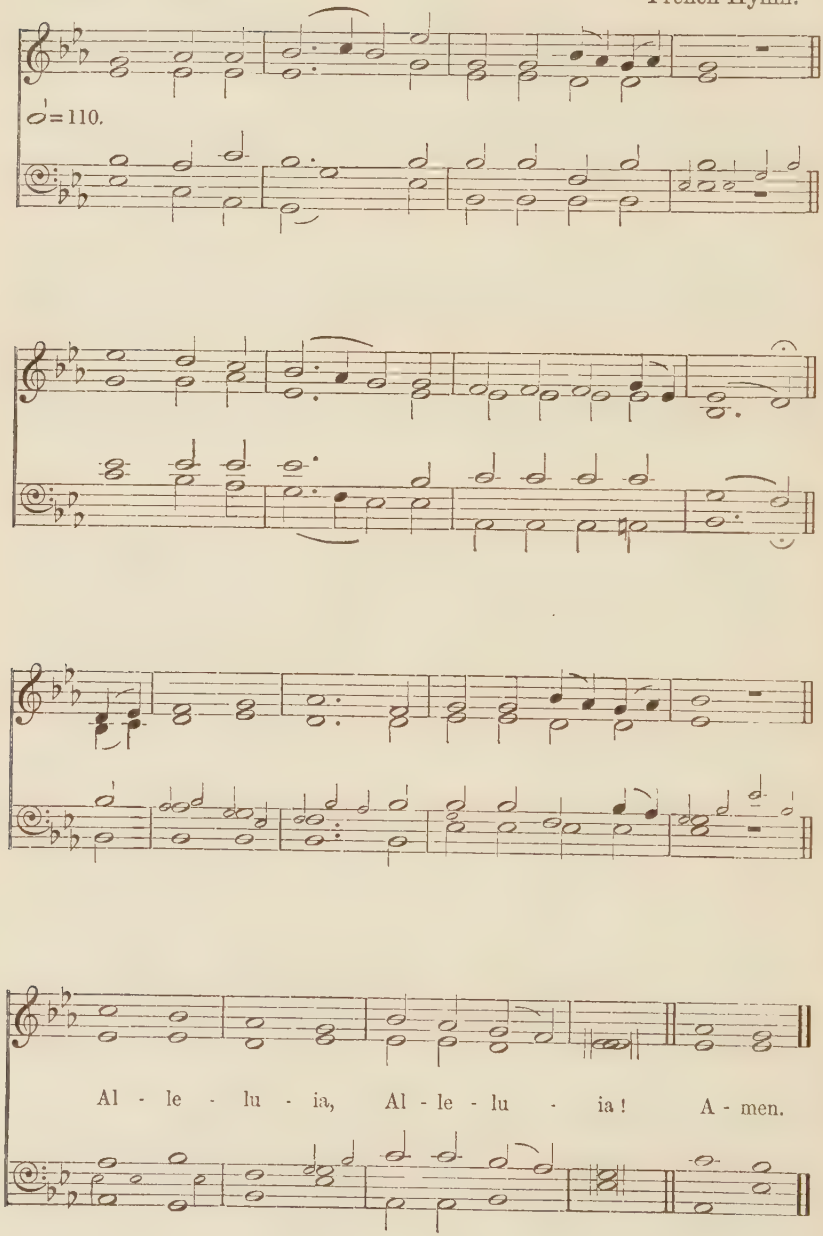
All Christ's Saints, that none may number,
Out of ev'ry land and tongue,
Ye that by the fire and crystal
Have your crowns in worship flung;
Tell us how ye gain'd the Region
Where the Unknown Song is sung?

8.

"Glory, honour, adoration,
To the Lamb That once was slain;
Virtue, riches, power, the Kingdom,
To the Prince That lives again,
His entirely, His for ever,
His we were, and His remain."

ALLHALLOWS

French Hymn.



1 For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their One True Light.
Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

4 O blest Communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in Glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

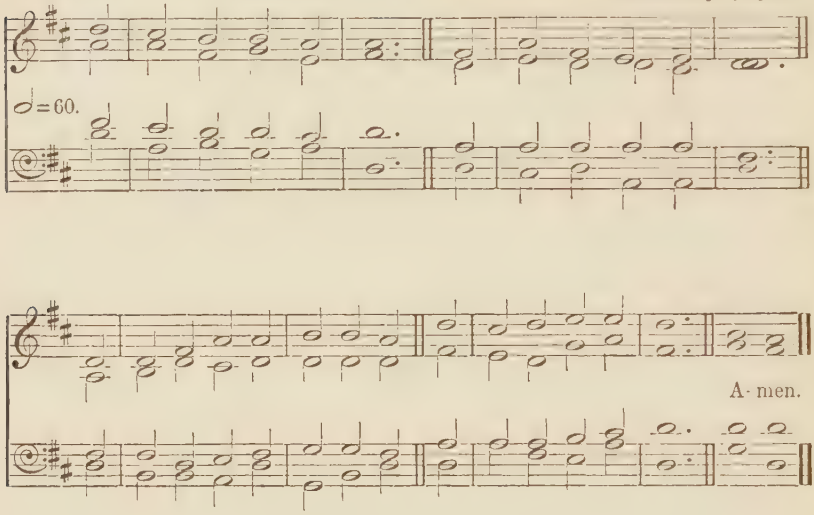
6 The golden evening brightens in the West;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the Calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more Glorious Day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless Host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIUM.

By permission.
From *Songs of Syon.*




1 For Thy dear Saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, ador'd,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For Thy dear Saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

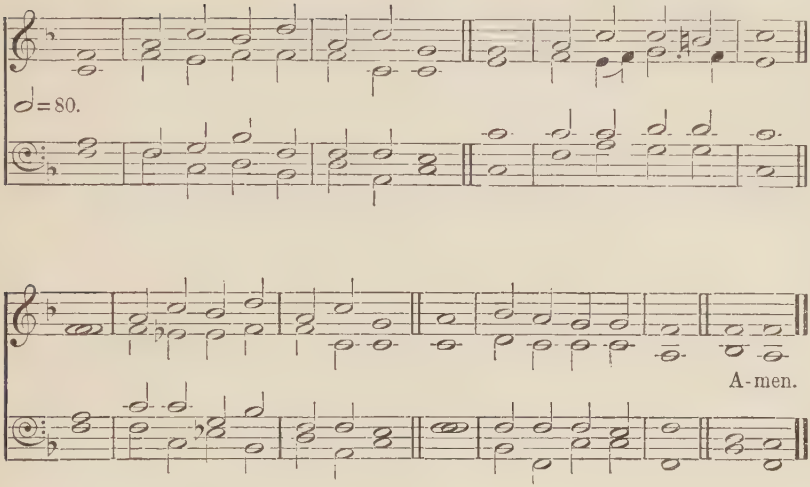
3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy Saints Above,
In one Communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesu, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.

5 All might, all praise, be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,
While endless Ages run.

# 574 Common of Saints.

YORK. Ascribed to JOHN MILTON'S Father.




1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints Above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His Death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised Rest.

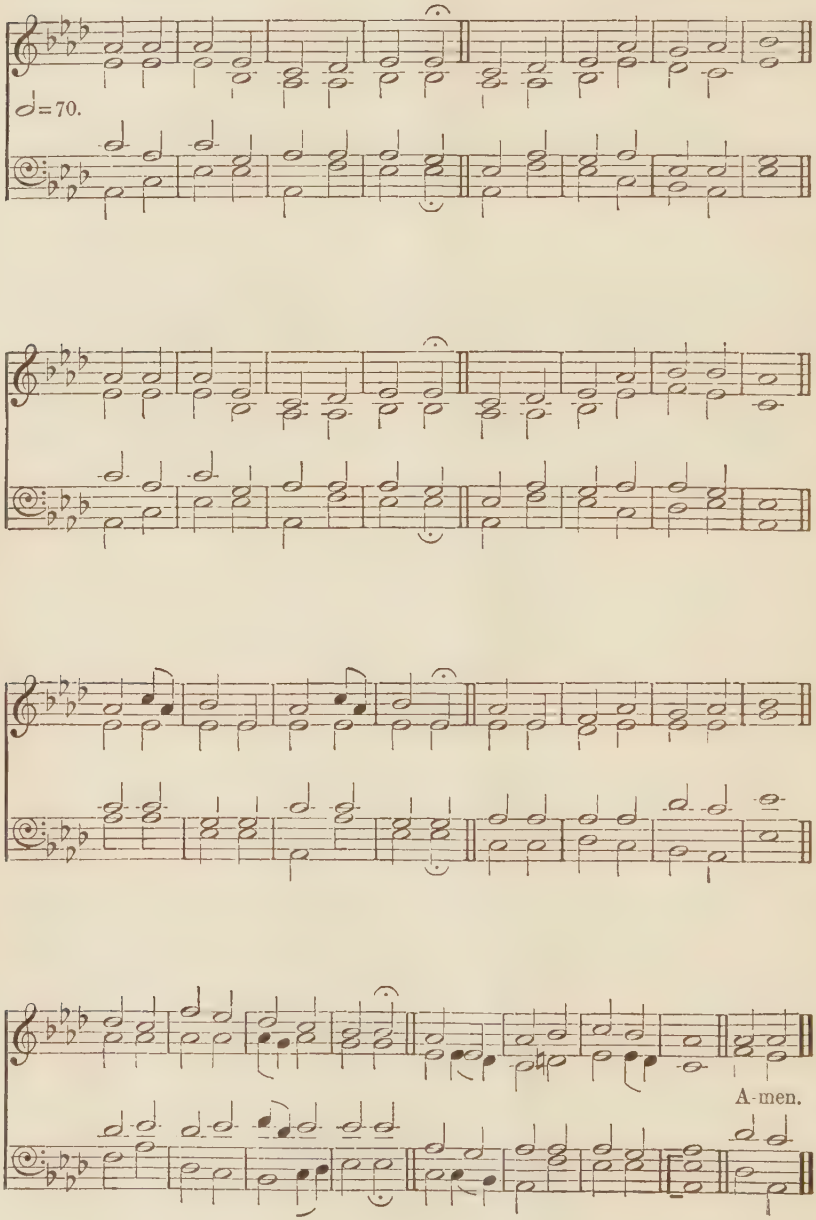
5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heav'n.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

575

REX ANGELORUM.

German Chorale.



1 Hark the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the Crystal Sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to Thee.
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr,
Confessor, Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, Godly Matron,
Widows who have watch'd in prayer,
Join'd in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in Blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd Death and Satan,
By the Might of Christ the Lord.

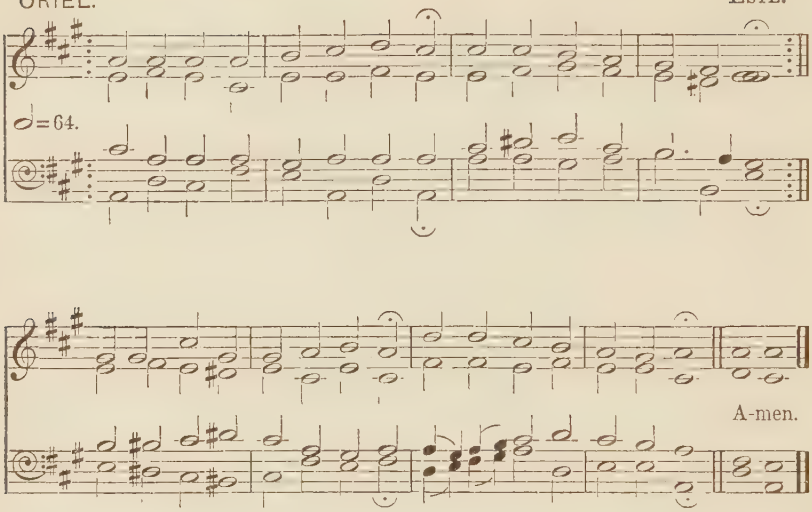
4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner
They have triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in Heav'nly Glory,
Now they walk in Golden Light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

6 God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, join'd together,
All the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

576

ORIEL. ESTE.




1 If there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the Blest,
He perchance can weigh the gladness
Of the Everlasting Rest,
Which, their earthly warfare finish'd,
They through suff'ring have possess'd.

2 Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their mem'ry they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

3 They behold their Tempter fallen,
Bound with chains for evermore;
To the Saviour, That redeem'd them,
Those redeem'd ones praises pour;
And the Monarch, That rewards them,
Those rewarded Saints adore.

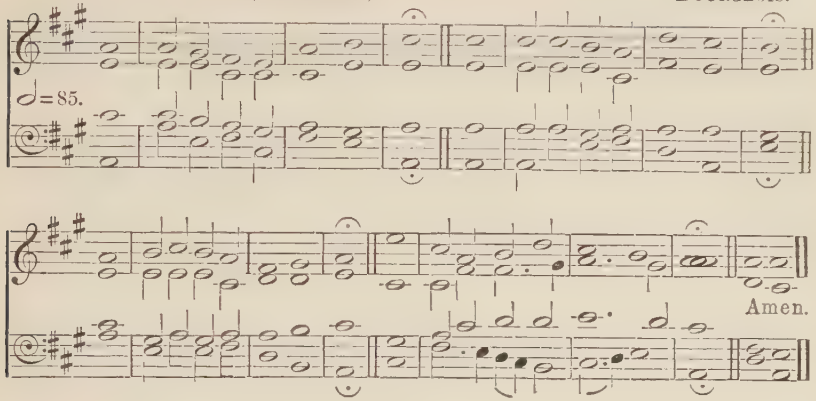
4 In a glass, through types and shadows,
Here to us the truth is shown;
There serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known;
Fixing our enlighten'd vision
On the Glory of the Throne.

5 There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall reveal'd in glory be;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
And the Awful Unity.

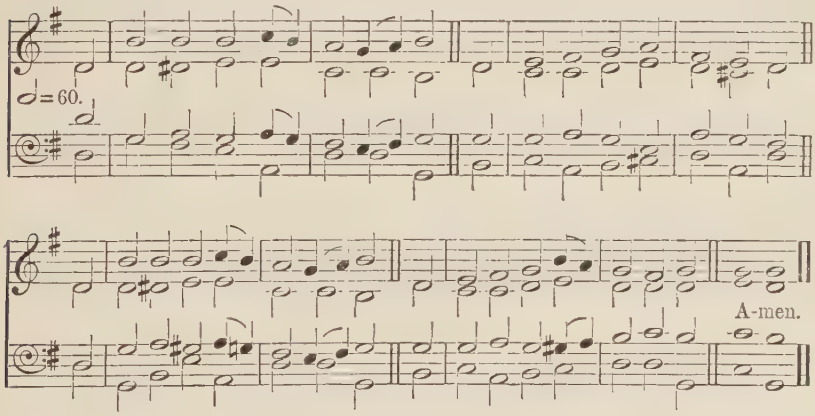
6 Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatso'er thy present pain;
Such untold reward, through suff'ring,
Thou may'st merit to attain;
And for ever, in His glory,
With the Light of Light to reign.

7 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Con-substantial, Co-eternal,
While unending Ages run.

OLD HUNDREDTH (*First Tune*). BOURGEOIS.




SCHUMANN (*Second Tune*). From R. SCHUMANN.




1.

Lo! round the Throne, a glorious band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in Blood.

2.

Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the Cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's Eternal Glory blest.

3.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His Grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

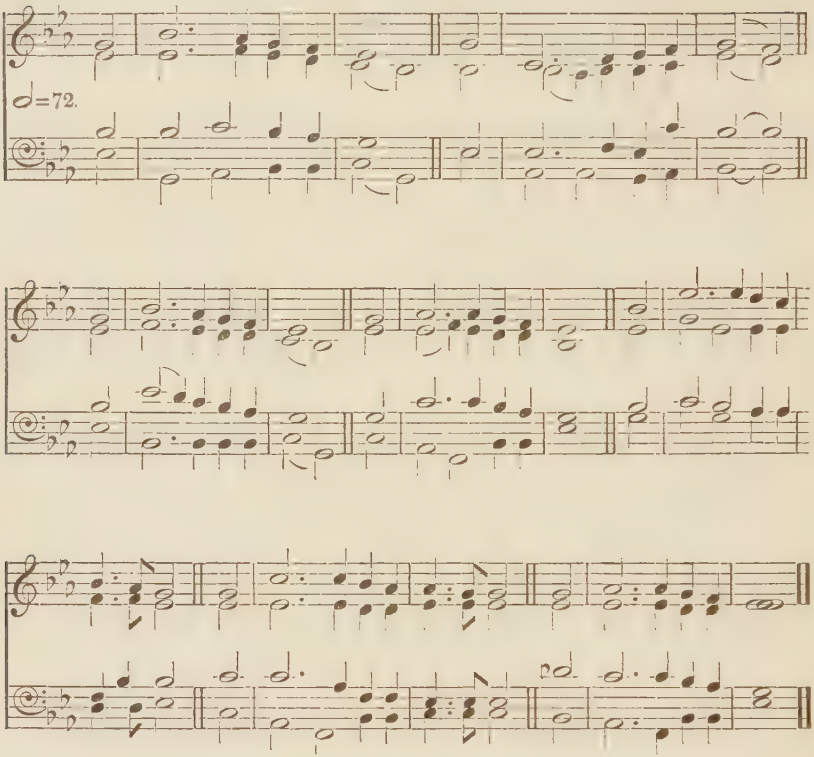
4.

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy Blood,
And made us Kings and Priests to God."

5.

O may we tread the sacred road,
That Saints and holy Martyrs trod:
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a Crown of Life.

O KING OF SAINTS.




1.

O King of Saints, to Thee
We lift our anthems blest,
In songs of victory
For all Thy Saints at rest;
For we are one with Saints above,
One through the Eucharist of Love,
For ever—evermore.

2.

Their trials now are done,
Their conflicts all are past,
Their triumphs all are won,
The Crown is gain'd at last:
They stand before the Throne of Light,
As victors in a hard-fought fight,
For ever—evermore.

3.

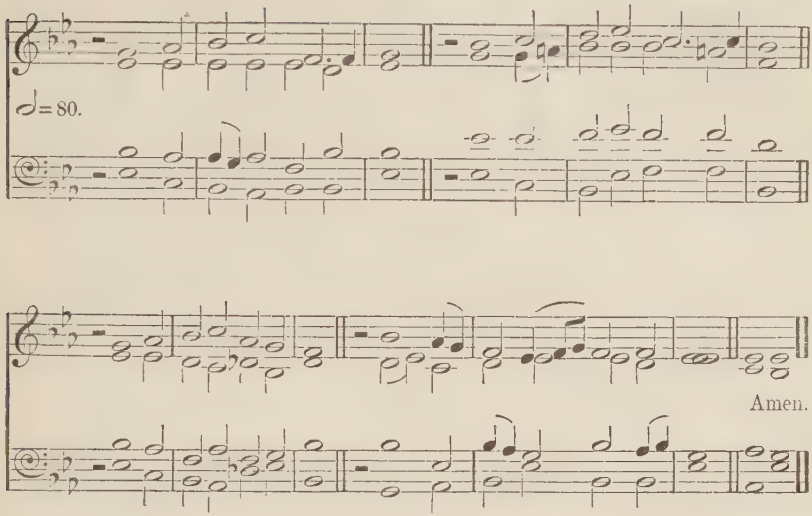
Around our Altars bend,
Ye Angels from on High,
With ours your voices blend
In hymns of victory:
For they, whom once ye guarded here,
Can cause you now no further fear,
For ever—evermore.

4.

And ye, Blest Saints at rest,
Not all unmindful, view
Your comrades now distress'd
By ills which once ye knew;
O hearken, Saviour, to their prayer:
Unite us with Thy loved ones There,
For ever—evermore.

# 579 Common of Saints.

CANTERBURY. ORLANDO GIBBONS (Melody and Bass).




1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the Saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the Throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Vict'ry through His Cross alone.

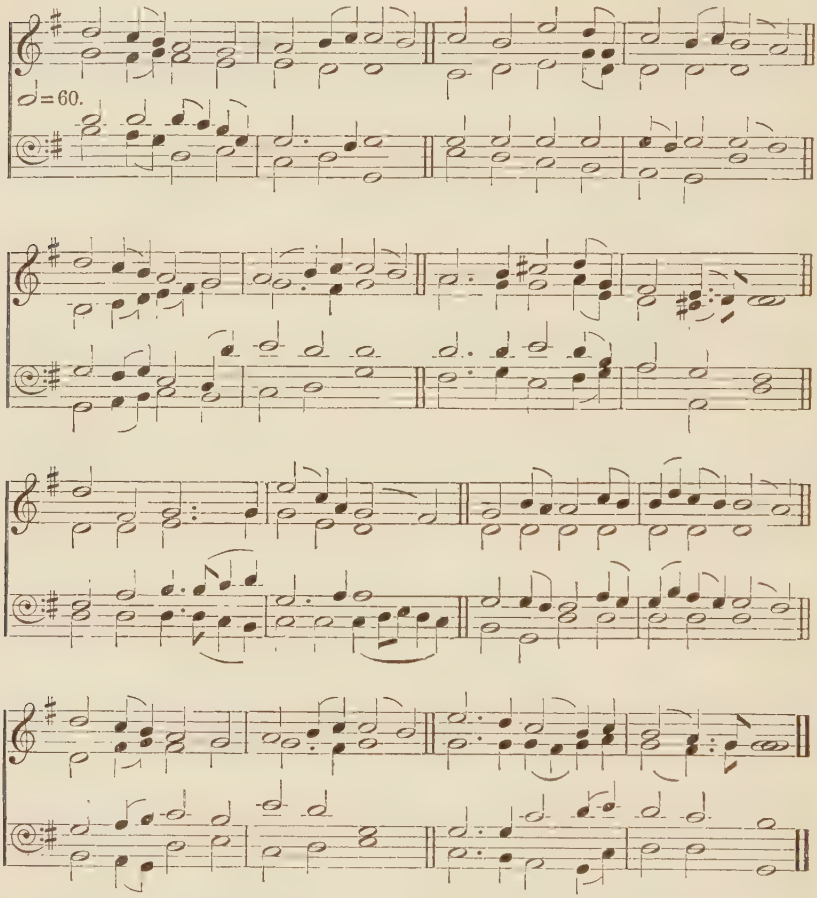
3 Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

4 Round the Altar Priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness,
And His Blood that made them so.

5 They were mortal too like us;
Oh, when we like them must die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on High.

580

CHRIST CHURCH. BATTISHILL.



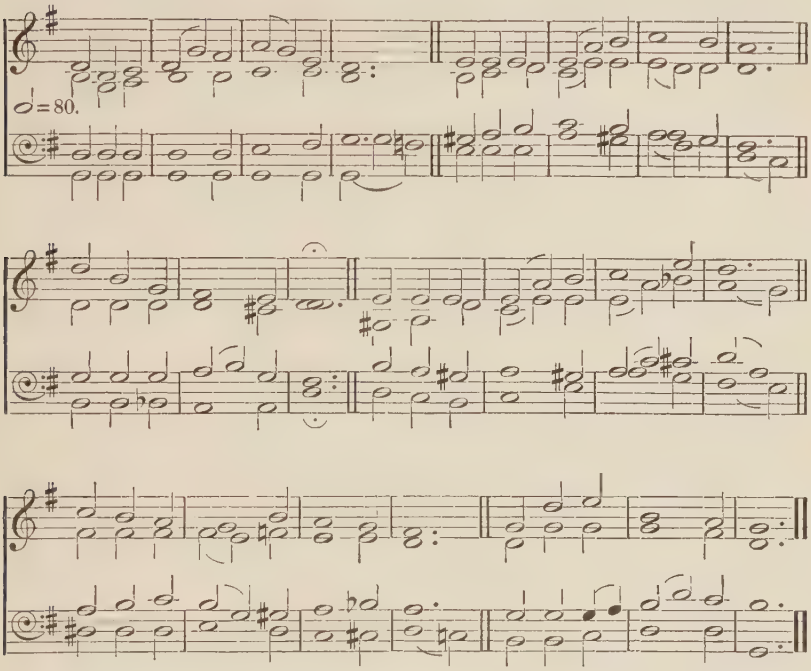

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the Altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant Song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, Honour, Glory, Power,
Wisdom, Riches, to obtain,
New Dominion ev'ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the Throne of God,
Seal'd with His Almighty Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's Might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to Living Fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

## 581 *COMMON OF THE B.V. MARY.*

AVE MARIA. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 AVE Maria! blessed Maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' Holy Dove!

2 Ave Maria! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caress'd,
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favour'd beyond Archangel's dream,
When first on thee with tend'rest gleam
The New-born Saviour smiled.

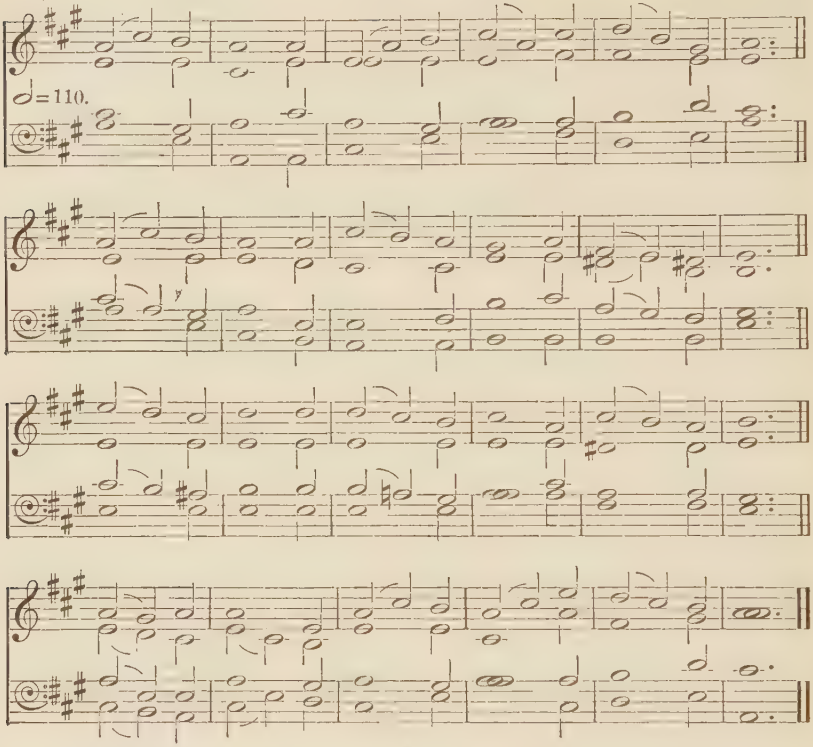
3 Thou wept'st, meek Maiden, Mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy Sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven:
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side Heav'n?

4 A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer:
E'en from the Tree He deign'd to bow
For her His agonizèd Brow,
Her, His sole earthly care.

5 Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

582

ROSE OF SHARON. French Air.




1 Every generation,
Mary, calls thee blest,
Lady, first of women
By the Church confest,
Since Saint Gabriel's message
Fell upon thine ear,
Filling thee with gladness,
As with holy fear.

2 Blesséd, then and always,
Christ's dear Mother thou,
Mary, highly favour'd,
God is with thee now!
Graced by God the Spirit,
Jesu's resting place,
Hail, thou Queen of Virgins,
Hail, thou "full of grace."

3 Daughter, meek, obedient
To the Father's word,
Mary, Israel's Lily,
Who, Heav'n's tidings heard:
Virgin, yet a Mother,
Though we know not how,
Matron, Maid for ever,
Christ's dear Mother thou.

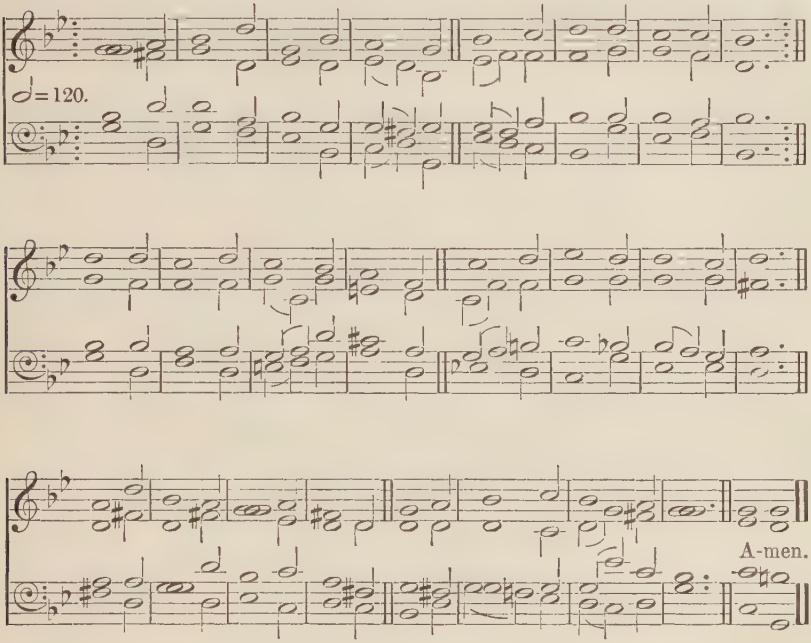
4 Mary, Star of Ocean,
Light amid the gloom,
Since the True Light tarried
In thy spotless womb;
Evermore we love thee,
Shrine of Royal Child,
Mother of our Saviour,
Maiden Undefiled.

5 Though so far above us
Mother, thou art ours,
In the world's hard conflict,
And in death's dark hours;
In our hearts we throne thee;
To thy Son we bow,
Giving Him the glory,
Christ's dear Mother thou.

6 Pattern thou of meekness,
Purity and love,
Crown'd with stars for beauty,
In the Home Above;
All thy children bring thee
Praise of sweet accord,
For thou art our Mother,
Mother of our Lord.

## 583

O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE. Darmstätter *Gesangbuch.*




1 O MY tongue, the praise and honours
Of the Mother-Maid rehearse,
Whose Divine and Gracious Offspring
Frees us from the olden curse.

2 Lost are we in loving wonder,
While her bliss we contemplate;
Happy as a stainless Mother,
Blesséd in her Virgin state.

3 Eve's transgressions closed the portals
Of earth's Paradise to man;
But at Mary's meek obedience
Heav'n to ope its gates began.

4 We, through Eve, received the sentence
With eternal vengeance rife;
But the Way that came through Mary
Leads to Everlasting Life.

5 O Thou ever pure yet fruitful
Parent, yet for ever Maid,
Gentle Mother, like the palm tree,
Thou hast Fruit of Life display'd.

6 Now, through thee on earth arising,
Shines the new and Heav'nly Light,
Driving back the clouds and shadows
Of the black and ancient night.

7 Now the rich are weak and empty,
As thou said'st in song of old,
And the poor are fill'd with plenty,
As thy prophecy foretold.

8 Mother, yet a stainless Virgin,
He, Who deign'd thy Son to be,
Is the King of kings, and Maker
Of the sky, and earth, and sea.

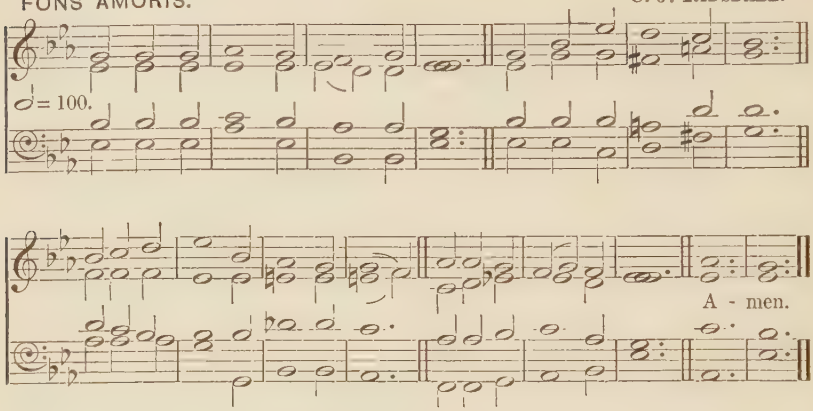
9 Bless we now that King victorious,
Who did thee for mother own,
Born of thee for our salvation,
He our Health and Peace alone.

10 May He then to thee conform us,
May He give a heart like thine,
Hating sin, and loving Jesus,
Fill'd with purity Divine.

584

FONS AMORIS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well?
And in His Temple, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell?

2 Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.

3 And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be;
In it to suffer for our sake,
By it to make us free.

4 Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food;
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of God.

5 O wondrous depth of Grace Divine
That He should bend so low!
And Mary, oh, what joy 'twas thine
In His dear love to know.

6 Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
And thine the truer bliss,
In ev'ry thought, and deed, and word,
To be for ever His.

7 And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well:
And in His Temple year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.

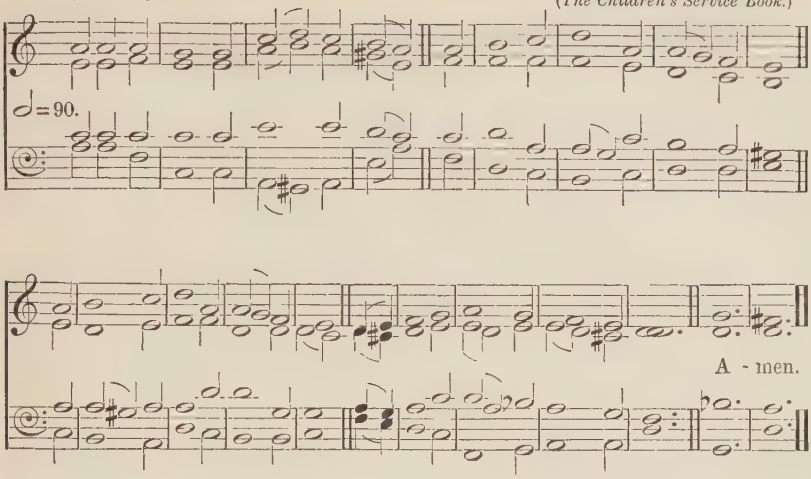
8 Jesu, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

# Common of B.V. Mary.

**585**

RHEINLAND.

*Trier Gesangbuch.*
*(The Children's Service Book.)*




1 Thou shalt be crown'd, O Mother blest!
Our hearts behold thee crown'd e'en now:
The crown o motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.

2 Thou shalt be crown'd! More fragrant bays
Than ever poet's brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First Singer of the Church, are thine.

3 Thou shalt be crown'd! All earth and Heav'n
Thy coronation pomp shall see;
The Hand, by which thy crown is given,
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.

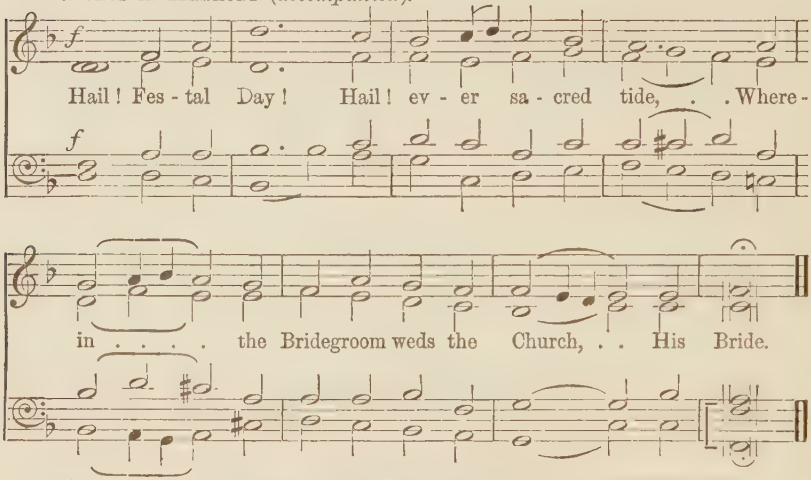
4 Thou shalt be crown'd! But not alone,
No lowly pomp shall weigh thee down;
Crown'd with the myriads round His Throne,
And casting at His Feet thy crown.

5 O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal Glory be to Thee!
Praise to the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

## 586 *DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.*

SALVE FESTA DIES. J. B. POWELL.

CHORUS IN HARMONY (*accompanied*).




N.B —The music of the Cantors' verses can be found in the 8vo copies (Novello & Co.).

*Or any of the tunes at* 455, 474, *or* 483.

1 HAIL! Festal Day! Hail! ever sacred tide,
Wherein the Bridegroom weds the Church, His Bride.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

2 This is the Court of God; the craving mind,
Here wealth of Solomon in peace may find.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

3 Here David's Son, Who Heav'n and earth doth span,
In this our mother-home is God and Man.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

4 Ye have a harmony with Heav'n above,
If but the Faith be kept, the bond of love.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

5 Here New Jerusalem, all pure and bright,
Descends from God, in bridal vesture dight.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

6 The King of Righteousness, within this place,
From Heav'n bestows the font's baptismal grace
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

7 'Tis here the soul draws nigh to David's Shrine,
Here finds the pledges mystical, Divine.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

8 This is the Ark of God, which goes before
Our steps, advancing on from shore to shore.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

9 Here Jacob's Ladder points the Heav'nly way,
Here we ascend to Life's Eternal Day.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day! &c.

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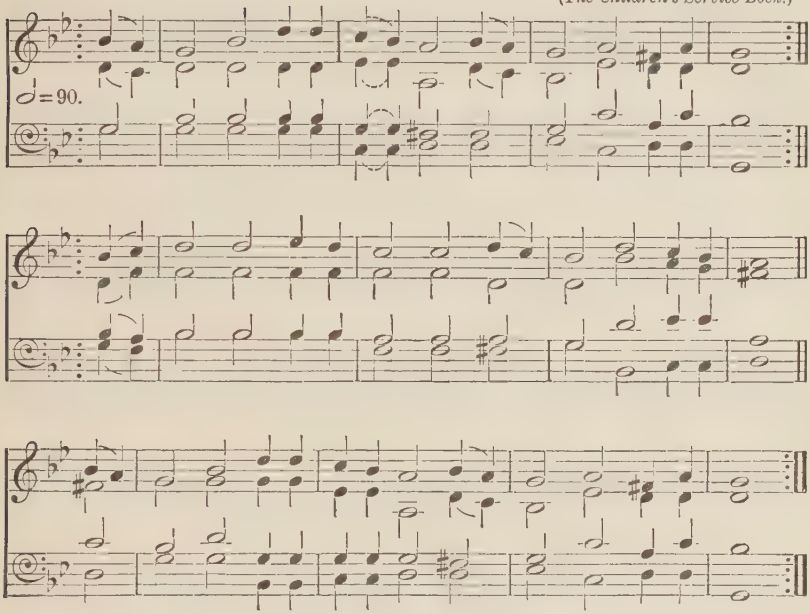
*Three* is the number of Cantors specified in the "Processionale."

# 587 Dedication of a Church.

PERGOLESI.

PERGOLESI.
*(The Children's Service Book.)*




1 ALL Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day:
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits;
Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!
All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day!

2 Thyself the Master Builder, oh! build us up in Thee,
A Temple pure and beautiful, where Thou wilt deign to be,
Precious, elect, compacted, Thyself the Corner-stone,
And full of love and graces sweet which Thou dost give alone.
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits:
Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!

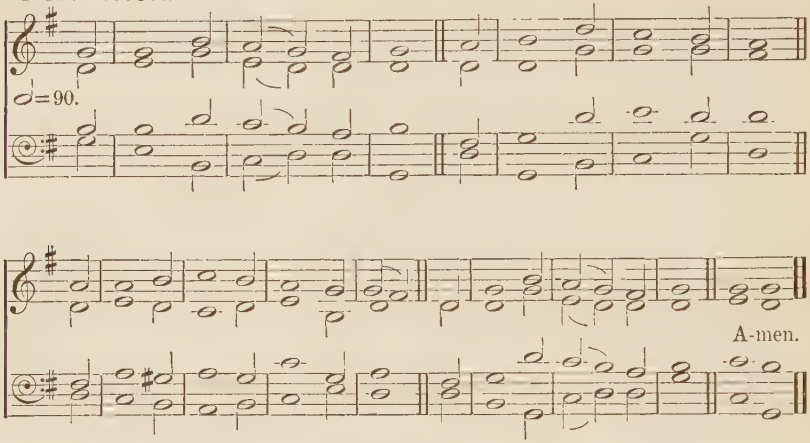
3 O Comforter most Blessed, Thou Source of Life and Light,
The Bride to-day is glorious in raiment fair and white;
Bring back the sheep that wander, raise up the souls that fall,
Give joy for tears to penitents, and robes of praise to all!
All Holy, Holy, Holy, to Thee our vows we pay,
With Eucharist and canticle, on this our Festal Day!

4 Vouchsafe us, Lord, hereafter, to see Thee face to face,
In peaceful glad Jerusalem, thrice holy, happy place;
Where Sacrament and Temple shall never more be known,
When Thou art Temple, Sacrifice, and Priest upon the Throne!
For Thee, O Lord Almighty, high praise in Sion waits;
Glad City of the King most High, lift up, lift up thy gates!

588

DEDICATION.

E. Gilding.




1 O Word of God above,
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this House with Thy sure love
And bless our Festival.

2 Here from the Font is pour'd
Grace on each guilty child;
The Blest Anointing of the Lord
Brightens the once-defiled.

3 Here Christ to faithful hearts
His Body gives for Food;
The Lamb of God Himself imparts
The Chalice of His Blood.

4 For sinful souls that pine
Sure mercies here abound;
The Judge acquits, and grace Divine
Heals ev'ry secret wound.

5 Yea, God enthroned on High
Here also dwells to bless;
Here trains adoring souls that sigh
His Mansions to possess.

6 Against this holy home
Dark tempests harmless beat,
And powers of evil fiercely come
But to endure defeat.

7 All might, all praise be Thine,
Father, Co-equal Son,
And Spirit, Bond of Love Divine,
While endless ages run.

## 589 *BAPTISM.*

O FATHER, THOU WHO HAST CREATED ALL. German.

♩=84.

O Fa - ther, hear! A - men.

*Org.*

*Before Baptism.*

1.

O Father, Thou Who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er *him* in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on *his* soul impress;
O Father, hear!

2.

O Son of God, Who diedst for us, behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take *him* to Thy Fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend *him* through this earthly strife,
And lead *him* on the path of life,
O Son of God!

3.

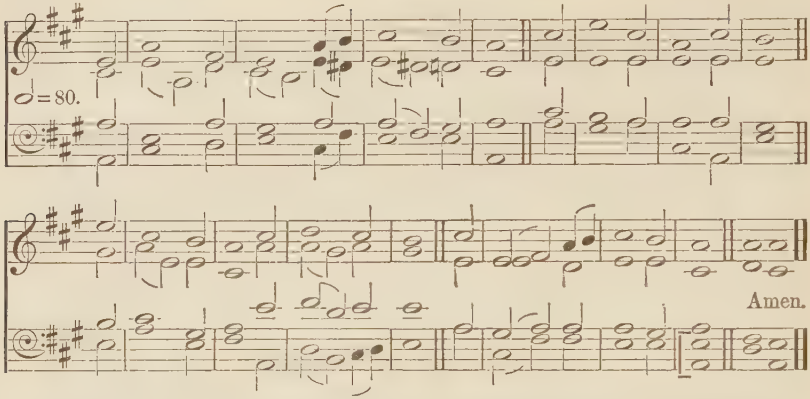
O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give *him* undying life, *his* spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant *him*, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

4.

O Tri-une God, may what we ask be done:
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on *him* Thy Light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Tri-une God!

## 590

MARTYRDOM. HUGH WILSON.




1 IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy brow
His glory and His shame;

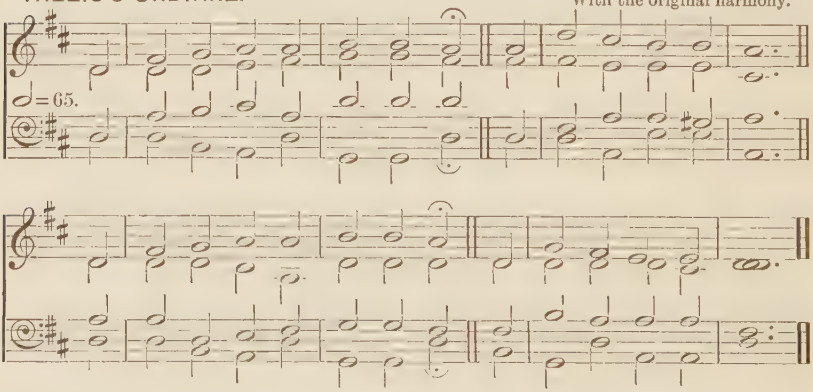
3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on High;

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown.

## 591

TALLIS'S ORDINAL. TALLIS.
With the original harmony.



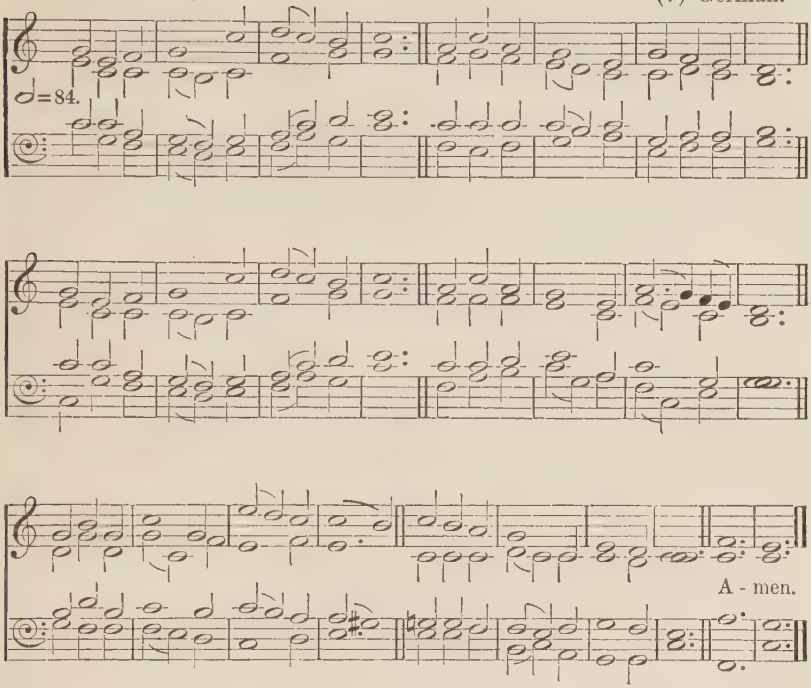

1 WITH Christ we share a mystic grave,
With Christ we buried lie;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.

2 The pure and bright baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain:
New creatures from the cleansing wave
With Christ we rise again.

3 Thrice blest, if through this world of strife,
And sin, and selfish care,
Our snow-white robe of righteousness
We undefiléd wear.

4 Thrice blest, if through the gate of death,
All glorious and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O Risen Lord, with Thee.

SWEET SAVIOUR. (?) German.




*After Baptism.*

1 O Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an Infant here,
So give this child of Thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day:
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.

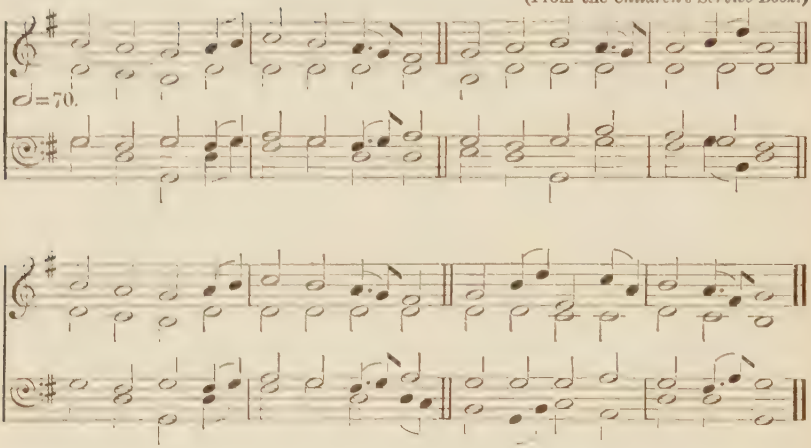
2 As in Thy Heav'nly Kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy lightest word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve:
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.

3 Their watch let Angels round *him* keep
Where'er *he* be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy Cross here let *him* bear,
That *he* Thy Crown with Saints may wear:
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee, Guard this child of Thine.

## 593 CONFIRMATION.

GALLIA.

MÉHUL.
(From the *Children's Service Book.*)




*Before Confirmation.*

1 Come! Our Father's Voice is calling
One by one His children dear;
He will raise the weak and falling,
He the fainting heart will cheer.

2 Come! The Lord Himself is leading
All His flock, for which He died;
Who can lack, with Jesus feeding?
Who can fall, with God to guide?

3 Come! The Spirit now is sealing
Souls that own their Heav'nly Birth,
Raising ev'ry thought and feeling
From the dying things of earth.

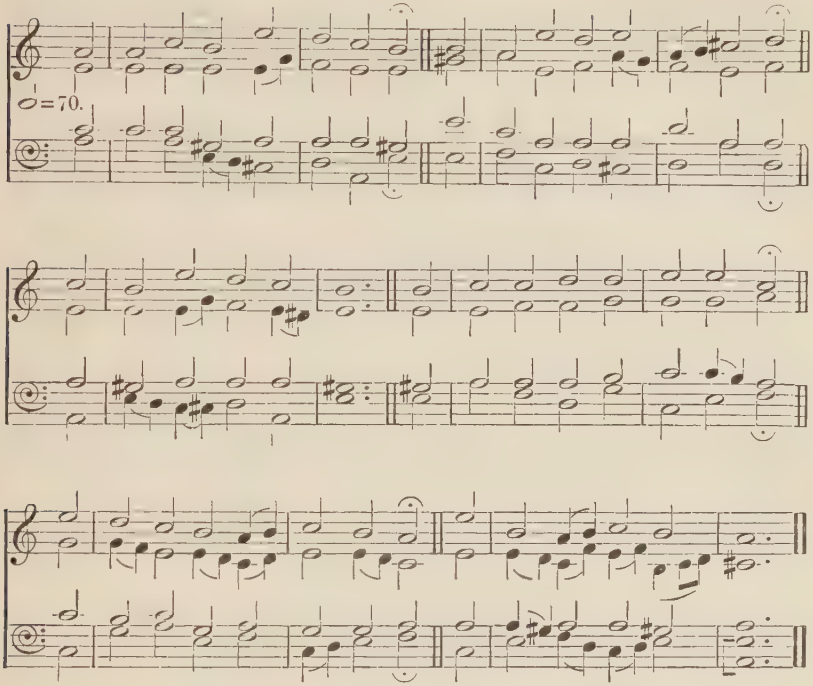
4 Come! The joys of youth are fleeting;
Earthly friends around us fall:
Soon may come that awful meeting
With the silent Judge of all.

5 Come! Our God hath set before us
Life and death—our choice to-day;
Let us, while the Light is o'er us,
Seek and find the Heav'nward way.

6 Come with awe, for God will hear us,
When we speak our solemn vow:
And the Holy Spirit near us
Will His Sevenfold Gifts bestow.

## 594

WARUM BETRUBST DU DICH. German Chorale.




*Before Confirmation.*

1.
Here, in Thy Presence, dread and sweet,
Thee, dearest Spirit, we intreat
Thy Sevenfold Gifts to shed
On us, who fall before Thee now,
Bearing the Cross upon our brow
On which our Master bled.

2.
Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities
To Heav'nly truth and love.
Spirit of Understanding true!
Our souls with Heav'nly light endue
To seek the things above.

3.
Spirit of Counsel! be our Guide;
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our Heav'nly Crown to win.
Spirit of Fortitude! Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

4.
Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
In Thine own paths so safe and sweet
By Angel footsteps trod:
Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be
Spirit of gentle Piety!
To keep us close to God.

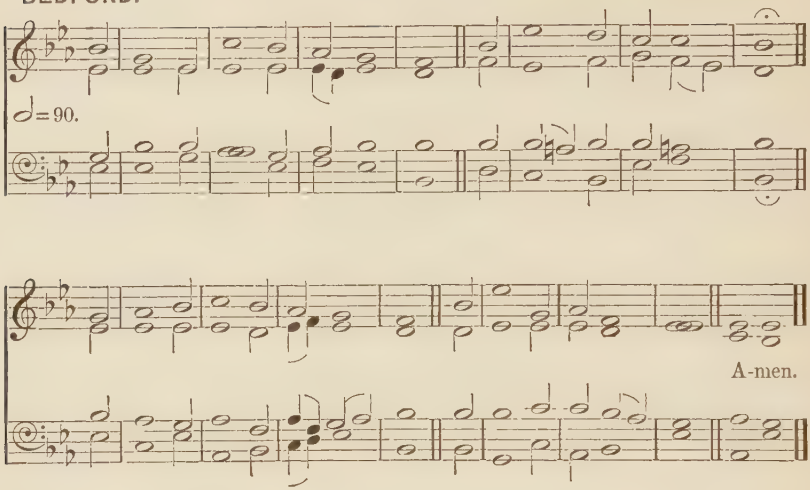
5.
But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most Holy Fear!
In our heart's inmost shrine;
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most holy Will,
All-righteous and Divine.

6.
So lead us, Lord, through peace or strife,
Onwards to Everlasting Life,
Where only rest may be:
What matter where our lot is cast
If only it may end at last
In Paradise with Thee.

595

BEDFORD.

WHEALE.




*Before Confirmation.*

1.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2.

Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let ev'ry sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3.

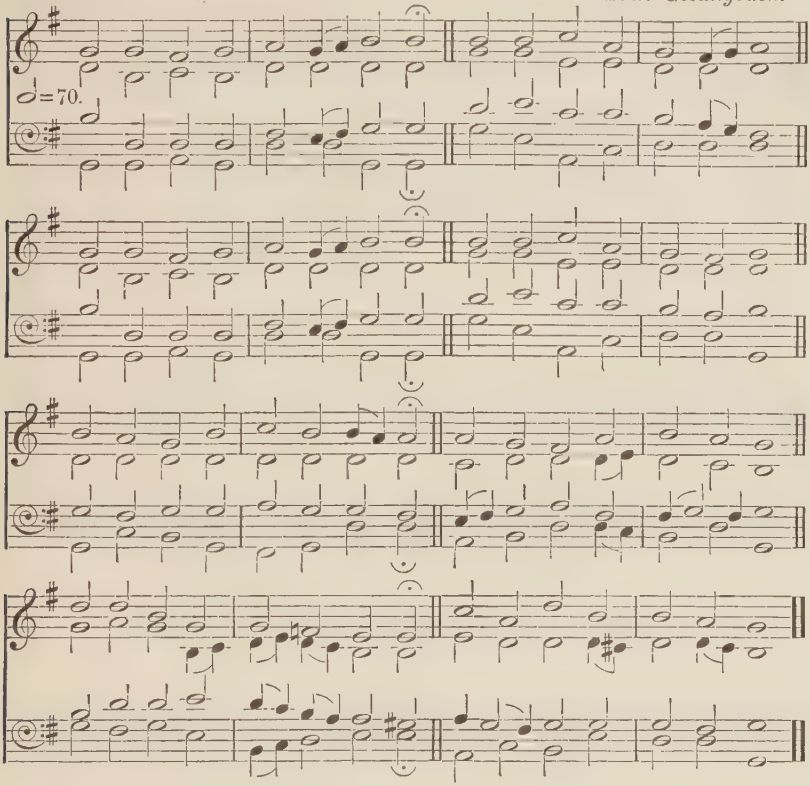
Anoint me with Thy Heav'nly grace,
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy Glorious Face,
And worship near Thy Throne.

4.

Let ev'ry thought, and work, and word,
By Thee be ever blest;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the Gate of Rest.

## 596 THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of ev'ry nation
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia, He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the Forty Days were o'er,
Shall our Hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the Crystal Sea.

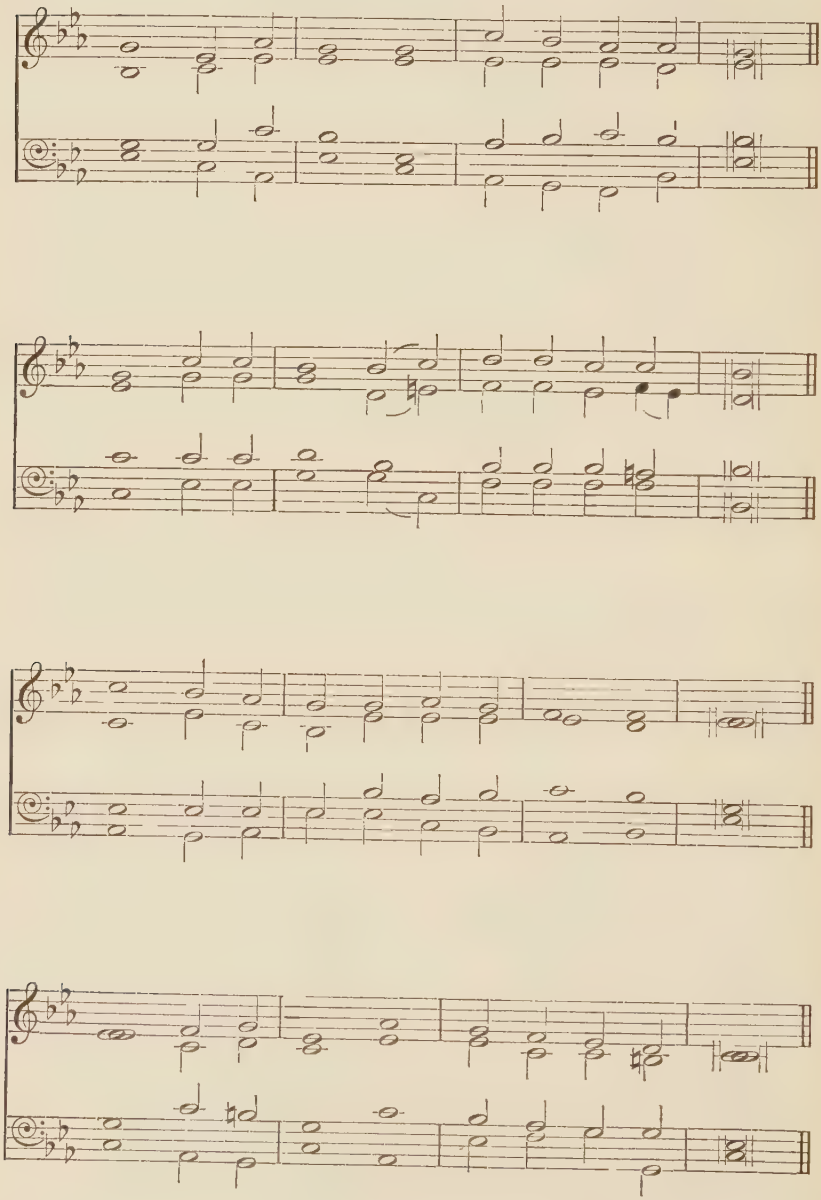
4 Alleluia! King Eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluia, born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy Throne;
Thou within the veil hast enter'd,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of ev'ry nation
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood.

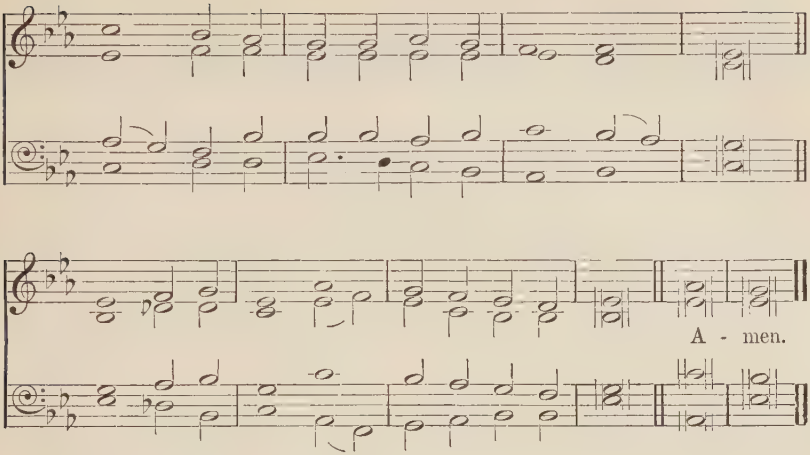
597

SUPPLICES TE ROGAMUS.

C. J. RIDSDALE.



# The Holy Eucharist.




1 And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only Off'ring perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

2 Look, Father, look on His Anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy Mercy's Breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal:
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy Feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from ev'ry touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us nevermore to part with Thee.

TANTUM ERGO (*First Tune*). GLUCK.

*Slow.* ♩=80 : 𝅗𝅥=40.

1 Bow we then in ven - er - a - tion Of this Sa - cra -
2 Glo - ry let us give and blessing, To the Fa - ther

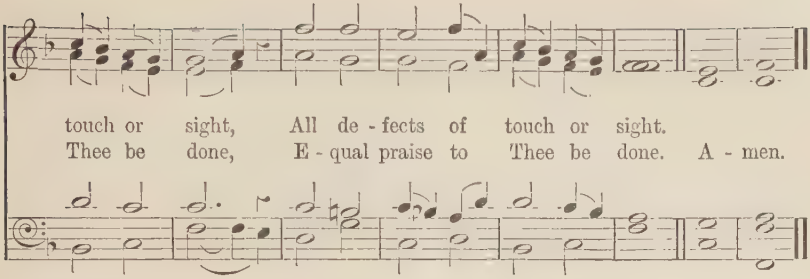
- ment of might; An - cient forms re - sign their sta - tion
and the Son, Hon - our, might, and praise ad - dress - ing,

To our new - er Gos - pel Rite; Bow we then in
While E - ter - nal a - ges run; Hon - our, might, and

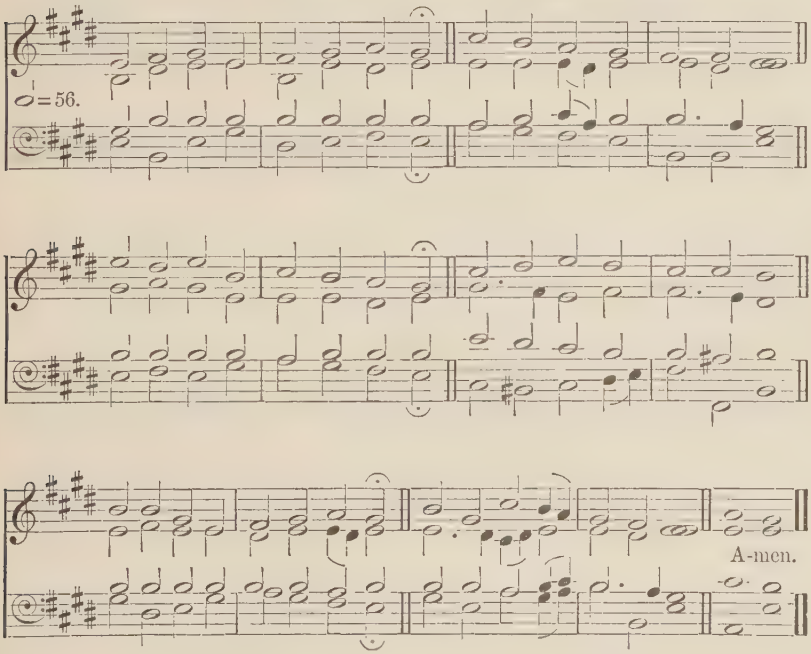
ven - er - a - tion Of this Sa - cra - ment of might;
praise ad - dress - ing, While E - ter - nal a - ges run; . .

Faith sup - plies with a - dor - a - tion All de - fects of
Ho - ly Ghost, from Both pro - gress - ing, E - qual praise to

Faith sup - plies with a - dor - a - tion
Ho - ly Ghost, from Both pro - gress - ing,




TANTUM ERGO (*Second Tune*). WEBBE'S Collection of Motetts, 1791.

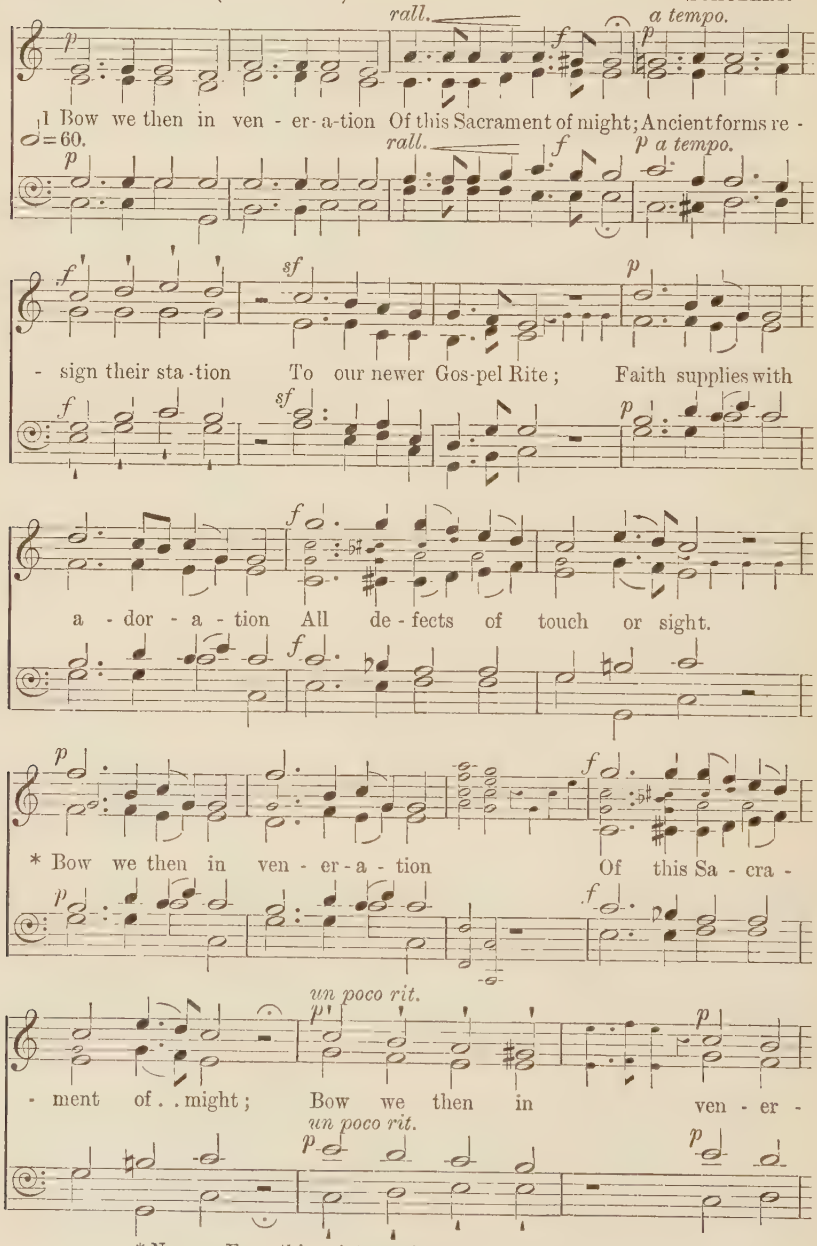



1 Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

2 Glory let us give and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done.

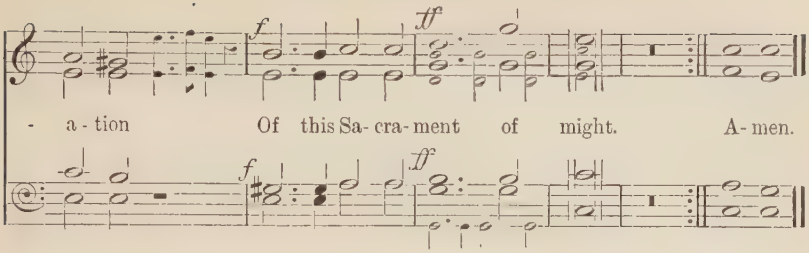
598

TANTUM ERGO (*Third Tune*). SCHUBERT.



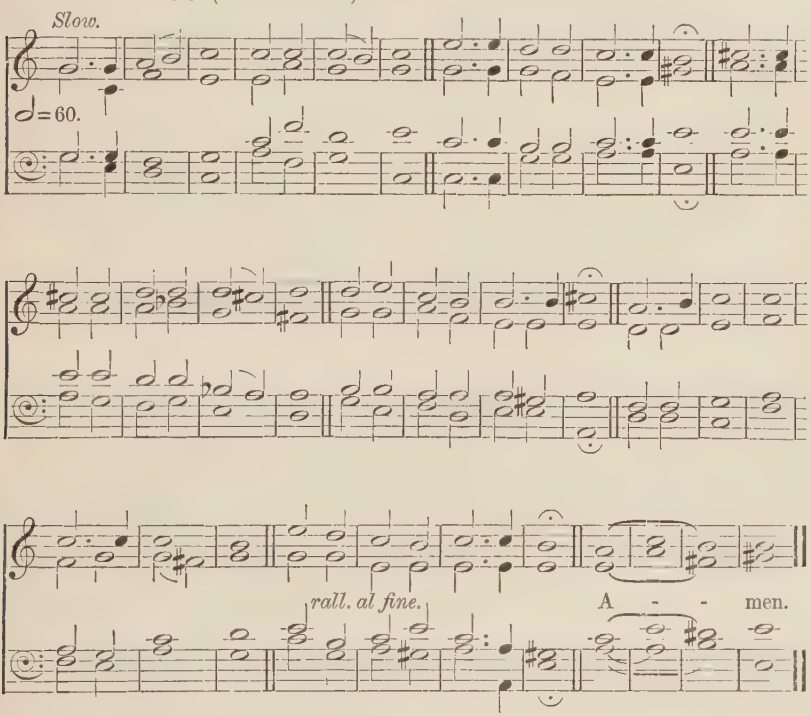

* NOTE.—From this point use the same words for both verses.

# The Holy Eucharist.




(Small notes for the organ.)

TANTUM ERGO (*Fourth Tune*).

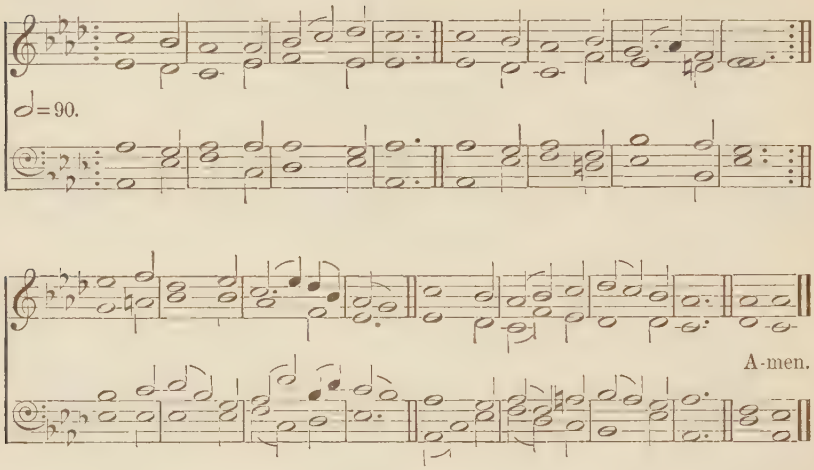



1 Bow we then in veneration
Of this Sacrament of might;
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel Rite;
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

2 Glory let us give and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While Eternal ages run;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal praise to Thee be done.

## 599

DEUS MISERICORS. I. PLEYEL.

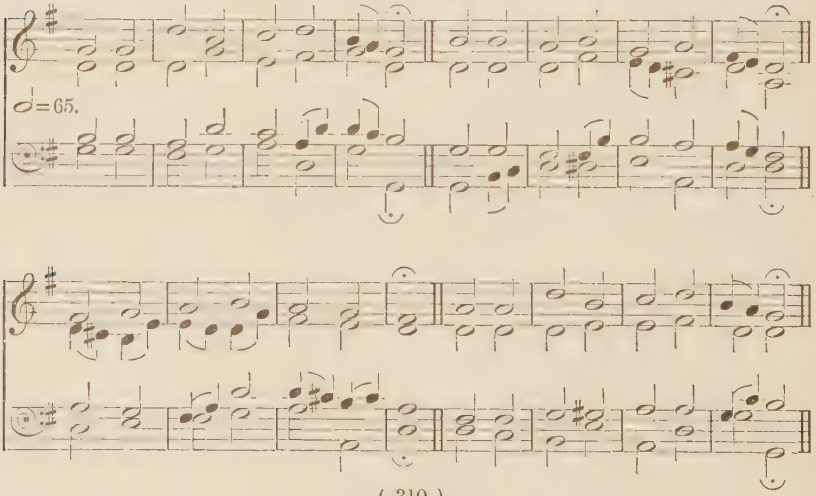


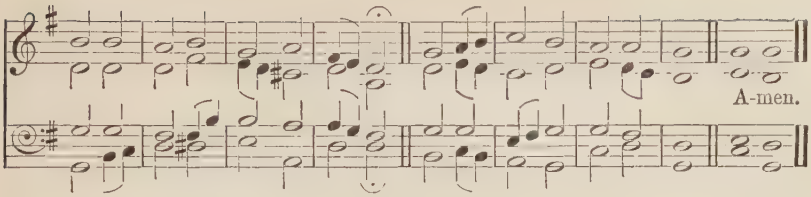

1 BREAD of Heav'n, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this True and Living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the Life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of Heav'n, Thy Blood supplies
This blest Cup of Sacrifice;
Lord, Thy Wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

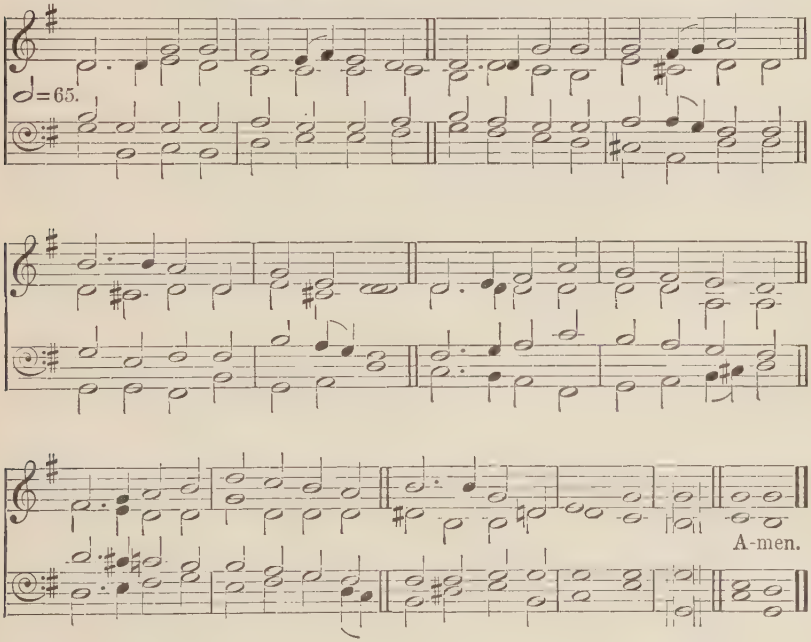
## 600

ALLES IST AN GOTTES SEGEN (*First Tune*).






COME, O JESU (*Second Tune*). J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.




1 COME, O Jesu, to Thy Table,
Come, for else we are not able
True refreshment to receive;
But, if Thou vouchsafe to feed us,
To this Feast of Blessing lead us,
There to taste Thee, and believe.

2 In the Bread which here is broken,
In the Wine, no empty token
Of an absent Lord we see:
Very Flesh and Blood is given,
When by faith, O Bread of Heaven,
Not by sense, we feed on Thee.

3 Sweet it is, O Christ, to meet Thee,
In Thy Sacrament to greet Thee,
Thee, our God, as Host and Friend:
By Thy Presence here prepare us
For the day when Thou shalt bear us
To the Feast that knows no end.

601

SALVE FESTA DIES. C. J. RIDSDALE.

CANTORS *in Unison or Harmony.*

Hail! Fes-tal Day! in ev-'ry age Di-vine, Where-in God hal-lows

♩=96.

CHORUS *in Harmony.* PRINCIPAL BOYS *in Unison.*

to Him-self a shrine. Hail! Fes-tal Day! A Day of joy, when

God dis-hon-ours Hell, And saves by grace the souls He loves so

CHORUS. CODA. *After last verse and Refrain.*

well. . . Hail! Fes-tal Day! Hail! Fes-tal

Hail! Day! in

Hail! Fes-tal Day! in

Day! in ev-'ry age . . . . . Di-vine!

ev - - 'ry age . . . . . Di-vine!

ev - - 'ry age . . . . . Di-vine!

*Or any of the tunes at* 455, 483 *or* 586.

1 Hail! Festal Day! in every age Divine,
Wherein God hallows to Himself a shrine.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

2 A Day of joy, when God dishonours Hell,
And saves by grace the souls He loves so well.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

3 Pure Flesh of Christ, Death's cure to ev'ry age,
The Manna figured in the mystic page.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

4 The Bread of Angels, Heav'n's imparted Food,
To sinners death, Salvation to the good.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

5 He took His Body—He th' Incarnate Child
Of Mary, Maid and Mother undefil'd.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

6 At Supper seated, to the Twelve He gave
His Body with His Blood, from death to save.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

7 God's Wisdom, substance of the blessed Maid,
His Saving Victim on our Altar laid.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

8 By Death He conquer'd death, by death doth reign:
The Blood and Water purify our stain.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

9 With Hands extended, Life for death He gave,
To life, the Third Day, rose He from the grave.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

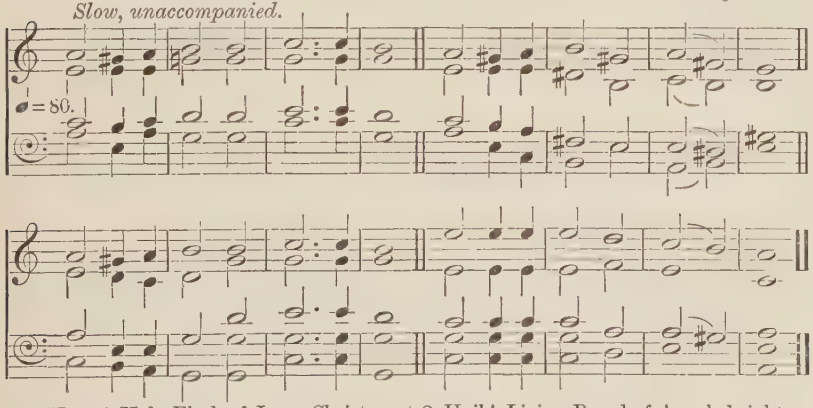
10 Thee, Fount and Source of blessing, we adore,
O grant us light that fades not evermore.
*Chorus repeat.* Hail! Festal Day!

*This is another version (shortened) of Hymn 53. Both are translations of an old English Procession for the Feast of Corpus Christi.*

## 602

AVE! CARO CHRISTI. *Aachen Gesangbuch.*

*Slow, unaccompanied.*

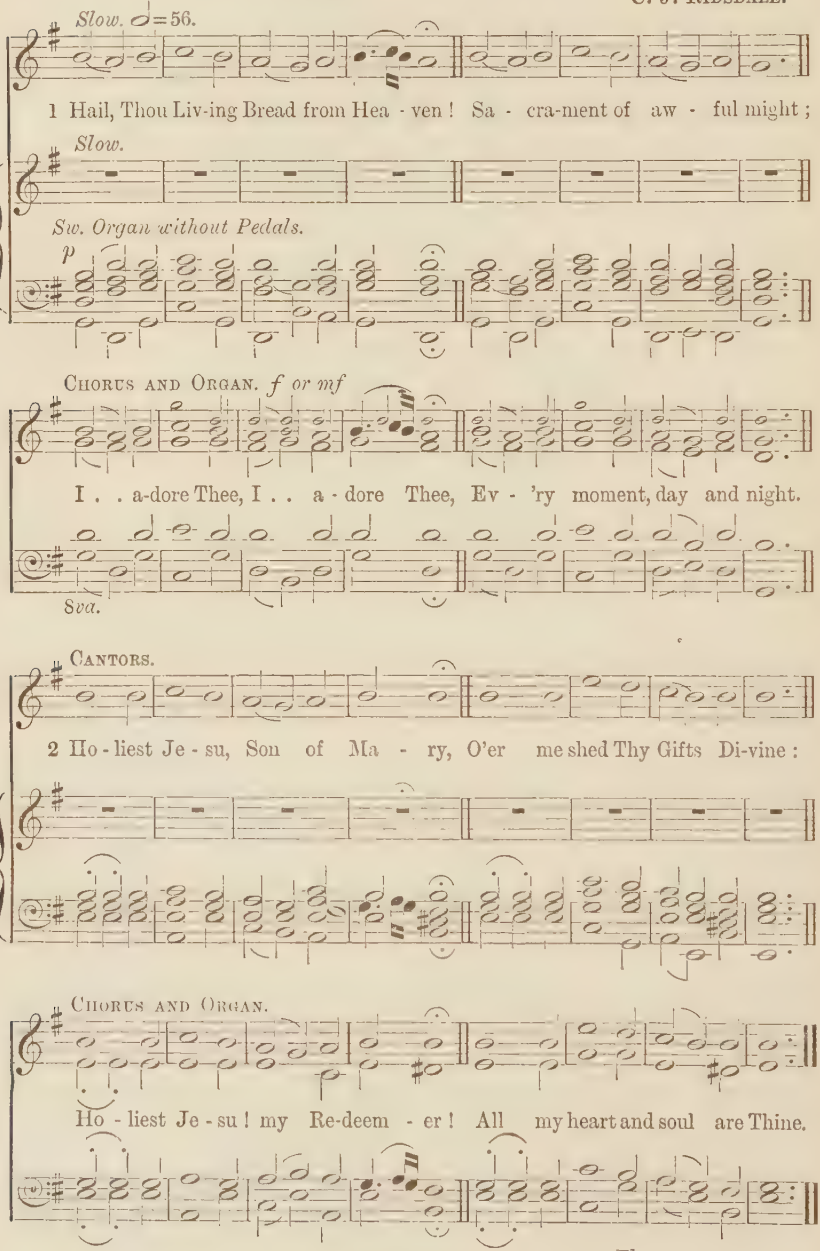



1 Hail! Holy Flesh of Jesus Christ,
Upon the Altar lying,
Last Gift of the Incarnate Word.
Before His precious dying.

2 Hail! Living Bread of Angels bright,
Who wrought'st Redemption's story,
Thou Hope of each one named from Thee,
We give Thee thanks and glory.

## HAIL, THOU LIVING BREAD.

C. J. RIDSDALE.




*Then repeat verse* 1.

## 604

HAIL TO THEE!

G. F. Cobb.

♩=64.

Hail to Thee, True Bo - dy, sprung From the Vir - gin Ma - ry's womb;

The same that on the Cross was hung, And bore for man the bit - ter doom:

From Whose Side, for sin-ners riv - en, Wa - ter flow'd, and min-gled Blood;

May'st Thou, dear - est Lord, be giv - en In death's hour to be my Food.

Hear us, mer - ci - ful and mild, Je - su, Ma - ry's gra-cious Child. A-men.

AVE VERUM CORPUS (*First Tune*). *From an Antiphonary.*

(CANTORS, *with the Accompaniment as below.*)

Hail, . . true Bo - dy, born of Ma - ry, Spotless Virgin's vir - gin birth;

*2nd time,* TUTTI, *in Harmony or Unison.*

Thou Who tru - ly hangedst wea - ry On the Cross for sons of earth;

CANTORS.

Thou Whose sa - cred Side was riv - en, Whence the Wa - ter flow'd, and Blood;

*2nd time,* TUTTI.

O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en At death's hour to be my Food.

CANTORS. TUTTI.

O . . . . most kind! O . . . . gra - cious One!

O . . sweet - est Je - su! . . . ho - ly . . Ma - ry's . . Son.

NOTE.—*To be sung with a slight detention on the last note of the longer slurred groups.*

AVE VERUM CORPUS (*Second Tune*). GUÉDRON.

*Slow.* 𝅗𝅥=70.

Hail, true Bo - dy, born of Ma - ry, Spot - less Vir-gin's

vir - gin birth; Thou Who tru - ly hang - edst wea - ry

On the Cross for sons of earth; Thou Whose sa - cred

Side was riv - - en, Whence the Wa - ter flow'd,

and . . . Blood; O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en

At death's hour to be . . my Food. O Je - su,

most kind! O Je - su, gracious One! O sweet - -

*ff*

- est Je - su, Je - su, ho - ly Ma - - ry's Son.

*ff*

AVE VERUM CORPUS (*Third Tune*).

*Slow.* 𝅗𝅥 = 40 ; 𝅗𝅥 = 80.

Hail, true Bo - dy, born of Ma - ry, Spot-less Vir - gin's vir - gin birth ;

Thou Who tru - ly hangedst wea - ry On the Cross for sons of earth ;

Thou Whose sa - cred Side was riv - en, Whence the Wa - ter flow'd, and Blood ;

O may'st Thou, dear Lord, be giv - en At death's hour to be my Food.

*2nd time.*

O most kind! O gra-cious One! O sweetest Je - su! Ma-ry's Son.

EUCHARISTICA (*First Tune*). APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN, 1644.

♩=100.

CŒNA DOMINI (*Second Tune*). C. J. RIDSDALE.

♩=60.

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face:
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th' Eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the Royal Wine of Heav'n;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

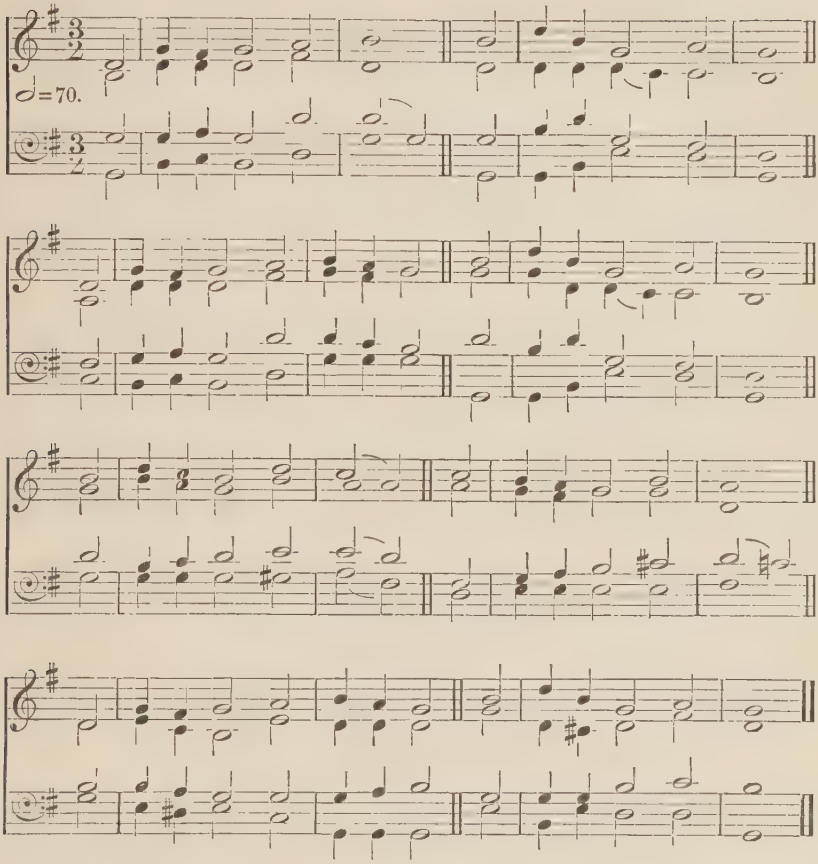
4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the Cleansing Blood:
Here is my Robe, my Refuge, and my Peace--
Thy Blood, Thy Righteousness, O Lord, my God!

**607** *The following words are for* GOUNOD'S *setting. See Choruses by* C. GOUNOD, No. 3, "AVE VERUM," *to be obtained from* METZLER & Co.

1 JESU! God Incarnate! of the Virgin Mary Thou wast born;
To redeem us, Thy sacred Body by nails on the Cross was torn.
From Thee wounded, Blood and Water to cleanse us flow'd;
With Thy broken Body feed us, now and in death's agony.
Jesu, Saviour! O have mercy, O have mercy upon us. Amen.

## 608

JESU, WE THUS OBEY.




1 Jesu, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord;
The way Thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy Special Presence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide,
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The Sinner's Friend is come!
His Presence makes the Feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The Glory not to be express'd,
The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure Celestial bliss
He doth our spirits cheer;
His House of Banqueting is this,
And He hath brought us here:
He doth His servants feed
With Manna from Above;
His Banner over us is spread,
His Everlasting Love.

4 He bids us drink and eat
Imperishable Food:
He gives His Flesh to be our Meat,
And bids us drink His Blood:
Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made Man
We here with Christ receive.

## 609

JESU, WORD OF GOD. A. CARNALL.

♩=60. Je - su, Word of God In-car - nate, Of the Vir - gin Ma - ry born,

On the Cross Thy Sa - cred Bo - dy For us men with nails was torn:

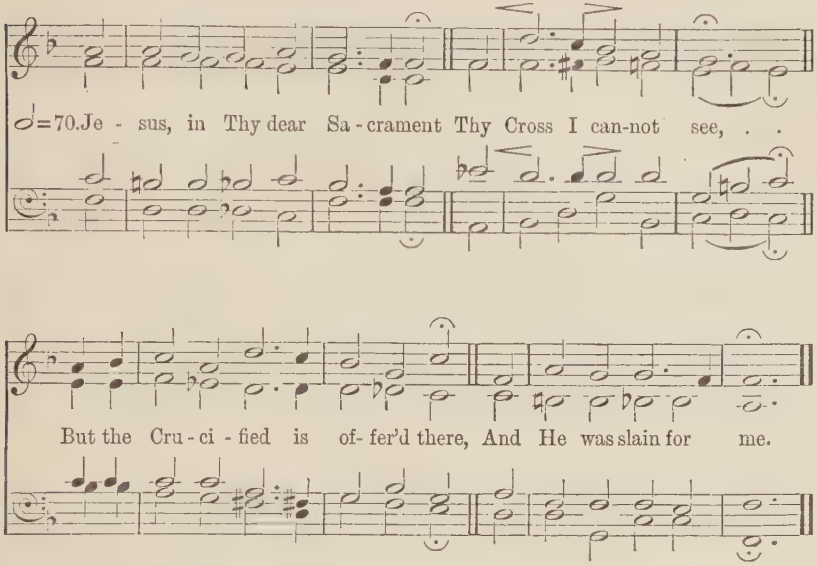
Cleanse us by the Blood and Wa - ter Stream-ing from Thy pierc - ed Side,

Feed us with Thy Bo - dy bro-ken Now and in life's e - ven - tide.

JESU, Word of God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin Mary born,
On the Cross Thy Sacred Body
For us men with nails was torn:
Cleanse us by the Blood and Water
Streaming from Thy pierced Side,
Feed us with Thy Body broken
Now and in life's eventide.

N.B.—For a more elaborate setting of these words, see "AVE VERUM," composed by Mozart, "THE MUSICAL TIMES," No. 190. Messrs. Novello and Company, Limited.

JESUS, IN THY DEAR SACRAMENT. H. F. SHEPPARD.




2 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Flesh I cannot see,
But that Flesh is given to be our Food,
And It was scourged for me.

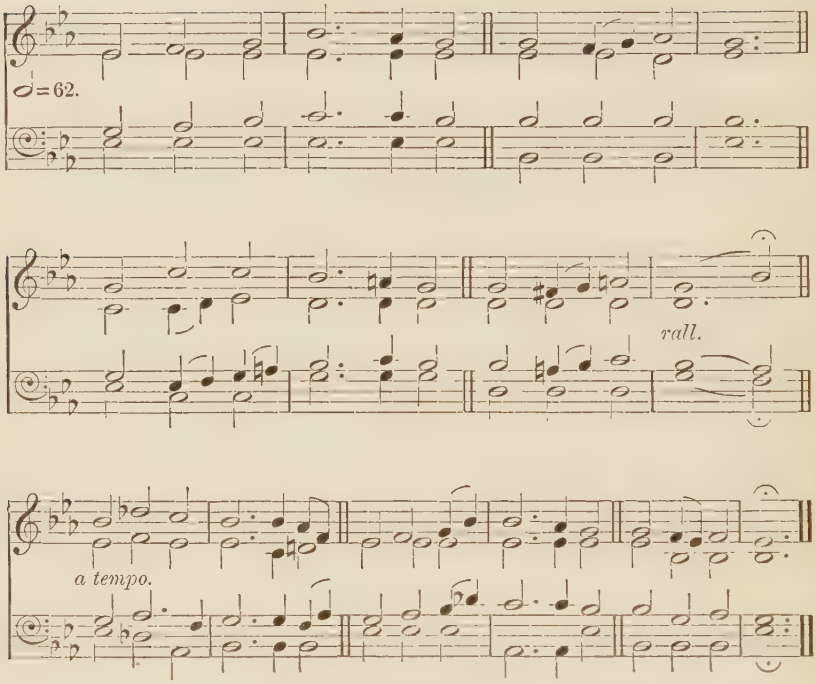
3 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Blood I cannot see,
But the Chalice glows with those red drops,
On Calvary shed for me.

4 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Face I cannot see,
But Angels there behold the Brow
Thorn-crown'd for love of me.

5 Jesus, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Heart I cannot see,
But that fiery Heart is prison'd there,
And it was pierc'd for me.

6 Jesus, my Maker and my God,
Thy Godhead none may see,
But Thou art present, God and Man,
In Thy Sacrament with me.

HORBURY. DYKES.




1 JESUS is here with us,
Jesus is here;
Earth fades in mist away,
Heav'n's gate is near;
Doubt not, sad heart, nor fear,
For Thy dear Lord is here,
Jesus is here!

2 First-fruits of Bethlehem,
Thee we adore!
God in the House of Bread
Tarries once more;
Sinful man's sins to bear,
The Lamb of God is here,
Jesus is here!

3 Jesus here pleads for man,
Pardon to win,
One Perfect Sacrifice
Offer'd for sin;
So, when life's storm blows drear,
We know that Thou art here,
Jesus is here!

# The Holy Eucharist.

SPOHR.

*Slow.*

SPOHR.

♩=54.

Amen.

1 LET all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand,
Ponder nothing earthly-minded;
For, with blessing in His Hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

2 King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture,
In the Body and the Blood,
He will give to all the Faithful
His Own Self for Heav'nly Food.

3 Rank on rank the Host of Heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth
From the realms of Endless Day,
That the powers of Hell may vanish,
As the darkness clears away.

4 At His Feet the six-wing'd Seraph,
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,
"Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord most High!"

ECCE PANIS. C. J. RIDSDALE.

*Slow.* 𝅗𝅥=48

1 Lo! the Bread, Which Angels feed-eth, Made the Food the pil-grim needeth,
2 Truth the an-cient types ful - fil - ling, I- saac bound, a vic- tim will-ing,

To His chil-dren He con - ce-deth, Which on dogs may ne'er be spent;
Pas-chal lamb, its life-blood spill-ing, Man-na to the Fa- thers sent.

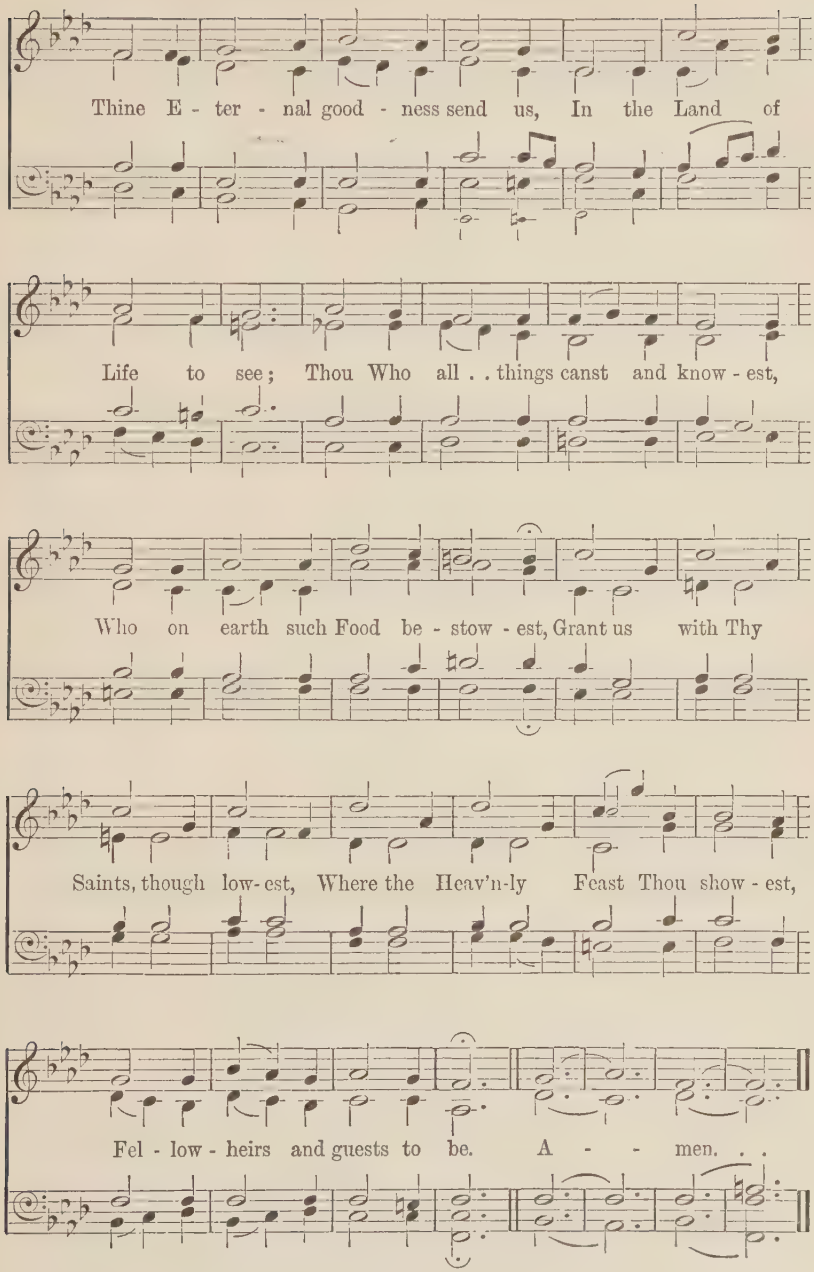
* Omit this pause in verse 2.

*Faster.* 𝅗𝅥=100.

3 Shep - herd good, True Bread, at - tend us, Je - su, pi - ty

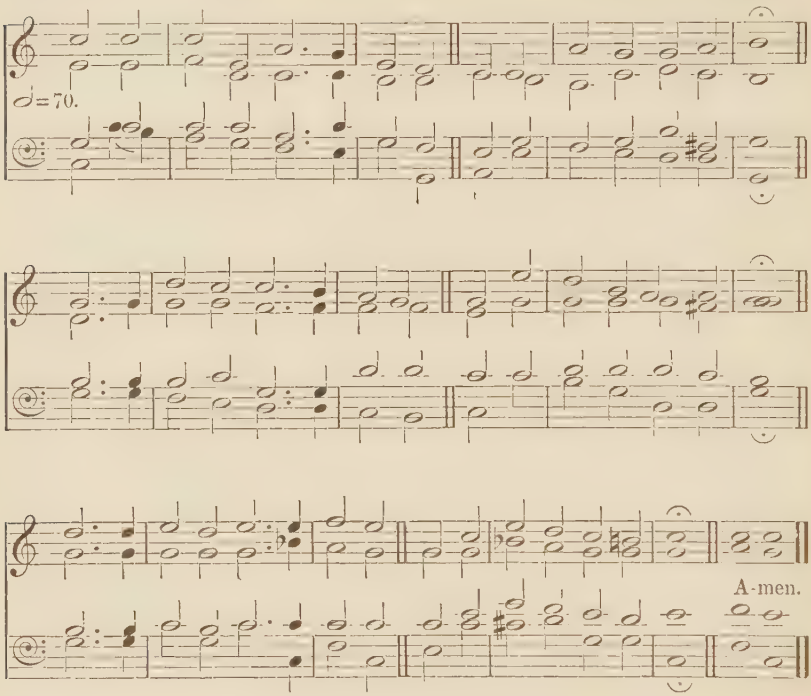
and be - friend us; Thou re - fresh us, Thou . . de - fend us,

# The Holy Eucharist.

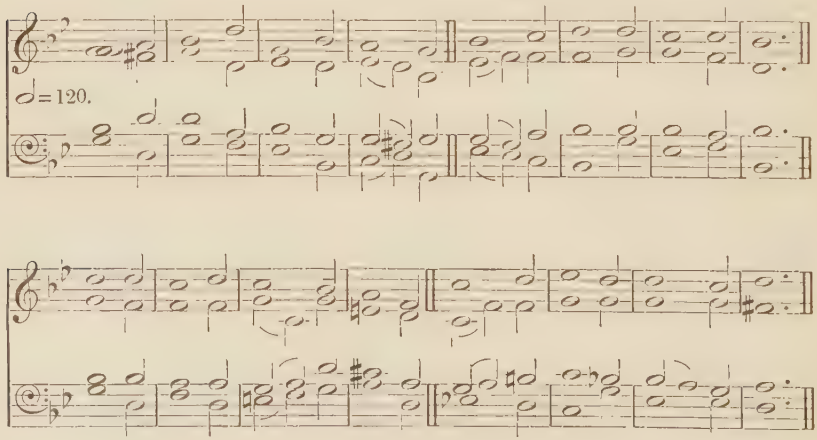



NOTE.—The Plainsong of this hymn will be found at 128, Part 2.

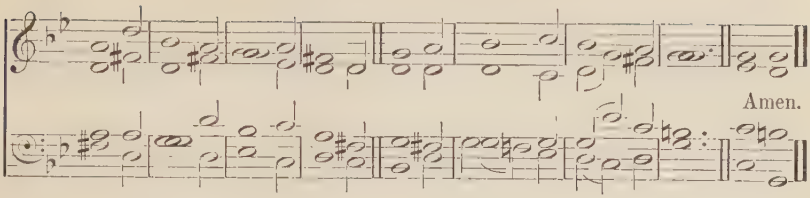
S. HELEN (*First Tune*). Sir G. C. Martin.




O DU LIEBE, MEINER LIEBE (*Second Tune*). Darmstätter *Gesangbuch.*



# The Holy Eucharist.




1 Lord, enthroned in Heav'nly Splendour,
First-Begotten from the dead,
Thou alone, our strong Defender,
Liftest up Thy people's head.
Alleluia!
Jesu, True and Living Bread!

2 Here our humblest homage pay we;
Here in loving rev'rence bow;
Here for Faith's discernment pray we
Lest we fail to know Thee now.
Alleluia!
Thou art here, we ask not how

Part II.

3 Though the lowliest Form doth veil Thee
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there Thine Angels hail Thee,
Root of David, Jesse's stem.
Alleluia!
We in worship join with them.

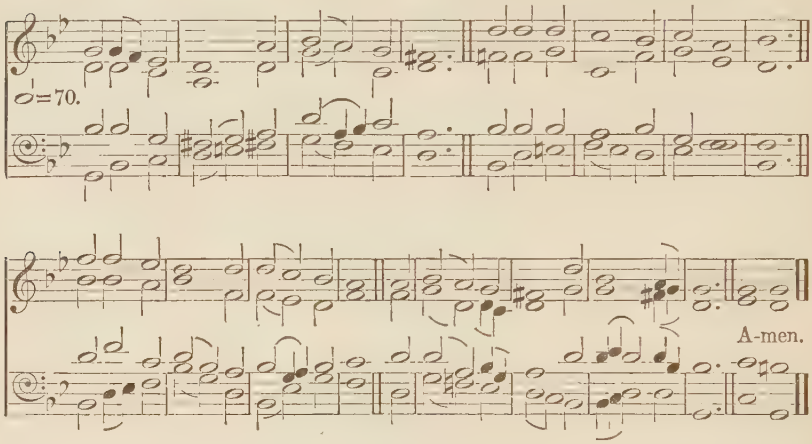
4 Yea, that Off'ring Meritorious,
Which Thy boundless Mercy gave,
In the Highest Heav'n is glorious,
Here on earth is strong to save:
Alleluia!
Jesu, Victor o'er the grave.

*To be sung at the end of either Part:—*

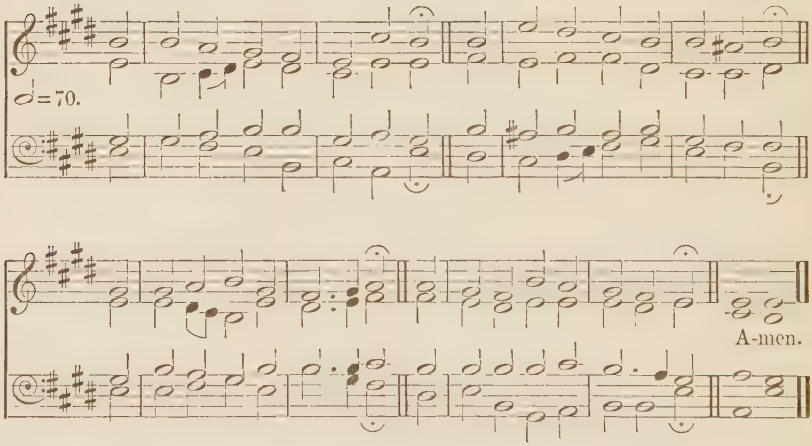
5 Life-imparting, Heav'nly Manna,
Stricken Rock with streaming Side,
Heav'n and earth with loud Hosanna,
Worship Thee, the Lamb Who died:
Alleluia!
Risen, Ascended, Glorified!

615

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO (*First Tune*). JER. CLARK'S Melody and Bass.




MELCOMBE (*Second Tune*). S. WEBBE.




1 My God, and is Thy Table spread,
And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

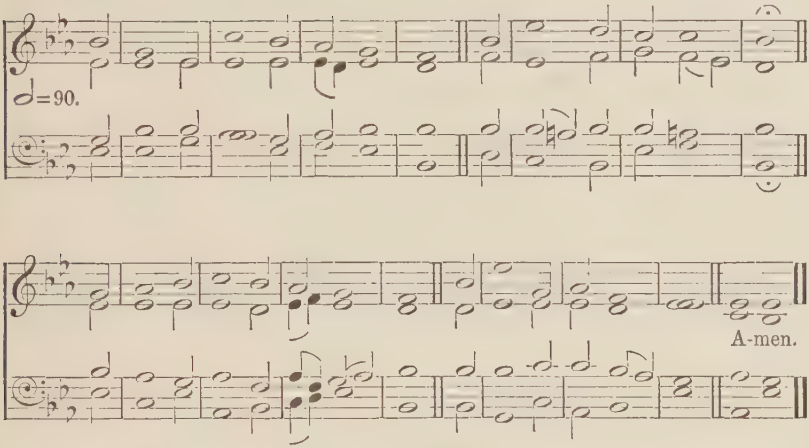
2 Hail, Sacred Feast, which Jesus makes
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that Heav'nly Food.

3 O let Thy Table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its Sacred Pledges tastes.

4 Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

## 616

BEDFORD. WHEALE.




1 O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

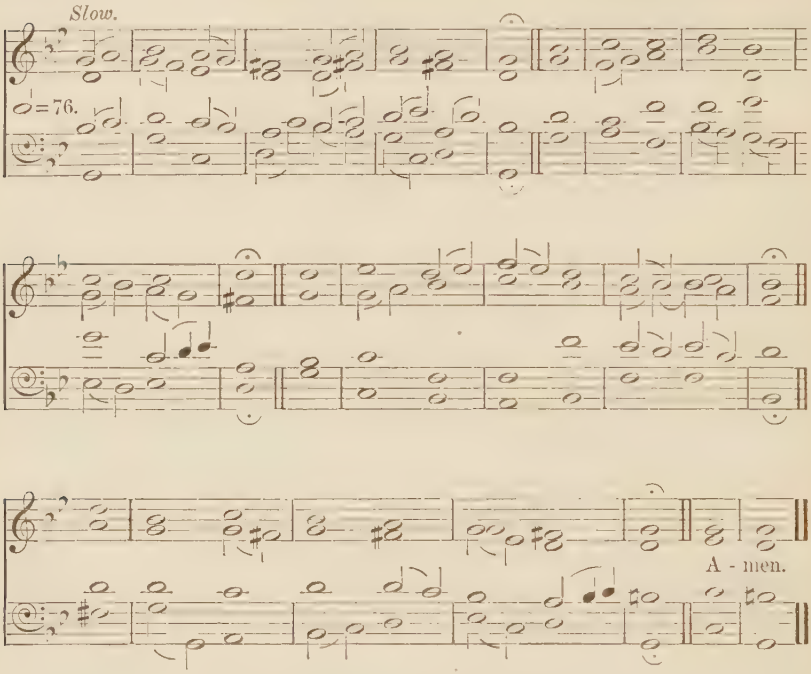
2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on Heav'nly Food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His Precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy Word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength Divine.

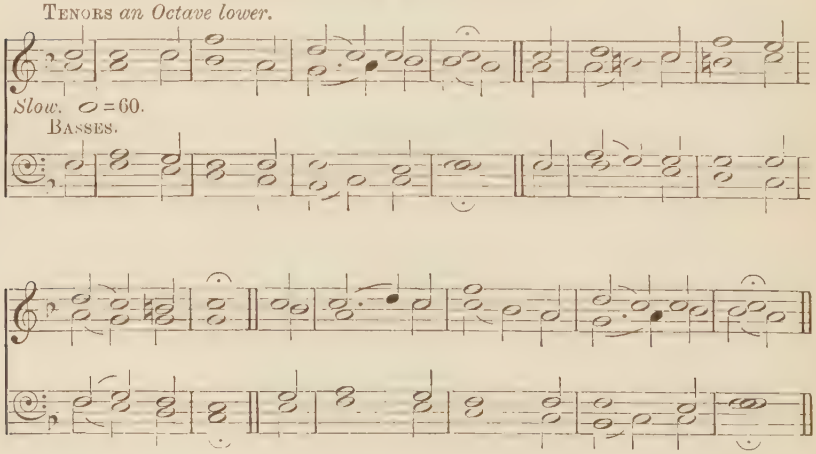
ERHALT UNS (*First Tune*). Set by J. S. BACH.

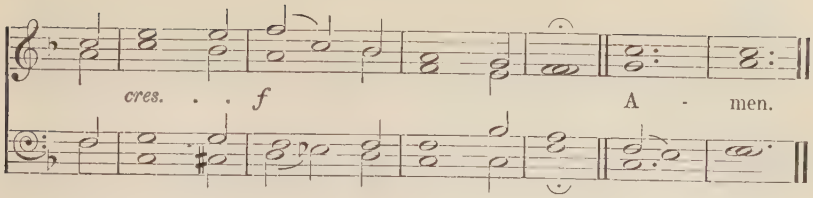
*Slow.*




O SALUTARIS (*Second Tune*). FOR MALE VOICES.

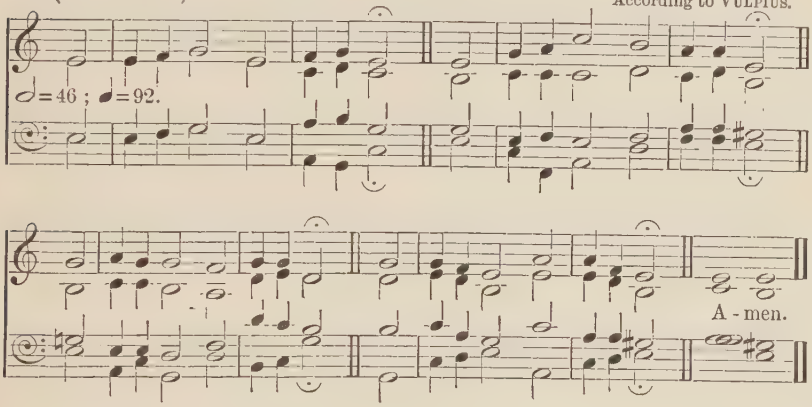
TENORS *an Octave lower.*





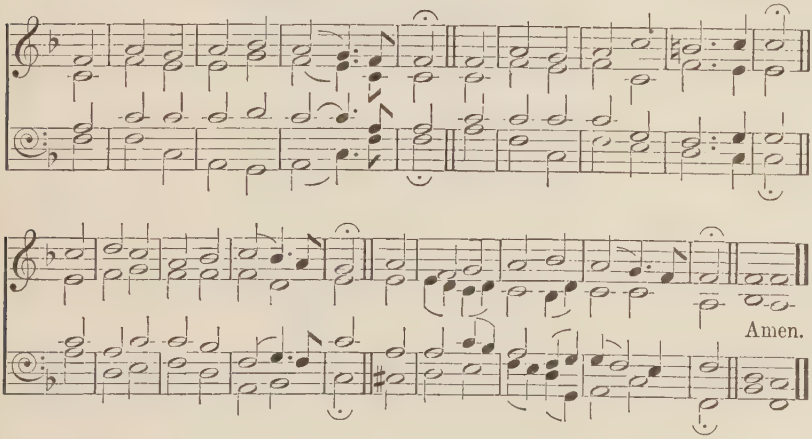

WIR DANKEN DIR, HERR JESU CHRIST (*Third Tune*).

Melody of 1530.
According to VULPIUS.




O SALUTARIS (*Fourth Tune*).

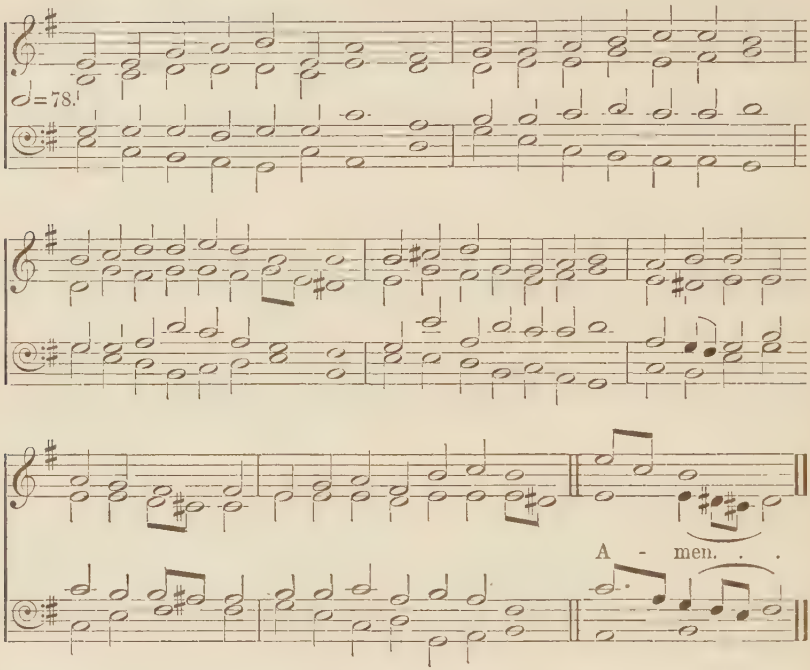
Gallican.




1 O SAVING Victim, op'ning wide
The Gate of Heav'n to man below,
Our foes press on from ev'ry side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

2 All thanks and praise to Thee ascend,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
O grant us life, that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee.

TOURS. From the *Tours Paroissien.*




1 O THE Myst'ry, passing wonder,
When, reclining at the board,
"Eat," Thou saidst to Thy Disciples,
"That true Bread with quick'ning stored:
Drink in faith the healing Chalice
From a dying God outpour'd."

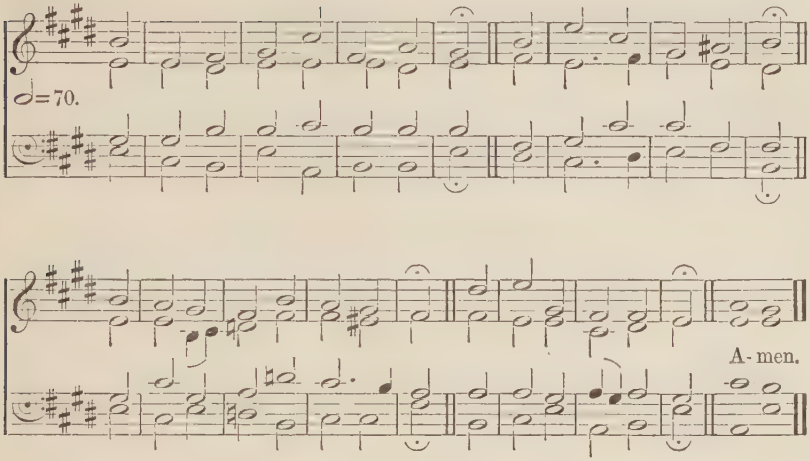
2 Then the glorious upper chamber
A Celestial tent was made,
When the bloodless Rite was offer'd,
And the soul's true service paid,
And the table of the feasters
As an Altar stood display'd.

3 Christ is now our mighty Pascha,
Eaten for our mystic bread:
As a lamb led out to slaughter,
And for this world offeréd:
Take we of His broken Body,
Drink we of the Blood He shed.

4 Christ to all the world gives banquet
On that most Celestial Meat;
Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
Yet with holy hearts, we greet:
Him, the Sacrificial Pascha,
Priest and Victim all complete.

# 619 The Holy Eucharist.

S. PAUL. J. T. COOPER.




1 ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious Life He gave;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

2 "One Off'ring, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

3 For as the Priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

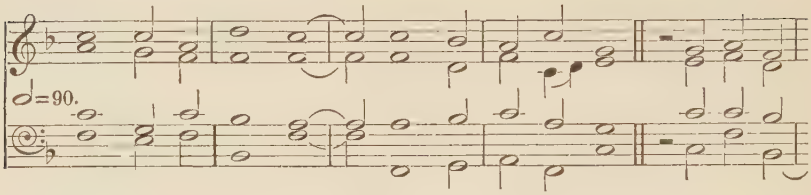
4 So He, Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.

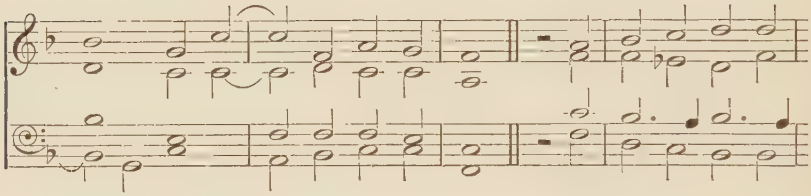
5 His Manhood pleads where now It lives
On Heav'n's Eternal Throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its Presence to His own.

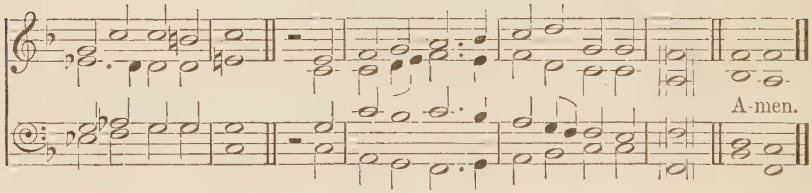
6 And so we show Thy death, O Lord,
Till Thou again appear;
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
We have an Altar here.

7 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

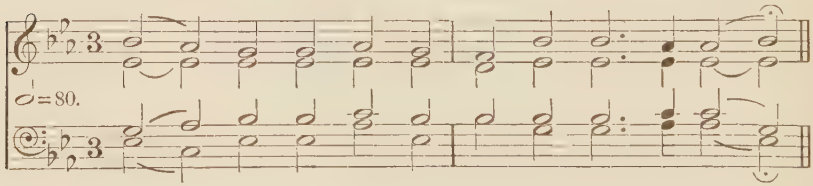
GIBBONS' SONG, 22 (*First Tune*).

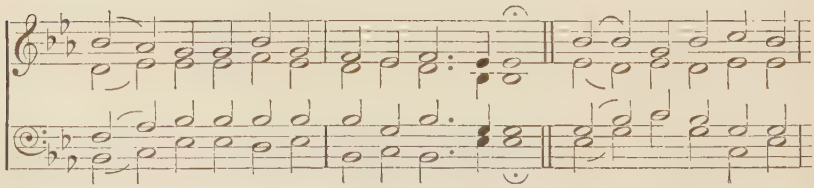


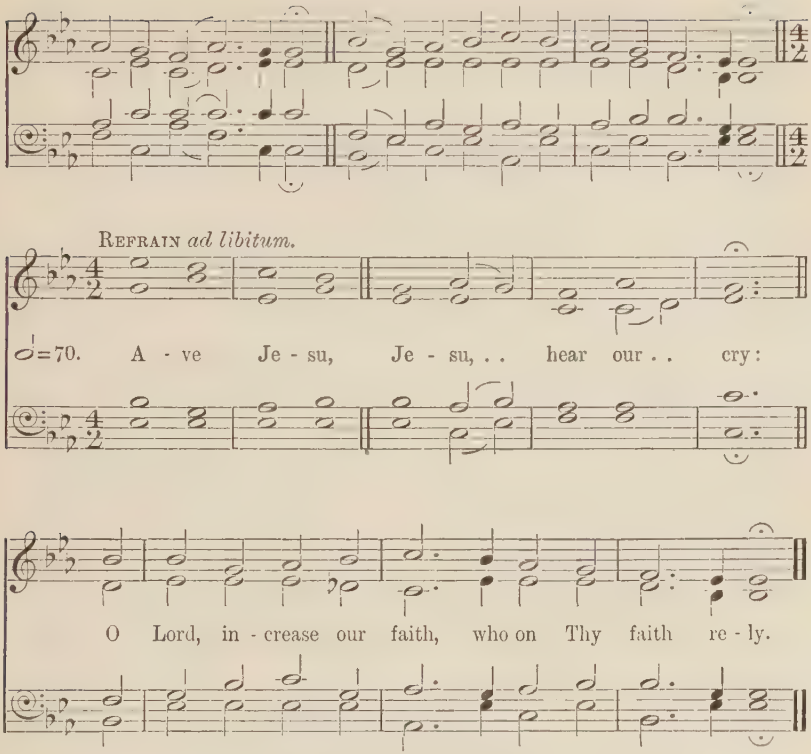






ADORO TE DEVOTE (*Second Tune*). From an *Antiphonary*.






*Or tune of* 606 *or* 229.

1 Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

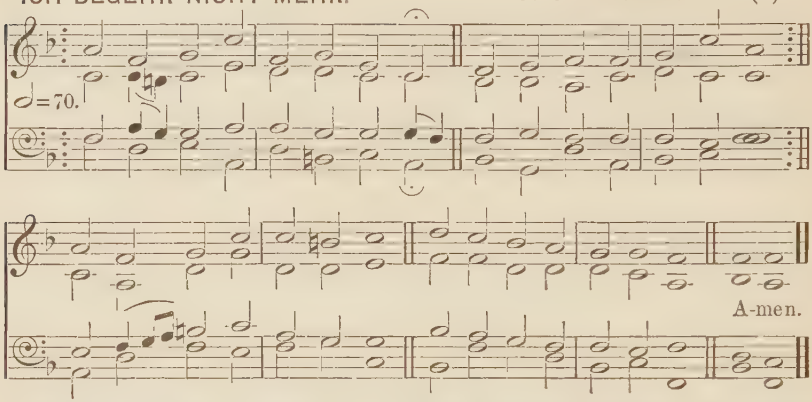
2 O blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

3 Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy Presence flow.

4 O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on Thee unveil'd, and see Thy Face,
The vision of Thy Glory and Thy Grace.

## 621

ICH BEGEHR NICHT MEHR. J. Christopher Bach (?).




1 When the Patriarch was returning
Crown'd with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful king of Salem
Came to meet upon his way:
Meekly bearing bread and wine,
Holy Priesthood's awful sign.

2 On the truth thus dimly shadow'd
Later days a lustre shed;
When the Great High-Priest Eternal,
Under forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's Immortal Food
Gave His Flesh, and gave His Blood.

3 Wondrous Gift!—the Word, Who moulded
All things by His might Divine,
Bread to be His Body maketh,
And His Very Blood the Wine;
What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes!

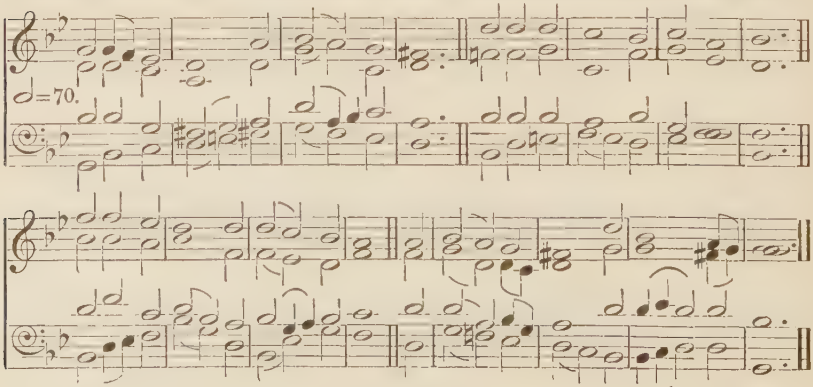
4 And the Sacrifice He offer'd,
When He on the Cross did die,
On His Altars is presented
By the power of God Most High,
Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
Faithful to His last commands!

5 While the people, all uniting
In the Sacrifice sublime,
Offer Christ to His High Father,
Offer up themselves with Him:
Then, together with the Priest,
On the Living Victim feast.

## 622

(at the end of the service.)

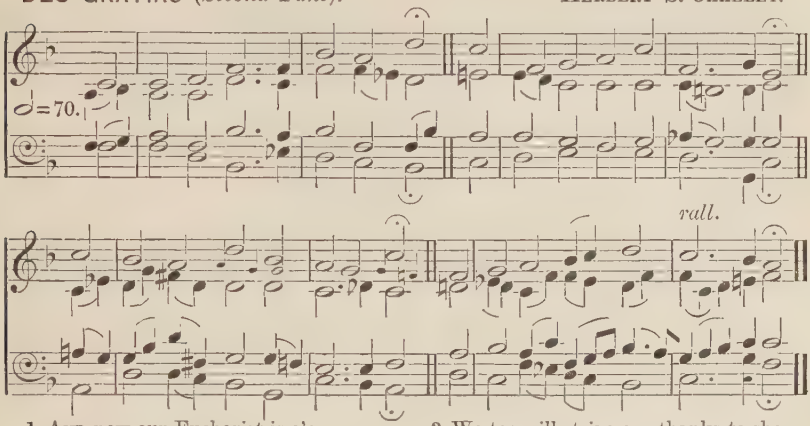
BENEDICAMUS DOMINO (*First Tune*). Jer. Clark's Melody and Bass.



# The Holy Eucharist.

(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

DEO GRATIAS (*Second Tune*). HERBERT S. OAKELEY.




1 AND now our Eucharist is o'er,
Yet for one Blessing still we plead;
O may we daily strive the more
A Eucharistic life to lead.

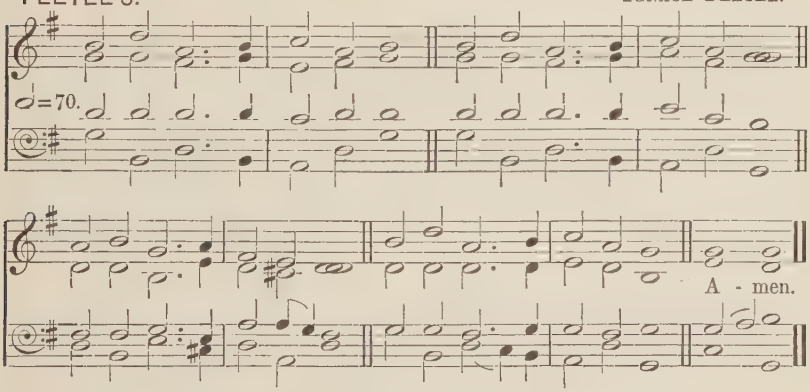
2 In ev'rything we thank Thee, Lord,
For earthly joys so freely given;
Still more we would our thanks accord
For hopes of holier joys in Heav'n.

3 We too will strive our thanks to show,
For sorrows Thou dost send in love,
To wean our hearts from things below,
To draw our hearts to things above.

4 At length upon that peaceful Shore,
Beyond these stormy waves of strife,
We'll praise and thank Thee evermore—
An endless Eucharistic life.

## 623

PLEYEL'S. IGNACE PLEYEL.



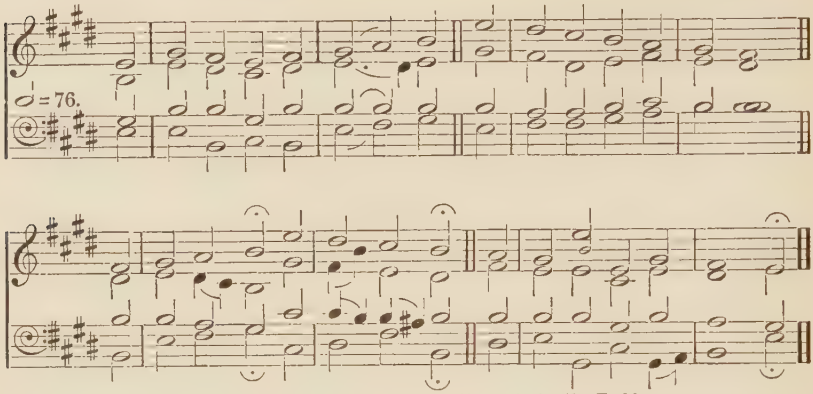

*Or tune of* 534.

1 ERE we leave Thine Altar, Lord,
Where Thy Son we have adored,
Let our thanks again arise
For this Holy Sacrifice.

2 And if thoughts have enter'd in,
Which have mix'd our prayers with sin,
Let Thy Son's pure Blood and Grace
All our sinfulness efface.

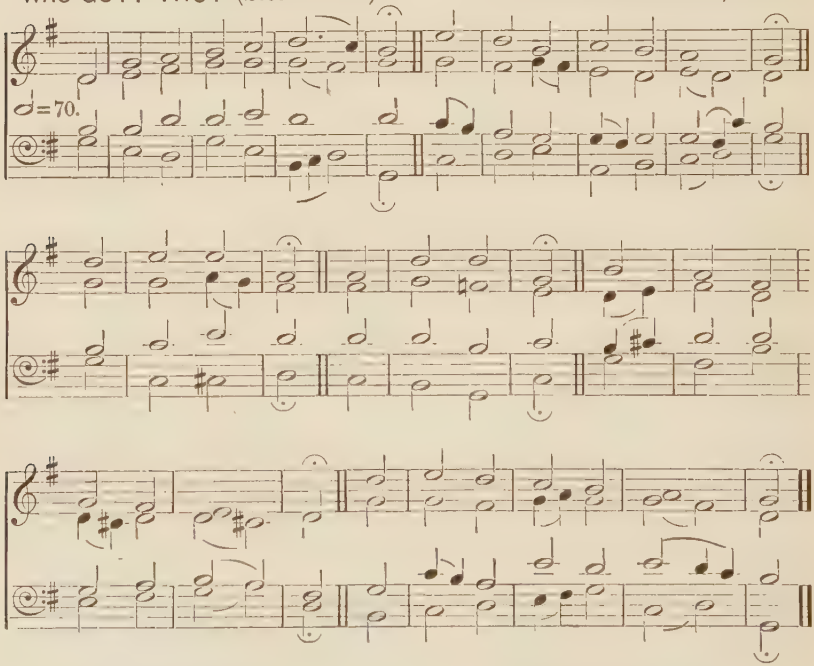
3 Glory to the Three in One,
While Eternal ages run;
Best of gifts Thyself bestow,
Make us burn Thy Love to know.

COLWALL (*First Tune*). G. M. CUSTANCE.




NOTE :—The small note is an alternative note for the Treble.

WAS GOTT THUT (*Second Tune*). SEVERUS GASTORIUS, 1675.




1 HOSANNA in the Highest
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind
For all mankind
These Tokens of His favour.

2 His bleeding love and mercy,
His All-redeeming Passion,
Who here displays
And gives the grace
Which brings us our Salvation.

3 Louder than gather'd waters
Or bursting peals of thunder,
We lift our voice,
And speak our joys,
And shout with loving wonder.

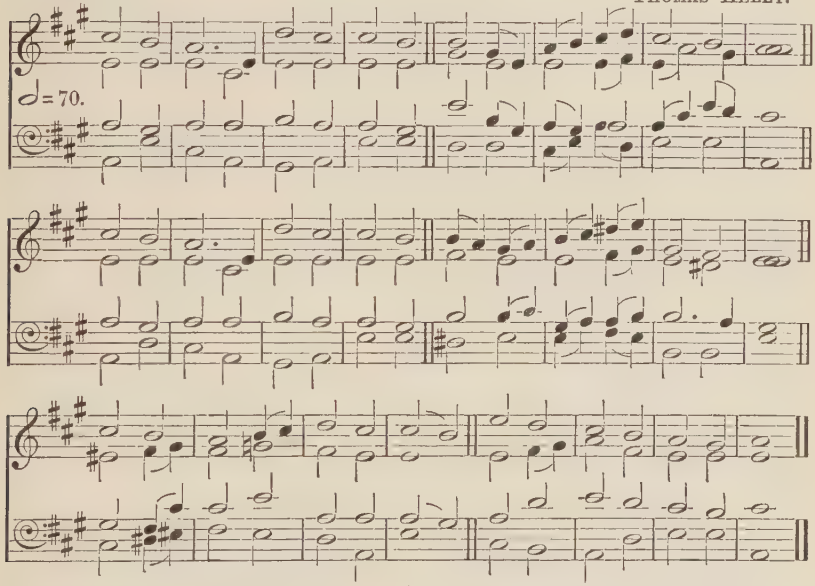
4 Angels in fix'd amazement
Around our Altars hover,
With eager gaze
Adore the grace
Of our Eternal Lover:

5 Himself, and all His fulness,
Who gives to the believer,
And by this Bread
Whoe'er are fed
Shall live with God for ever.

*For the second tune it is necessary to repeat the last line of each verse.*

**625**

CHESTER. THOMAS KELLY.




1 JESUS Christ, we know full surely
Thou hast been with us to-day,
Make us love and worship purely,
Lest Thy Presence pass away;
Ever shall we dwell securely,
If Thou deign with us to stay.

2 By Thine inward Consecration,
Make our hearts Thy Temple true;
Let Thy bright Illumination
Search our spirits through and through;
So shall we, Thy New Creation,
Strive to pay Thee worship due.

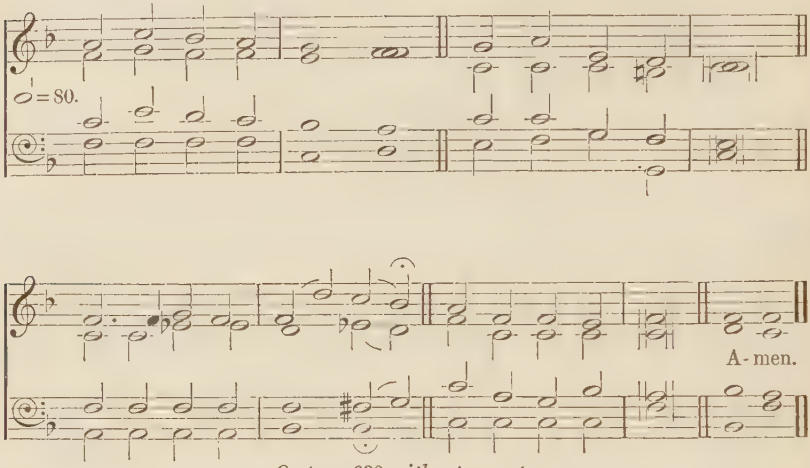
3 Help our struggling will's endeavour,
Ruling word, and deed, and thought;
Govern, lift us up, for ever,
By Thy Life with ours inwrought:
Holy Saviour, leave us never,
Whom Thy Cross and Passion bought.

4 Thee within us sanctifying,
Stedfast may we still remain;
Follow Thee in self-denying
Bear Thy Cross, and count it gain;
Day by day to evil dying,
That Thy Life in us may reign.

5 Thine be all our heart's affection,
Thine our inmost mind and will;
Thus, with sacred recollection
In Thy Courts abide we still;
Safe in Thy most sure Protection,
Dwelling on Thy Holy Hill.

## 626

LITTLE BARDFIELD. J. T. SIMMONS.




*Or tune* 630 *without repeat.*

PART II.

1 JESUS, gentlest Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
With us at this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heav'n is all too strait
For Thine Endless Glory,
And Thy Royal State.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.

6 Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven—
Then the day will come.

7 Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art with us now:
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

8 Pray the prayer within us
That to Heav'n shall rise;
Sing the song that Angels
Sing above the skies.

9 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

10 Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heav'n's Eternal bliss?

11 Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may:
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.

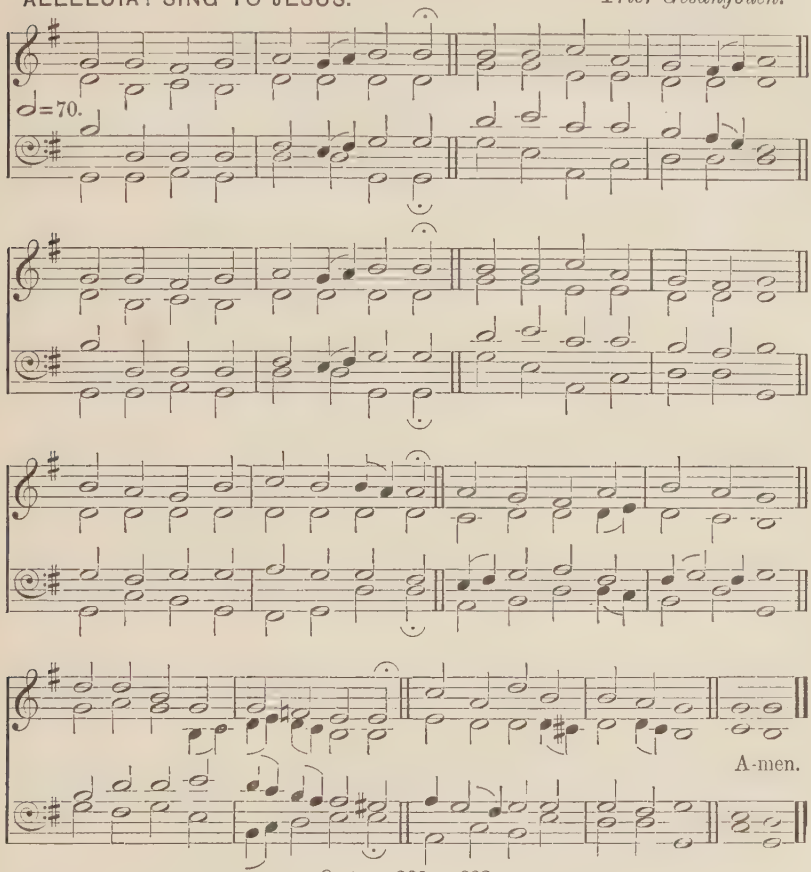
12 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

## 627

(AT THE END OF THE SERVICE.)

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS.

*Trier Gesangbuch.*




*Or tune* 380 *or* 382.

1 Lo! The Sacrifice Atoning,
Offer'd once on Calvary,
We have pleaded with the Father,
Loving us eternally:
We have pleaded, He hath heard us,
And Incarnate Love hath come,
He hath come to dwell among us,
And to make our hearts His Home.

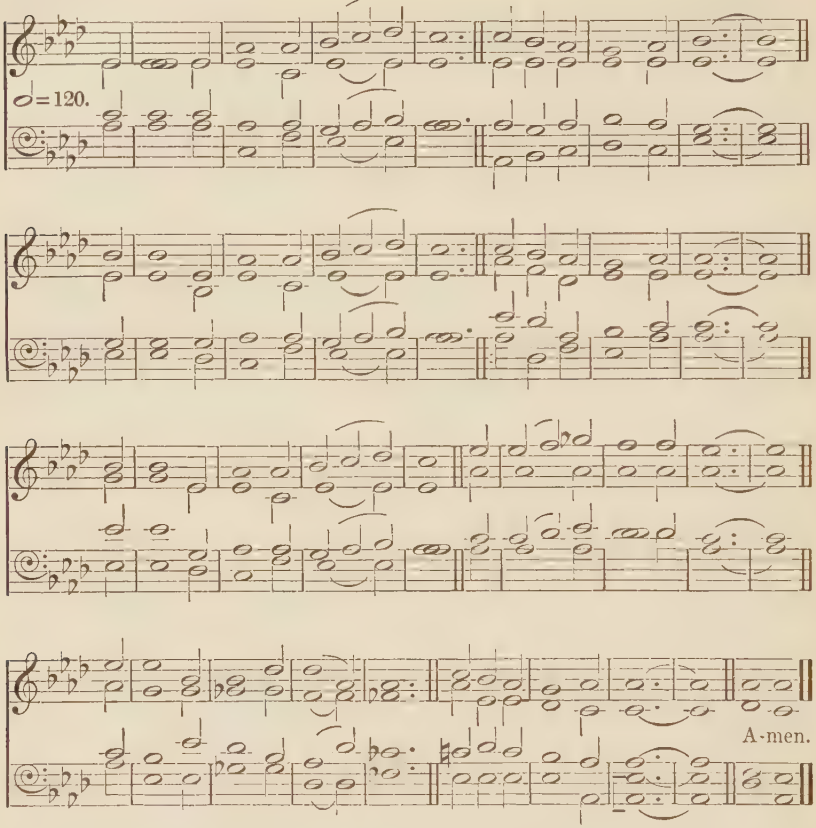
2 We have pleaded for the wand'rers,
For the erring gone astray,
That the Shepherd Good rejoicing
Yet may lead them in His way:
And for faithful souls departed,
That by grace they may attain
To the Beatific Vision,
Which the pure in heart shall gain.

3 Now to Thee we pray, O Father,
Give us grace to join the song
Of the vast Redeeméd Chorus,
Of the great Triumphant Throng;
God the Son, our praise and homage
We present Thy Throne before;
Glorious Paraclete, we worship,
And we bless Thee, evermore.

628

URBS SION AUREA.

C. J. Ridsdale.




*This tune is set in the Key of G at* 820, *Part* iii.

1 O Jesu Lord, remember
When Thou shalt come again
Upon the clouds of Heaven,
With all Thy shining Train;
When ev'ry eye shall see Thee
In Deity reveal'd,
Who now upon our Altars
In silence art conceal'd:

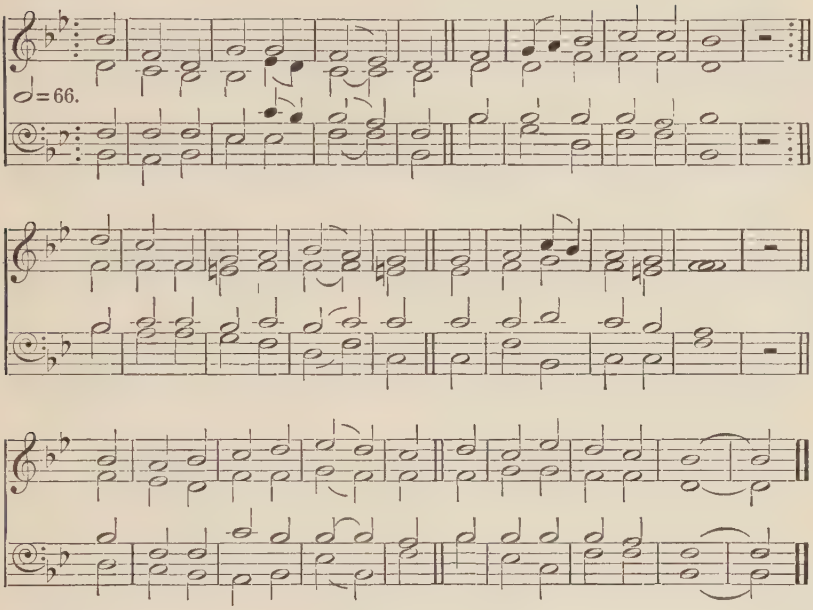
2 Remember then, O Saviour,
I supplicate of Thee,
That here I bow'd before Thee
Upon my bended knee;
That here I own'd Thy Presence,
And did not Thee deny;
And glorified Thy greatness,
Though hid from human eye.

3 Accept, Divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise;
Be Thou the Light and Honour
And Glory of my days:
Be Thou my Consolation
When death is drawing nigh;
Be Thou my only Treasure
Through all Eternity.

629

## PENANCE.

ELZTHAL. German.



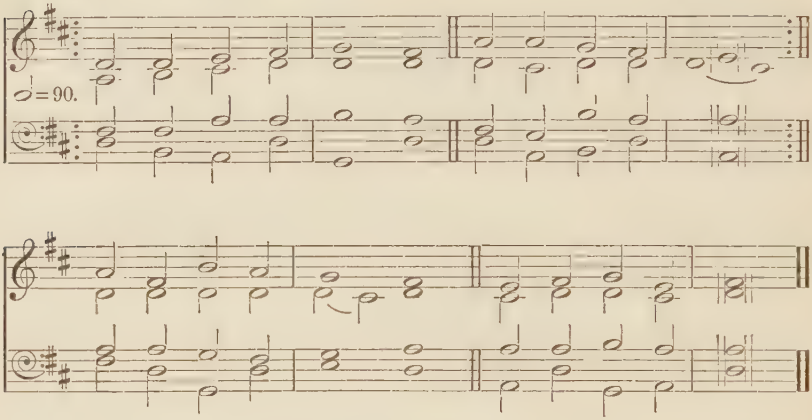

1 To-day Thy mercy calls me
To wash away my sin,
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been;
However long from mercy
I may have turn'd away,
Thy Blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin:
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised—
A glorious Crown in Heav'n.

3 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou Ever-open Door,
What should I do without Thee,
When heart and life run o'er?
When all things seem against me
To drive me to despair,
I know one Gate is open,
One Ear will hear my prayer.

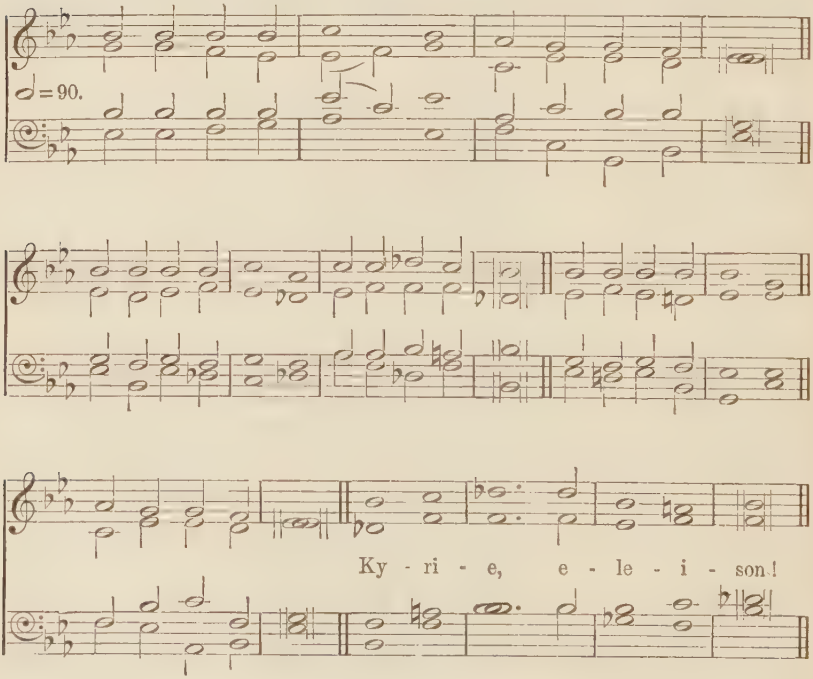
## 630 *LAST SACRAMENTS.*

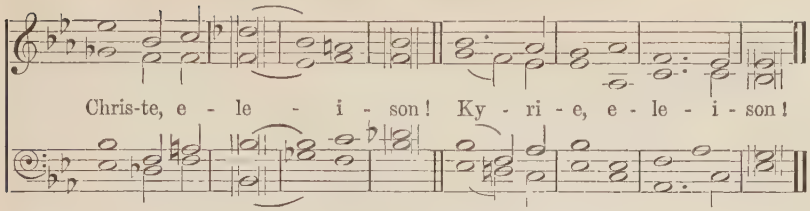
CLEWER (*First Tune*). (?)




LAUS TIBI CHRISTE (*Second Tune*). Melody of the XIV. Century.

Kyrie eleison may be sung after each verse, or omitted.






NOTE.—Two lines of the original tune are omitted.

1 WHEN day's shadows lengthen,
Jesu, be Thou near;
Pardon, Comfort, Strengthen,
Chase away my fear;
Love and Hope be deepen'd,
Faith more strong and clear

2 He, who stands beside me,
Cometh to proclaim
Pardon for contrition,
Glory for my shame;
Saying, "I absolve thee,
In Christ's Blessed Name."

3 Stay Thou with me, Jesu,
Till my foes shall flee;
Hidden Lord and Saviour,
Still my comfort be;
God, and Priest, and Victim,
Let me feed on Thee.

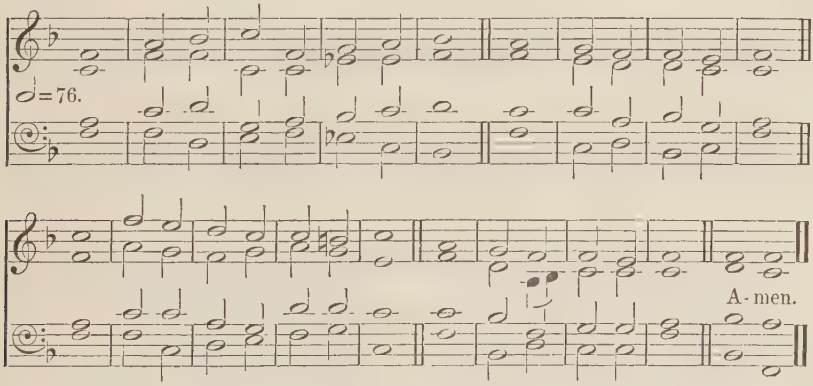
4 Then shall holy Unction
Bring its strength'ning grace,
And its joy shall render
Brightness to my face;
Jesus' Heart my Refuge,
And my Resting-place.

5 So no fear shall chill me
On that unknown shore;
Cunning wiles of Satan
Shall perplex no more;
His Right Hand shall guide me
To the City's Door.

6 Blessed warfare over!
Endless Rest alone!
Tears no more, nor sorrow,
Neither sigh nor moan!
But the Song of Triumph
Round about the Throne!

## 631 *HOLY ORDER.*

DUNDEE.




1 CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He pass'd
From earth, in Heav'n to reign,
He form'd one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

2 His Twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

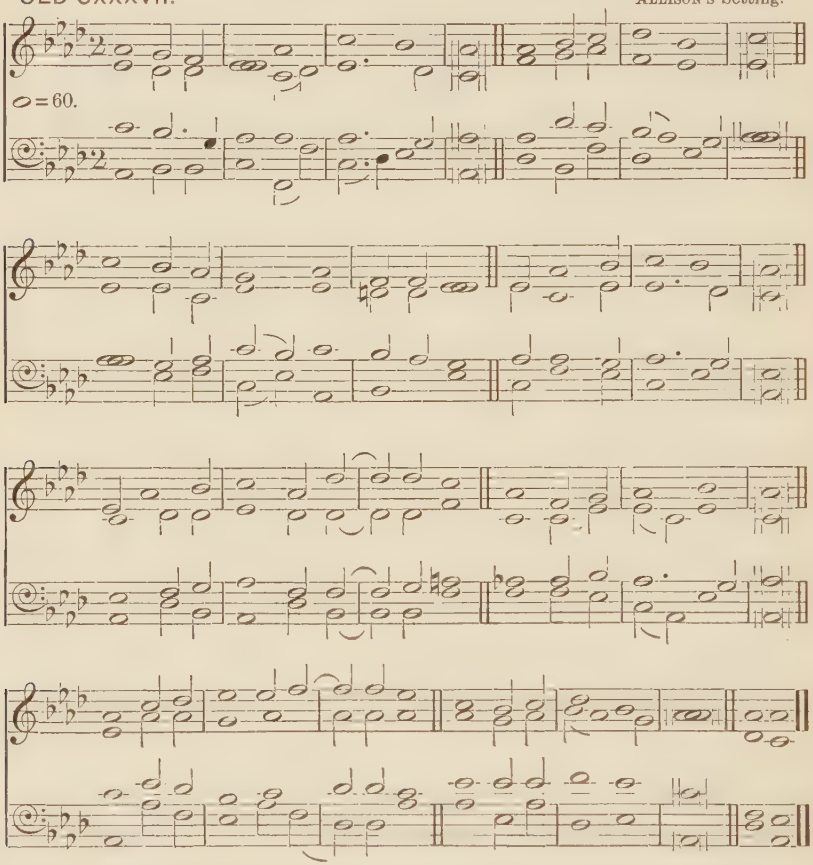
3 So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

4 Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold;
Bring wand'rers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and One Fold.

**632** OLD CXXXVII.

## *HOLY MATRIMONY.*

CRESPIN, 1557.
ALLISON'S Setting.



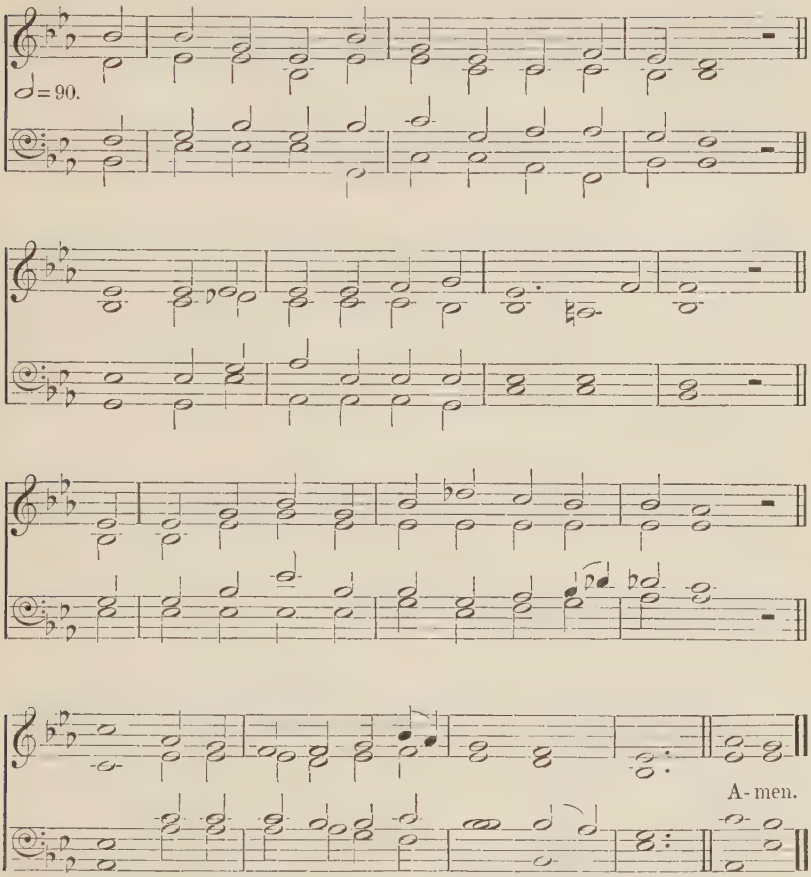

1 LORD, Who at Cana's wedding feast
Didst as a Guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy Presence here;
For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The Marriage vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, bless'd by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles ev'ry joy.

3 On those who at Thine Altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more;
O grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A Crown of Life above.

## O PERFECT LOVE.

Anon.



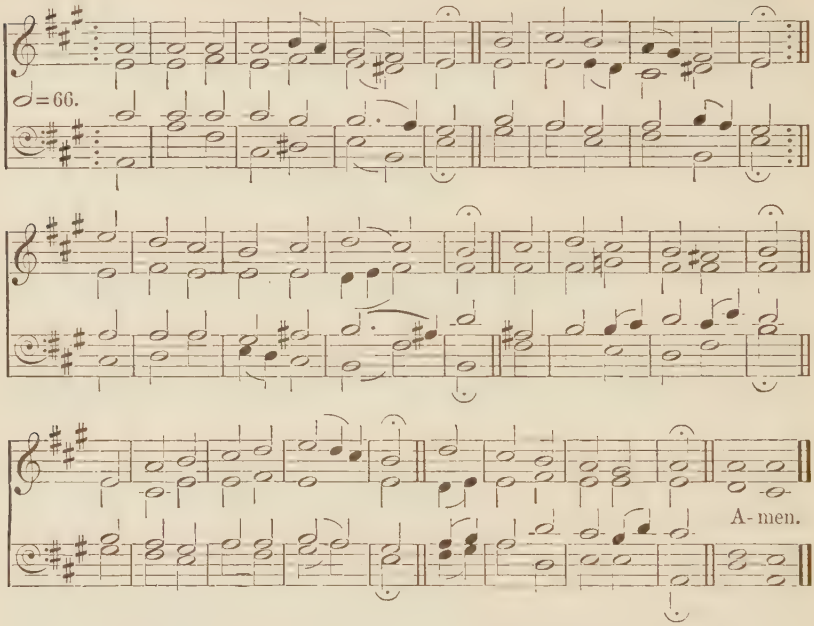

1 O Perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy Throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With child-like trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon Eternal love and life.

## 634

ICH DANK' DIR, LIEBER HERR. 1528.




1 O Thou, Whose love Paternal,
Ere yet had enter'd in
On Eden's beauty vernal
The wintry curse of sin,
In bonds of blessing golden
Did join the primal twain,
That benediction olden
O Father, grant again!

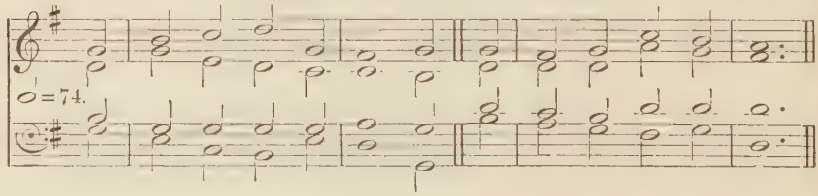
2 O Christ, Whose love for ever
Strong as Eternity
Hath will'd that nought should sever
The Holy Church and Thee;
O by that great Communion
That none shall e'er divide
Be here to bless this union,
This bridegroom and this bride!

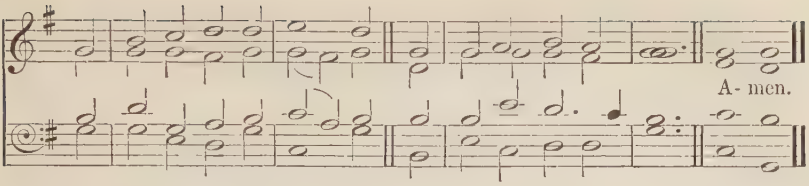
3 Spirit of peace and gladness,
Whose Holy Presence given
Can make this world of sadness
The border-land of Heav'n;
O Leader and Defender!
Be theirs to guard and guide,
Now in life's mid-day splendour
On to the eventide.

4 O Trinal Power and Glory!
O Undivided Three!
Grant that these twain before Thee
Be ever one in Thee!
One now, in ways of duty
Made bright by holy love,
One then, in bliss and beauty
Eternally above.

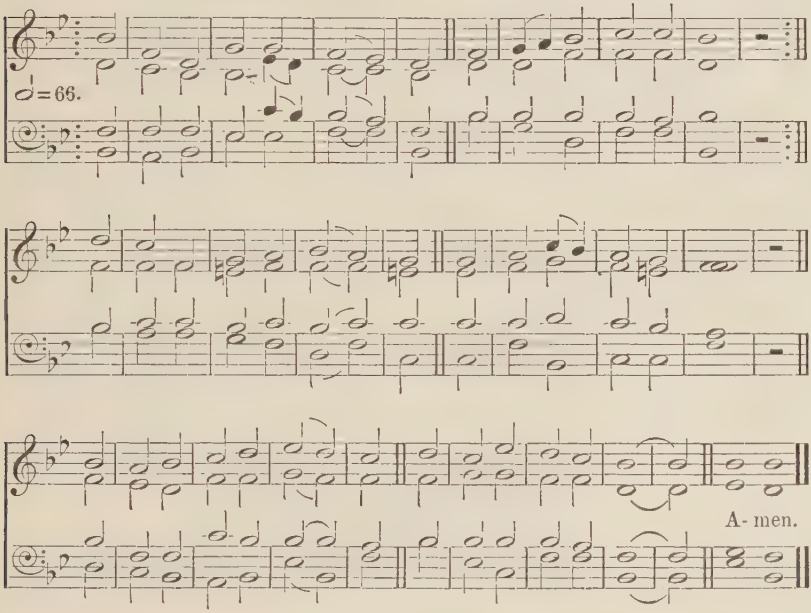
## 635

S. ALPHEGE (*First Tune*). GAUNTLETT.






ELZTHAL (*Second Tune*). German.




*Or tune at* 778.

1 The Voice that breath'd o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 For dower of blesséd children,
For purity's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break;

4 Be present, Awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gavest Adam,
Out of his own pierc'd side.

5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The Heav'nly Spouse dost seal.

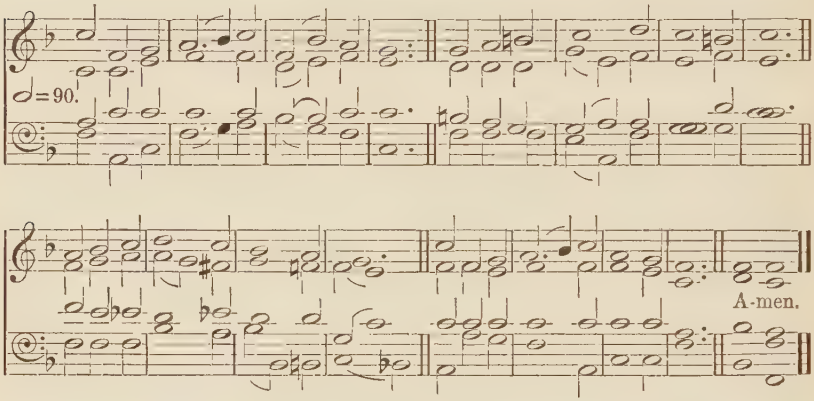
7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallow'd path they trace,

8 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the Home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

# Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings.

## 636 THE EMBER DAYS.

AQUÆ GRANÆ. German.




1 Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on High,
And Thine ordainéd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy Priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy Temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like Stars in Thy Right Hand,
Let all Thy Church's Pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

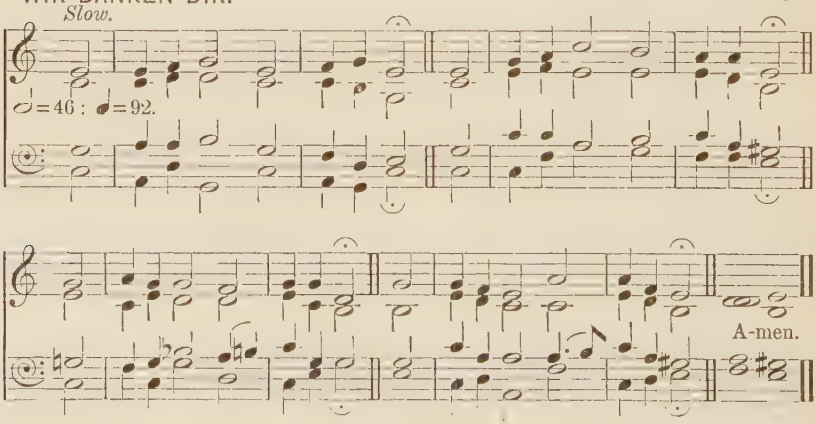
4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
May they in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with Crowns of Glory shine.

## 637

WIR DANKEN DIR. 1531.

*Slow.*



1.
O Thou Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above
And droppest glist'ning dew Divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love;

2.
Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And ev'ry lamp more brightly burn.

3.
Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

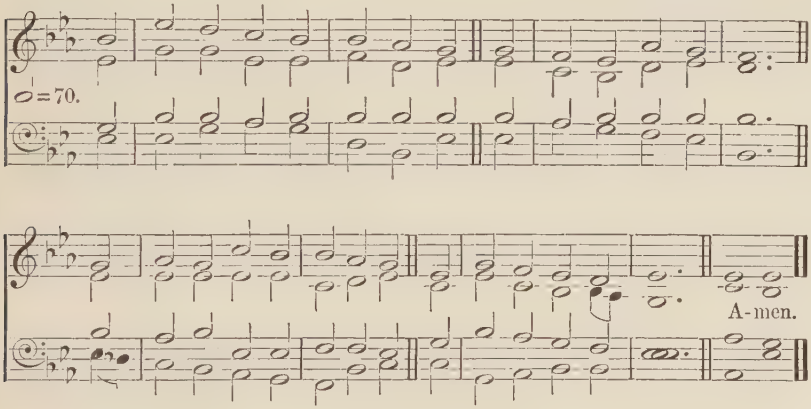
4.
Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5.
O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6.
If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to Heav'n,
We taste our immortality.

## 638 *FOR HOSPITALS.*

S. PETER'S. A. R. Reinagle.




1.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumph'd o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

2.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fever'd frame.

3.
And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renew'd, and frenzy calm'd,
Own'd Thee, the Lord of light.

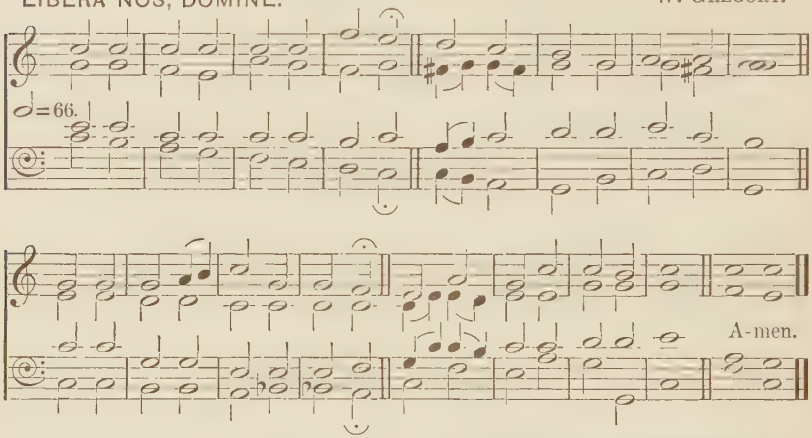
4.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennes'reth's shore.

5.
Be Thou our great Deliv'rer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine Almighty Breath.

6.
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's Heav'nly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
May praise Thee evermore.

## 639 *IN TIME OF TROUBLE.*

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE. W. GREGORY.




1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations,
Thron'd in might above the skies!
Let Thy people's supplications
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning
Humbly at Thy Feet we bend;
See us fasting, praying, mourning,
Help us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, each heart confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy as abounding,
Jesus' Blood can cleanse from all.

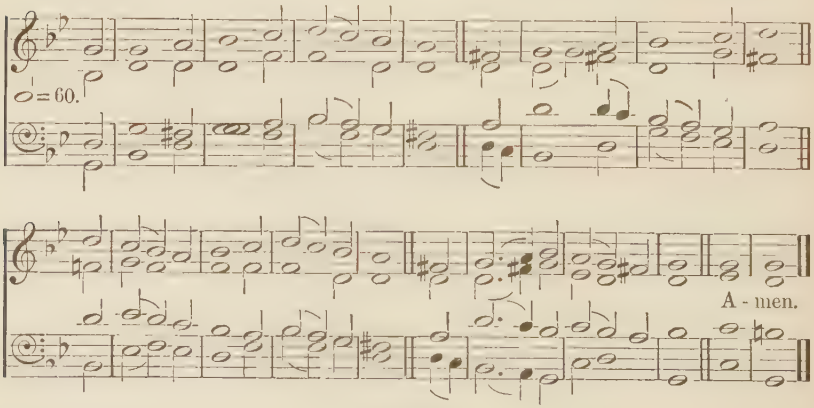
4 Pardon, Lord, our past transgression,
O'er us stretch Thy Saving Hand;
Save Thy servants from oppression,
Guard Thy Church, and bless our Land.

5 Praise the God of all Creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned Above.

6 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live!
Undivided adoration
To the Great Jehovah give.

## 640 *IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.*

BURFORD. WILKINS' *Psalmody*, 1609.



# In Time of Pestilence.

1 In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly,
Thine awful judgements are abroad,
O shield us lest we die.

2 The dread disease on ev'ry side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Now fills our homes with death.

3 Our sins Thy dreadful anger raise,
Our deeds Thy wrath deserve;
But we repent, and from Thy ways
We would no longer swerve.

4 Then look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let Thine Angel stand between
The living and the dead.

5 With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
We turn, who oft have stray'd;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stay'd.

## 641 *IN TIME OF WAR.*

FULDA. From Beethoven (?)

♩=80.

A - men.

*Or tune of* 694.

1 At war, and on the tented field,
Thou art, O Lord, our Strength and Shield;
To Thee in all our straits we fly,
And on Thy conqu'ring Arm rely.

2 Our sins provoke Thy wrath, O Lord,
Our crying sins unsheathe the sword;
But we repent; Thy wrath restrain;
With favour turn to us again.

3 O speed the time when war shall cease,
Within Thy Realm, O Prince of Peace;
When diff'ring tribes Thy Sceptre own,
And meet in concord round Thy Throne.

## 642 FOR THOSE AT SEA.

MELITA. DYKES.

♩=70.

A-men.

1.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3.

O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

5.

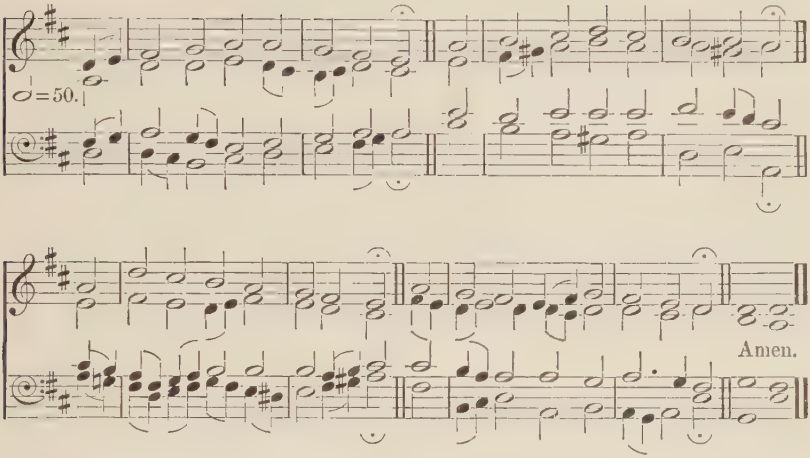
And for our brethren call'd away
By death's swift summons, Lord, we pray,
Their sin-stain'd souls make pure and white,
And grant them rest, and peace, and light;
So, at Thy Coming, they may be
Raised up triumphant from the sea.

643

# For those at Sea.

EISENACH.

Set by J. S. Bach.




1.
O God, Who metest in Thine Hand,
The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
By Thy perpetual decree;

2.
What time the floods lift up their voice
And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
Of waterspouts and billows' roar;

3.
When they who to the sea go down,
And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge's crown,
And plunged where seething eddies boil;

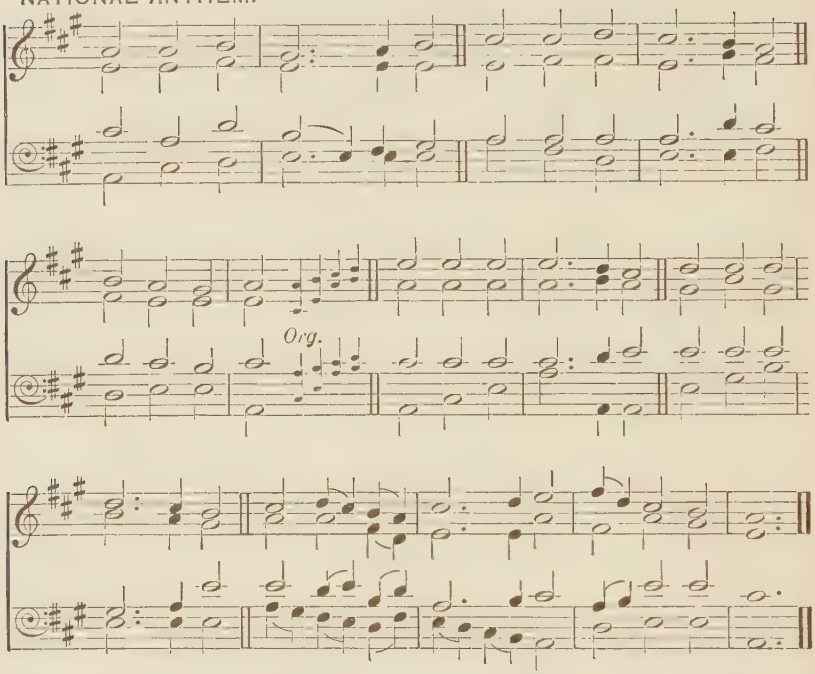
4.
Rule then, O Lord, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, "Peace, be still."

5.
So with Thy mercies ever new
Thy servants set from peril free,
And bring them, Pilot wise and true,
Unto the port where they would be.

6.
Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our Joy on Heav'n's Eternal Shore.

## 644 *ACCESSION OF THE SOVEREIGN.*

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

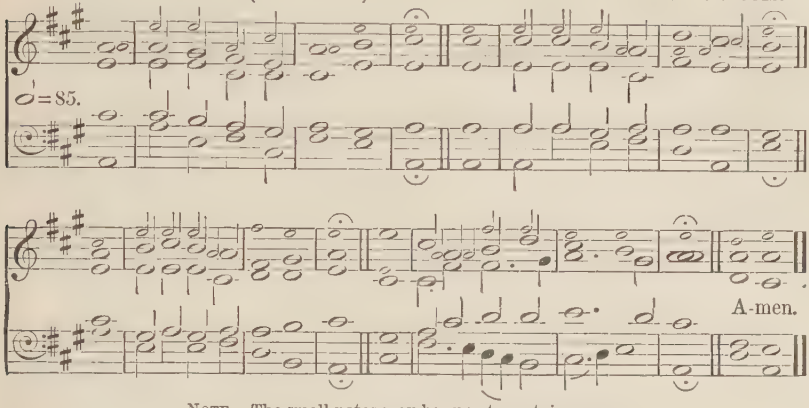



1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all!

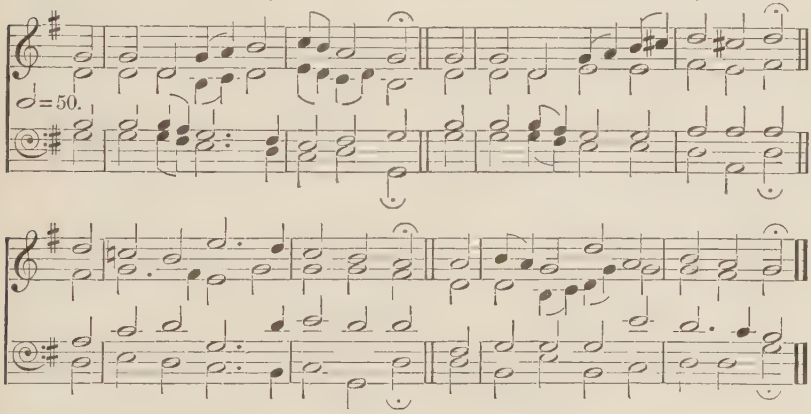
Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!

OLD HUNDREDTH (*First Tune*). BOURGEOIS.




NOTE.—The small notes may be sung to certain verses.

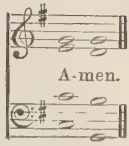
ILLSLEY (*Second Tune*). J. BISHOP, d. 1737.




1 O KING of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sov'reign's head;
And, looking from Thy holy Heav'n,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

2 Him may we honour and obey,
Uphold his right and lawful sway;
Rememb'ring that the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd of Thee.

3 By him this favour'd nation bless,
To all his councils give success;
In peace, in war, Thy succour bring,
Confirm our strength, and guard our King.

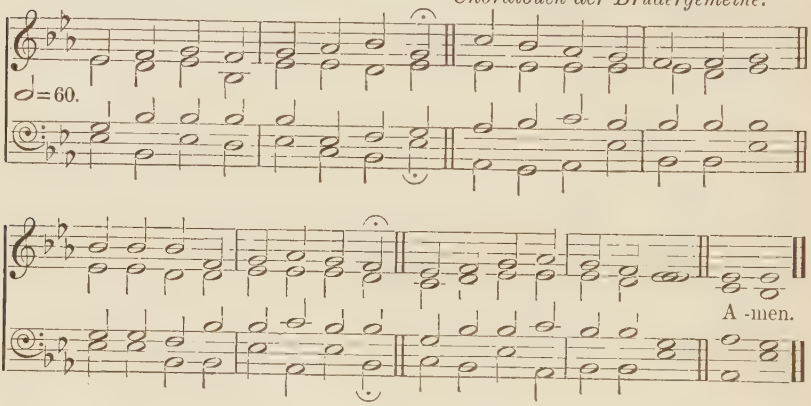



4 And oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly glories fade away,
Grant him a nobler Throne on High,
A Crown of Immortality.

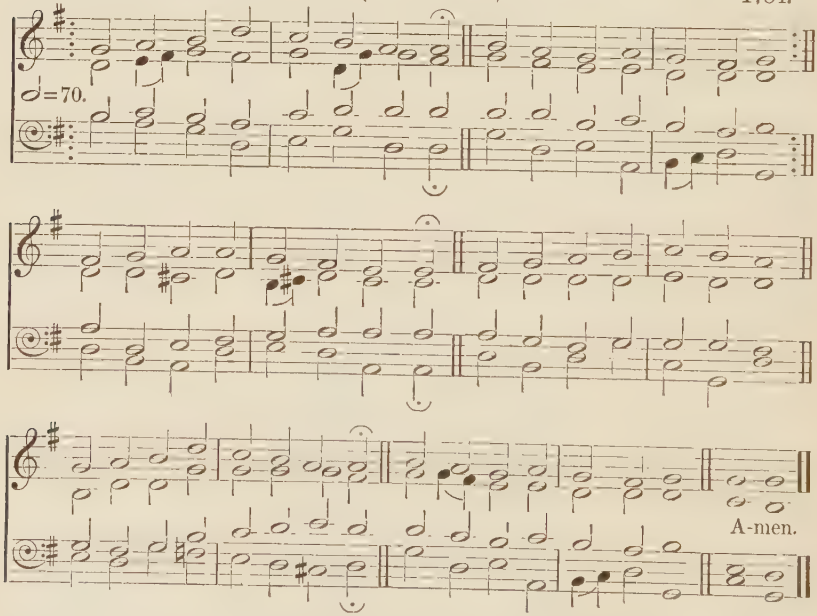
## 646 *RENEWAL OF BAPTISMAL VOWS.*

RINGE RECHT (*First Tune*).

*The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*




O GESEGNETES REGIEREN (*Second Tune*). 1784.




1 Look in pity, Lord of glory,
On the suppliants at Thy Feet;
Their Baptismal vows renewing
Here before Thy Mercy-seat.

2 By the sacred fontal waters,
Purer than the dew of morn,
In whose laver of salvation
We to Second Life were born;

3 By the majesty unspoken
Of the dread Tri-unal Name,
In whose solemn invocation
We the heirs of God became;

4 Satan and his pomps for ever
Here we all renounce again,
Here we promise, Holy Saviour,
Thine for ever to remain.

5 Lord and Saviour, God of Mercy,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
Keep, O keep us, now and always,
In the shadow of Thy wings.

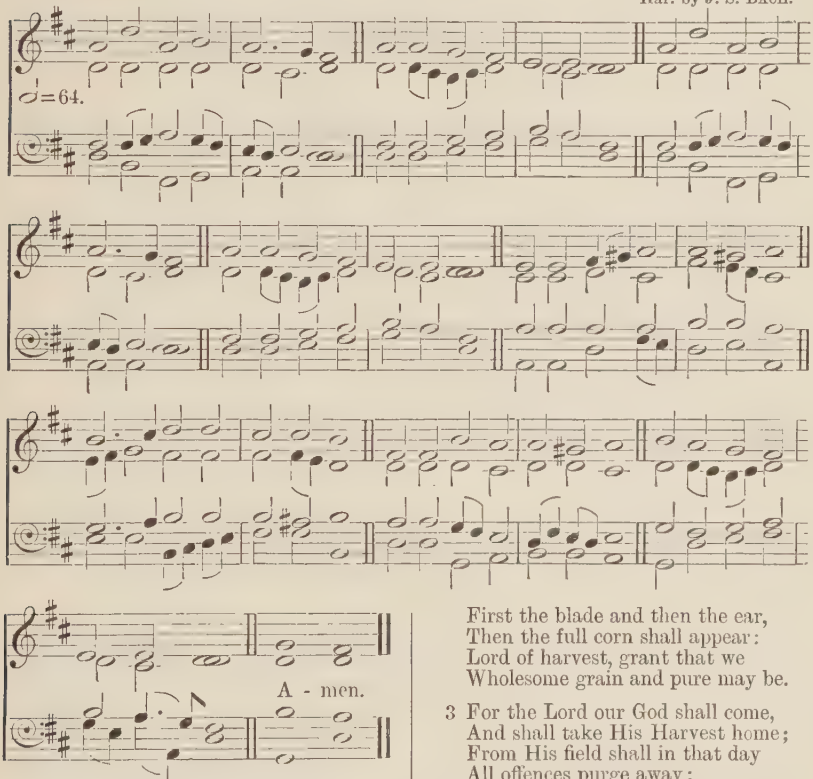
6 As we chose in life's beginning
Thee for our Eternal Friend,
So in faith and love maintain us,
Persevering to the end.

## 647

SALZBURG.

## *HARVEST.*

CRÜGER.
Har. by J. S. BACH.




1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

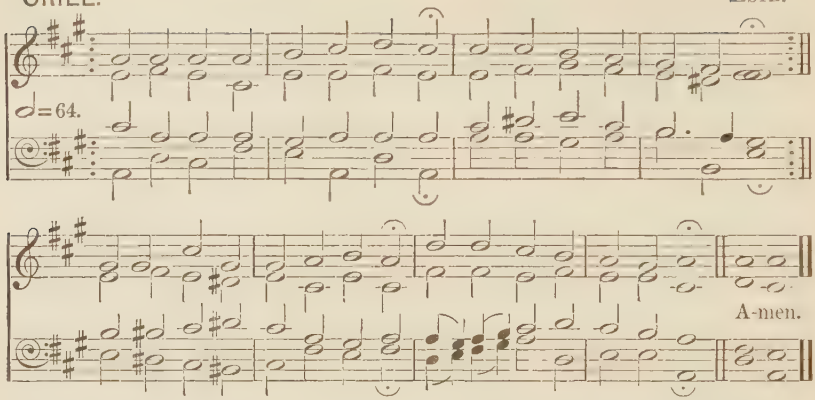
2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His Harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

## 648

ORIEL. ESTE.




1 God the Father! Whose creation
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,
Thou, Whose yearly operation
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August-gold of earth.

2 God the Word, the sun maturing
With his blessed ray the corn,
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
Thee, O Everlasting Morn,
Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,
Thee, That liftest up our horn.

3 God, the Holy Ghost, the showers
That have fatten'd out the grain
Types of Thy Celestial powers,
Symbols of baptismal rain,
Shadow'd out the grace that dowers
All the Faithful of Thy train.

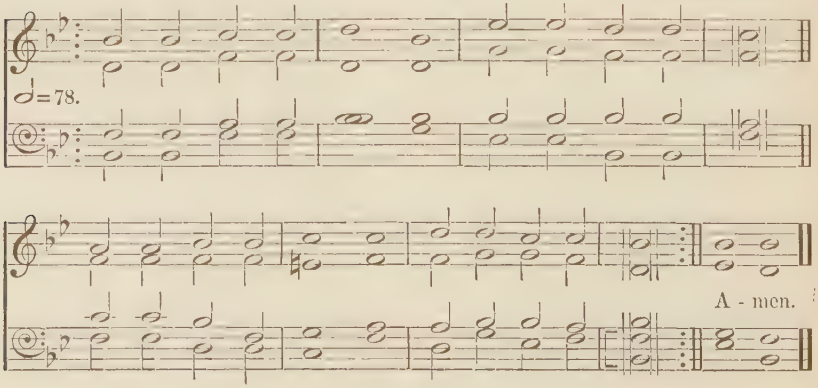
4 When the Harvest of each nation
Severs righteousness from sin,
And Archangel-proclamation
Bids to put the sickle in,
And each age and generation
Sink to woe, or glory win;

5 Grant that we, or young or hoary,
Lengthen'd be our span or brief,
Whatsoe'er the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garner'd up in Glory
As Thine own Elected Sheaf.

6 Laud to Him to Whom Supernal
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;
Laud to Him from Whom infernal
Powers and Dominations flee·
Laud to Him the Co-eternal
Paraclete for ever be.

## 649

HOLY IS THE SEED-TIME. French Melody.



1 Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again:
Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn
Bursting from its prison riseth like the morn.

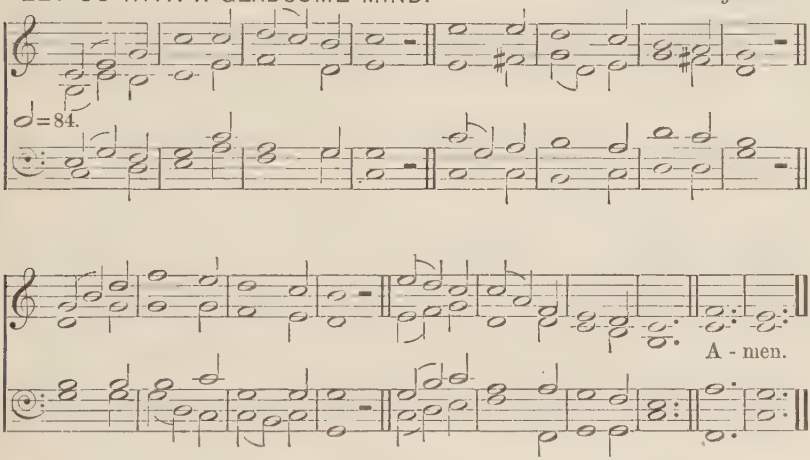
2 Holy is the harvest, when each ripen'd ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year:
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

3 Holy seed our Master soweth in His Field;
Be the Harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

4 Glory to the Father, Who beheld our need;
Glory to the Saviour, Who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!

## 650

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;

3 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

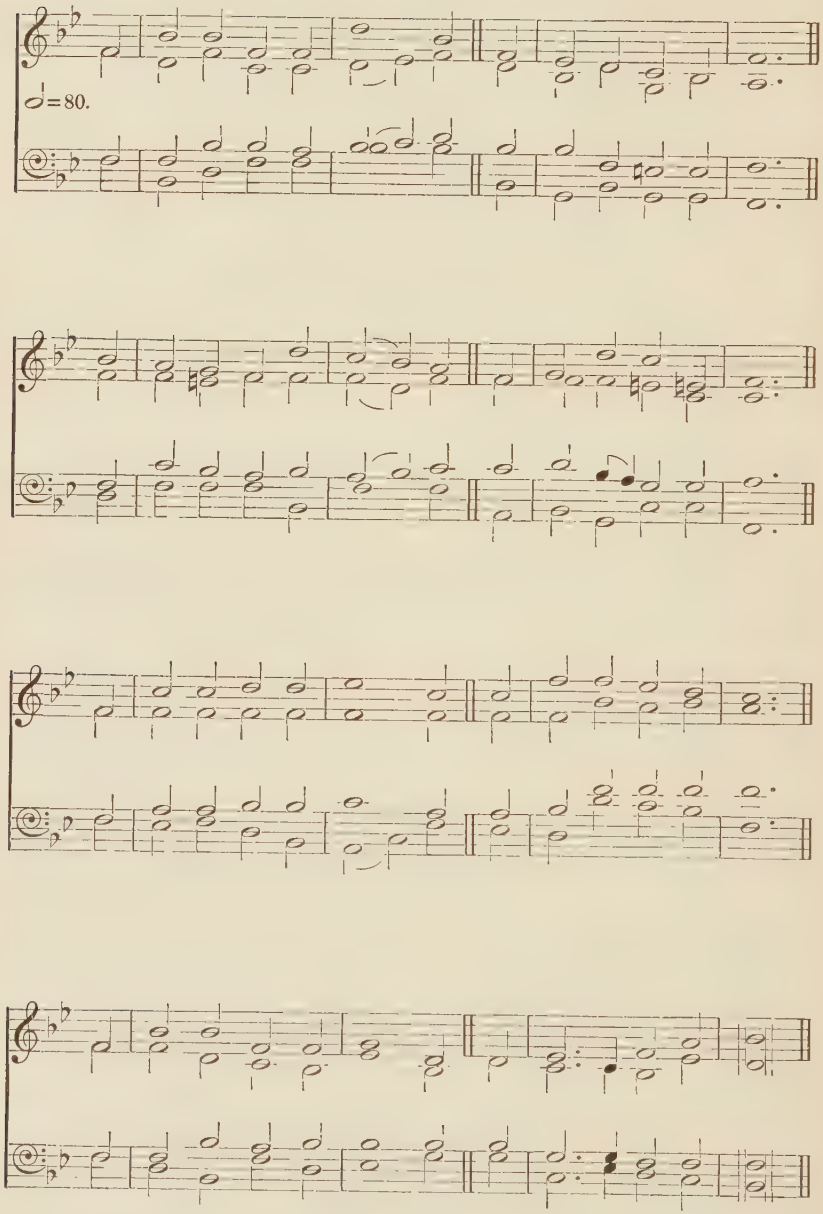
4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, praise, and glory be,
Now and through Eternity.

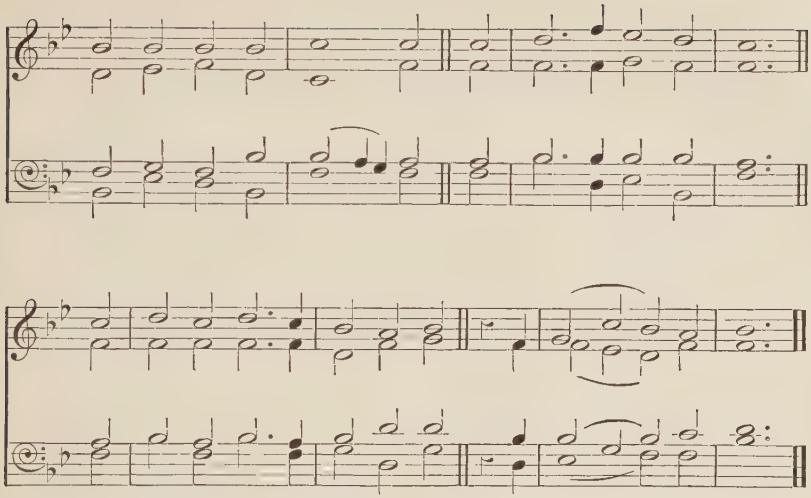
651

WIR PFLÜGEN.

German.



# Harvest.



1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

4 Our souls, Blest Saviour, gather—
Wheat for the Golden Floor,
Where Angels shall be reapers,
And Saints the Harvest store:
There glad, and safe, and glorious,
While endless ages run,
The First-fruits of creation
Shall hymn the Great Tri-une:
All Thy works shall praise Thee
In earth, and Heav'n Above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

# Missions.

## 652

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

CRÜGER.

J. CRÜGER.

*Slow.*

♩=66.

A- men.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

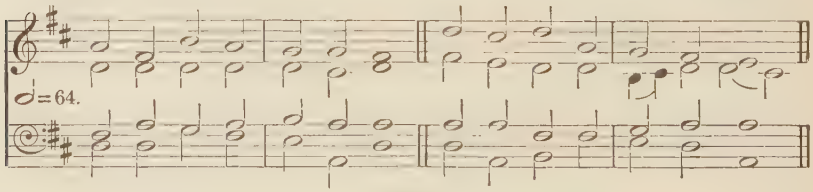
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on High,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

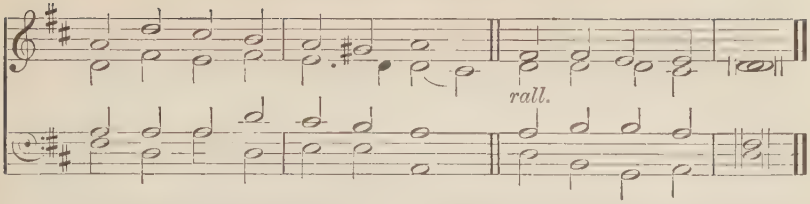
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

## 653

CAPETOWN.

German.






1 God of Grace, O let Thy Light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the day-spring on the night,
Bid Thy grace to shine.

2 To the nations led astray
Thine Eternal love display;
Let Thy truth direct their way,
Till the world be Thine.

3 Praise to Thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising Thee.

4 Let them moved to gladness sing,
Owning Thee their Judge and King;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring,
Where Thy rule shall be.

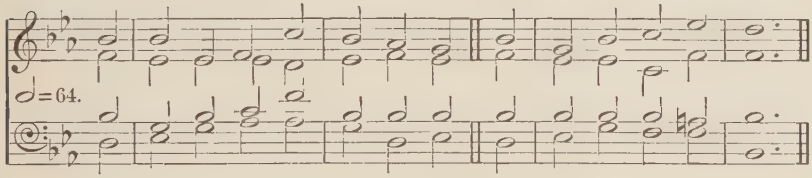
5 Praise to Thee, All-faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.

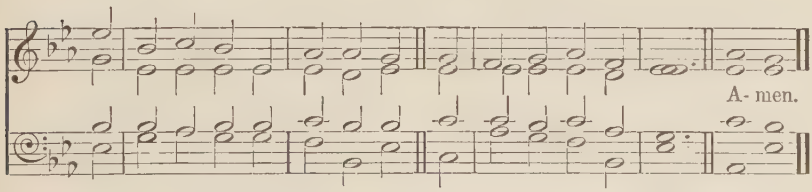
6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease
Through the length of days;

7 While His grace our life shall cheer,
Furthest lands shall own His fear,
Brought to Him in worship near,
Taught His Mercy's ways.

## 654

S. FULBERT. GAUNTLETT.




1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the Coming Day!
Arise, and with Thy Morning Beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, Blessed Lord, let ev'ry shore
And answering Island sing
The praises of Thy Royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright World Above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In mem'ry of Thy Love.

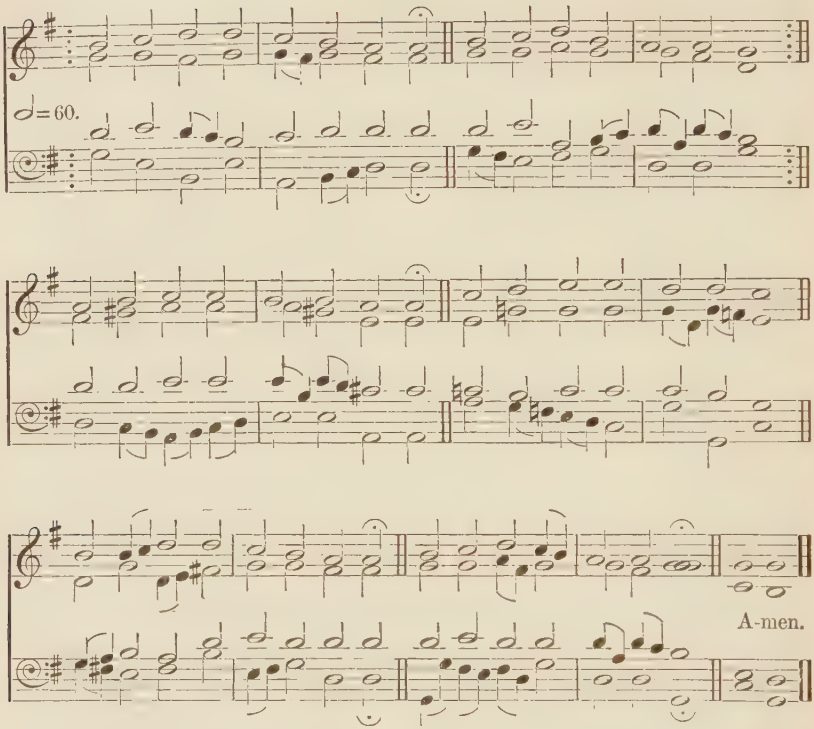
4 Lord! Lord! Thy fair Creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Come, then, with all Thy quick'ning power,
With one awak'ning smile,
And bid the Serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous Realms defile.

6 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of Grace and Peace Divine:
Be Thine the Crown of Glory now,
The palm of Vict'ry Thine.

655

BRETTEN. J. S. BACH.

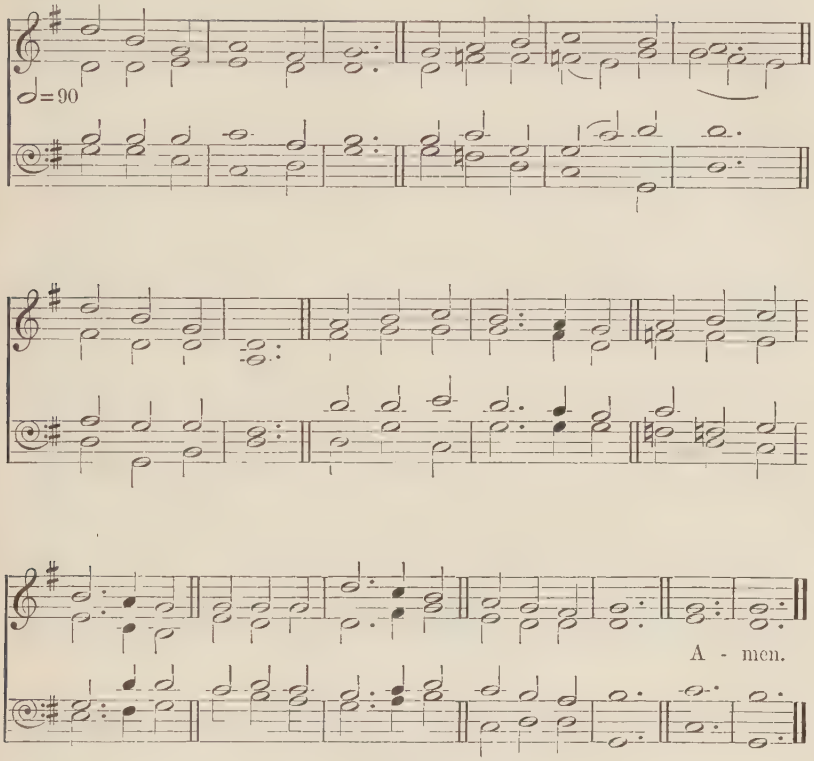



1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy Sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee!
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest:
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown field for rain,
Thee they seek as God of Heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the Isles are waiting!
Stretch'd the hand and strain'd the sight,
For Thy Spirit new-creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by ev'ry creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung!

MOSCOW. F. GIARDINI.




1.

THOU, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be Light.

2.

Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy Redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
Let there be Light.

3.

Spirit of Truth and Love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be Light.

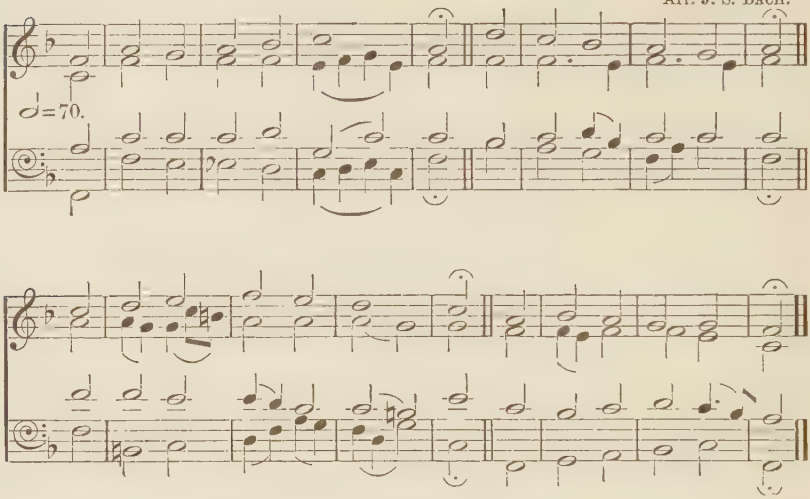
4.

Holy and Blesséd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be Light.

## 657

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN.

VULPIUS.
Arr. J. S. BACH.




1 UNFURL the blood-red banner,
Unsheath the Spirit's sword;
Put on the Christian's armour,
The armour of the Lord;

2 The helmet of salvation,
And faith, victorious shield;
Go forth with acclamation,
The world your battle-field.

3 Unfurl the blood-red banner,
And shout, with trumpet's sound,
Deliv'rance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound;

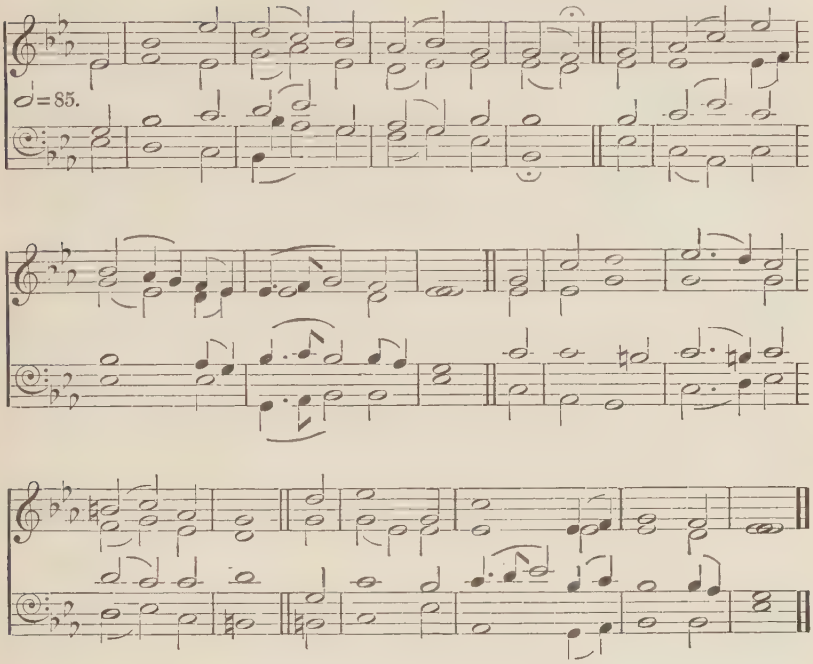
4 Earth's Jubilee of glory,
The year of full Release;
O tell the wondrous story;
Go forth and publish peace!

5 Go forth, Confessors, Martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the Blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ:

6 For Christ claim ev'ry nation,
Your banners wide unfurl'd;
Go forth and preach Salvation,
Salvation for the world!

658

S. PANCRAS. JONATHAN BATTISHILL, 1732.




1 UPLIFT the banner! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide:
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the Sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

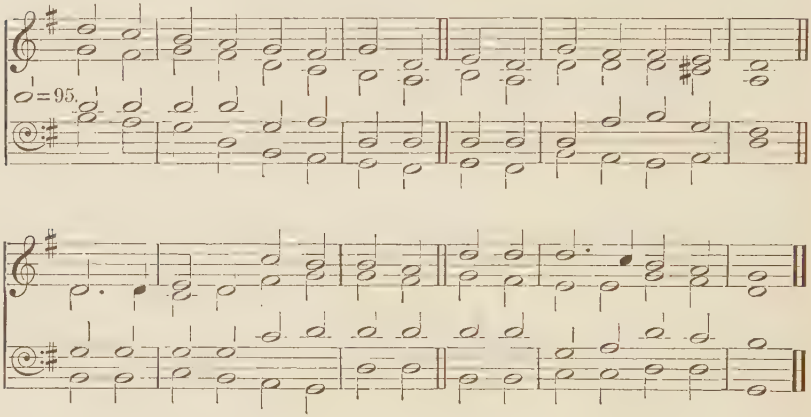
3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gath'ring at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

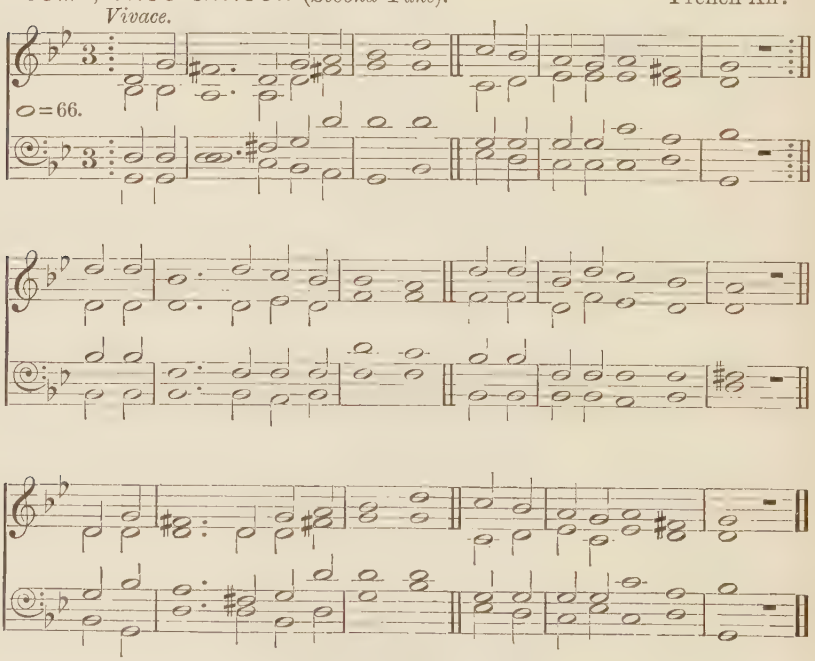
5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that Sign.

## 659 HOME MISSIONS.

SOULS OF MEN (*First Tune*).




COME, THOU SAVIOUR (*Second Tune*). French Air.




*This is set in A minor at* 324.

1 Call them in! the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stain'd wand'rers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer,
Can you weigh their weight with gold?

2 Call them in! the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin,
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,
He is waiting; call them in!

3 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the Feast;
Call them in! the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.

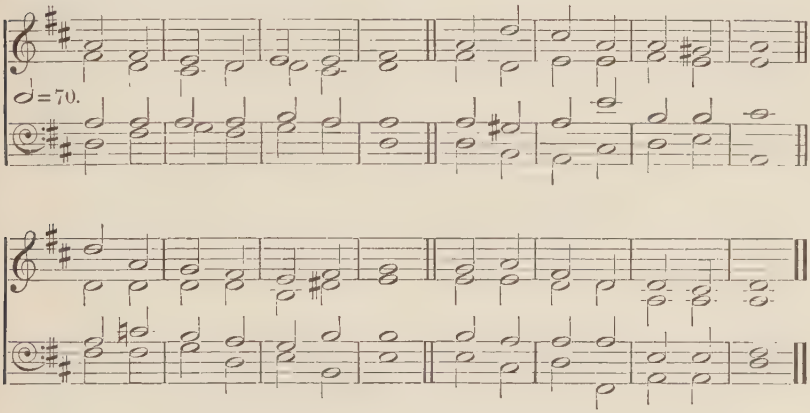
4 Forth the Father comes to meet them,
He hath all their troubles seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones; call them in!

5 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender;
"'Twas for sinners Jesus came."

6 See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the Day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming; call them in!

## 660

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.




1 Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurl'd;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the Living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the Saving Sign display.

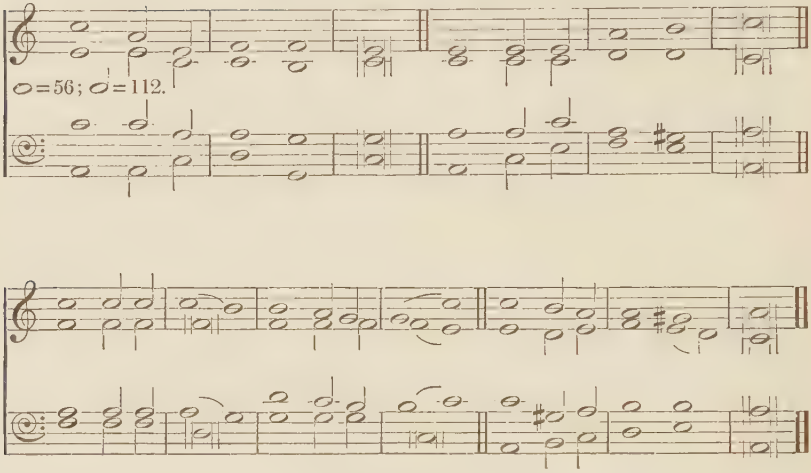
5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of Realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the stray'd;
Comfort mourners; banish grief;
In the might of God array'd,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurl'd,
Still unsheath'd the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world,
Are the Kingdoms of the Lord.

## 661 *PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.*

LYTE. J. WILKES.




1.
I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's Voice,
I would not be controll'd.

2.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's Voice,
I loved afar to roam.

3.
The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.

4.
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wand'ring one.

5.
They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.

6.
They wash'd my filth away,
They made me clean and fair,
They brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer!

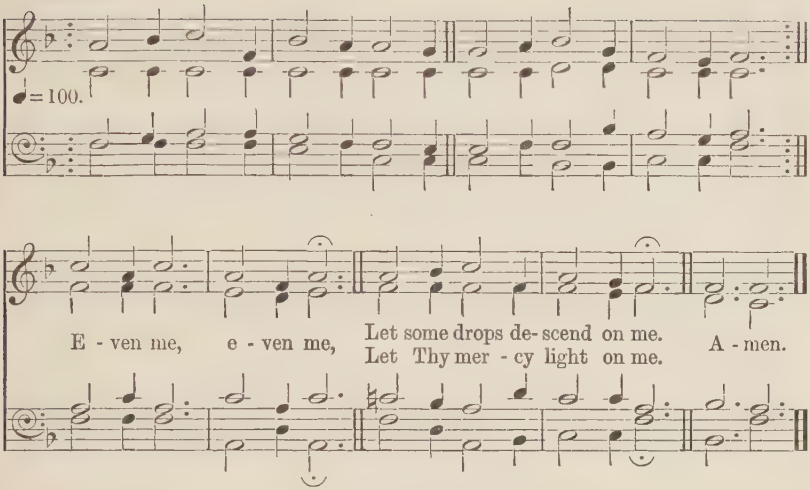
7.
Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that wash'd me in His Blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.

8.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

9.
I was a wand'ring sheep,
I would not be controll'd;
But now I love my Shepherd's Voice,
I love, I love the Fold!

10.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferr'd to roam;
But now I love my Father's Voice,
I love, I love my Home.

TORONTO. Anon.




1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O Gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O Gracious Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O Mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see,
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me—Even me.

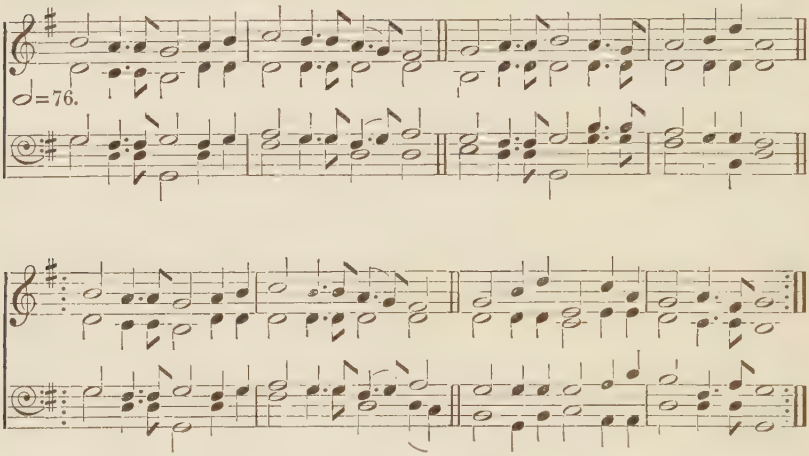
6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the Streams of Life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.

663

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

MÉHUL.




1 RESCUE the perishing
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave:
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful Jesus will save.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crush'd by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touch'd by a loving hand,
Waken'd by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful. Jesus will save.

## 664

BELMONT.

S. Webbe, Junr.

*Slow.*

♩=66.

Re - turn, re - turn.

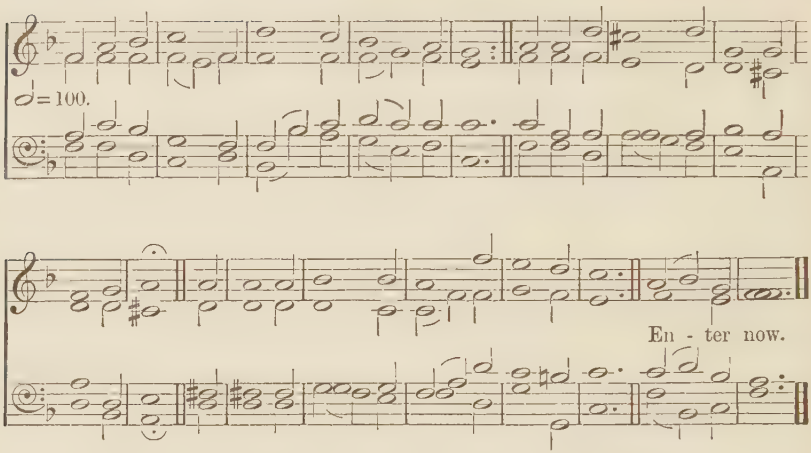
1 Return, O wand'rer, to thy Home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery:
Return, return.

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy Home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride, say, Come;
Oh, now for refuge flee:
Return, return.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy Home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return.

**665**

SARUM 296. W. H. Monk.




1 Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the Feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of Jubilee!
Make haste, make haste, 'tis not too full for thee;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love, it is not yet too late;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

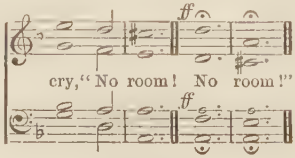
6 Pass in, pass in! That Banquet is for thee,
That cup of Everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

7 All Heav'n is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The Angels beckon thee the prize to win;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

8 Louder and louder sounds the loving call;
Come, ling'rer, come; enter that Festal Hall;
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry, "No room, no room!"
No room, no room! O woeful cry, "No room!"

*The following is suggested for the end of verse 9:—*

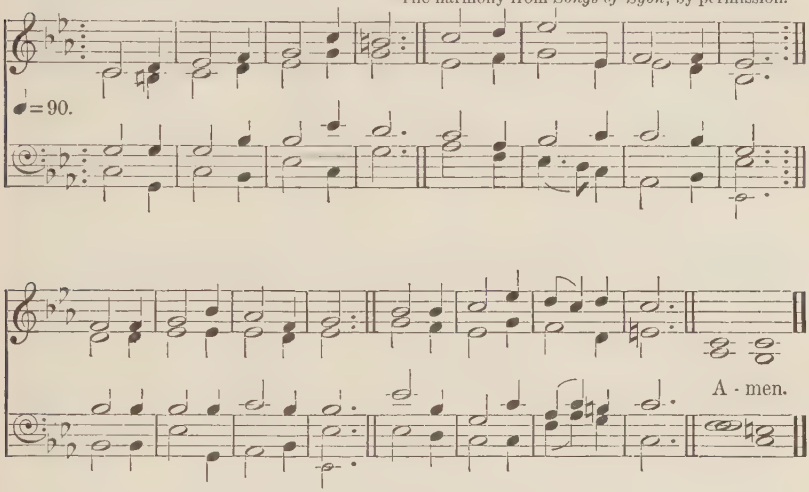


## 666 *BURIAL OF AN ADULT.*

IHR GESTIRN.

CHRISTOPHER PETER.

The harmony from *Songs of Syon*, by permission.




*Or the "Vesper Hymn" as at 323, without the added Chorus.*

1 *BROTHER*,* now thy toils are o'er,
Fought the battle, won the crown,
On life's rough and barren shore
Thou hast laid thy burden down:
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

2 Through death's valley, dim and dark,
Jesus guide thee in the gloom,
Show thee where His Footprints mark
Tracks of glory through the tomb.
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

3 Angels bear thee to the Land
Where the Towers of Sion rise,
Safely lead thee by the hand
To the Fields of Paradise.
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

4 White-robed at the Golden Gate
Of the New Jerusalem,
May the host of Martyrs wait,
Give thee part and lot with them.
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

5 Choirs of Angels over us,
Bear Christ's weak and trembling lamb,
Give thee peace with Lazarus,
In the breast of Abraham.
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

6 Rest in peace: the gates of Hell
Touch thee not till He shall come
For the souls He loves so well,
Dear Lord of the Heav'nly Home.
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

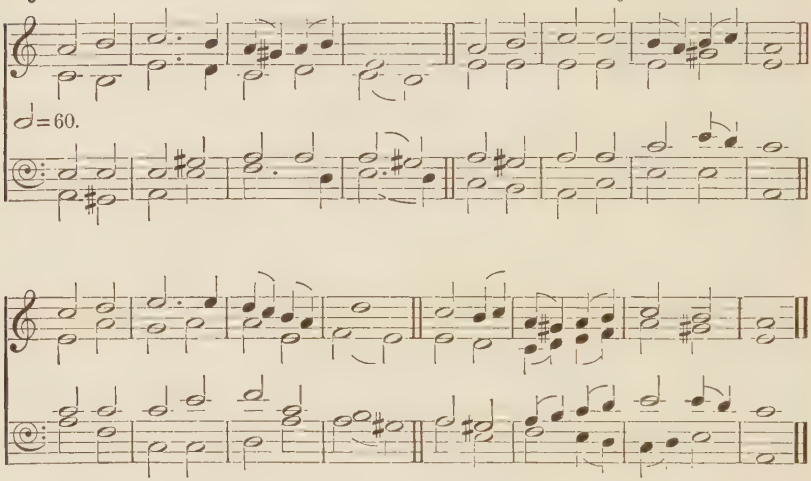
7 Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay;
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection Day.
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

8 Christ the Sower sows thee here:
When th' Eternal Day shall dawn,
He will gather in the ear
On that Resurrection Morn:
Grant *him*, Lord, Eternal Rest
With the spirits of the blest.

* Or Sister.

667

QUADRAGESIMA. Air by De Montfort.




1.

Christ will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on High.

2.

Day by day the voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine Eternal Home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul it summons there.

3.

Had He ask'd us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love *him*, let *him* stay."

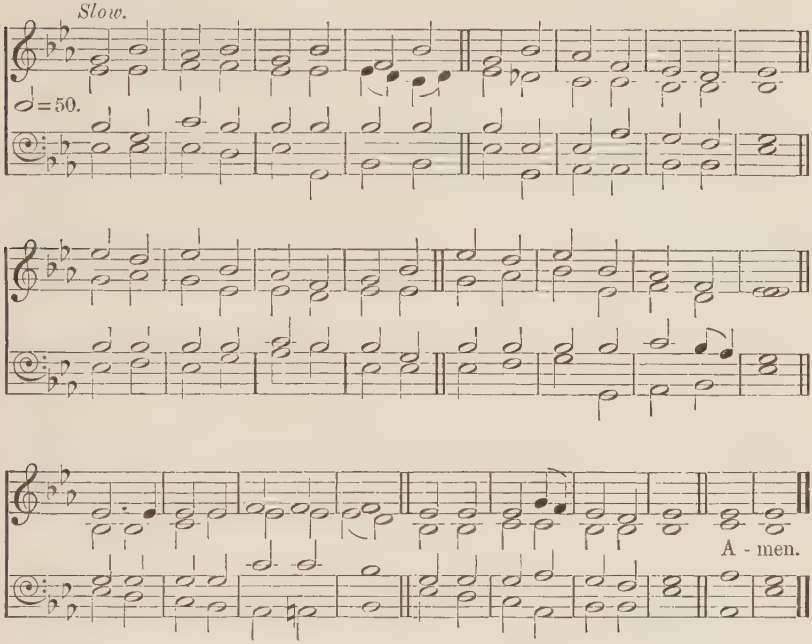
4.

But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And, since He hath order'd this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His Will.

5.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

VESPER HYMN.




1 God the Father, Who in mercy
Didst th' immortal soul bestow,
Who Thy servant hence hath summon'd,
Bidding *him* this world forego;
We entreat Thee, Father Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.

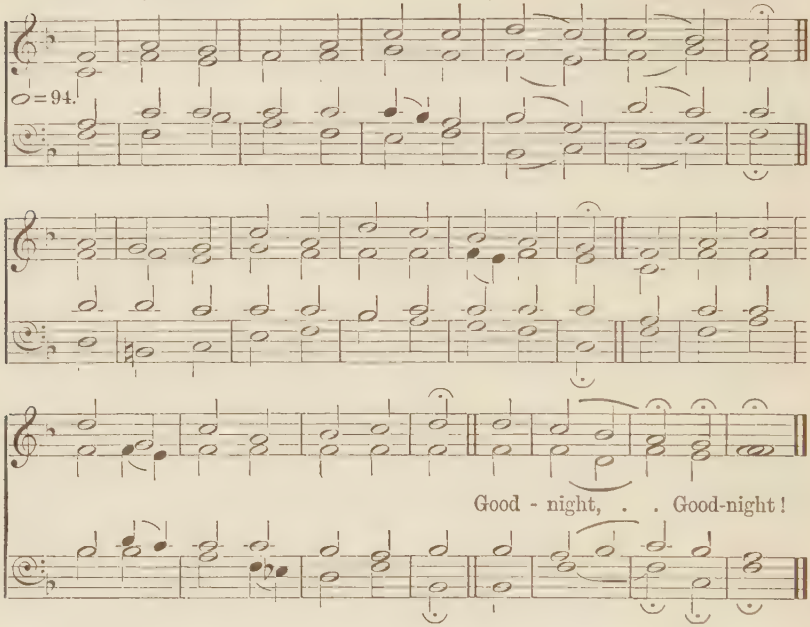
2 God the Son, our Loving Saviour,
God made Man our souls to save;
Who hast borne the pains of dying,
That we might not fear the grave;
We entreat Thee, Saviour Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.

3 God the Holy Ghost most patient,
Who hast made our souls Thy home,
Who the faithful never leavest
Here, or in the world to come;
We entreat Thee, Spirit Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Ever Gracious One in Three,
Who hast made us, bought us, loved us,
Sanctified and seal'd to Thee;
We entreat Thee, God All-Blest,
Grant *him* Everlasting Rest.

## 669

SLEEP ON, BELOVED. H. L. HARTMAN.




1 SLEEP on, belovéd, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's Breast;
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best;
Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep;
Good-night!

3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom is overpast,
Good-night!

4 Until the Easter Glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise,
Good-night!

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine;
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," belovéd—not "Farewell";
A little while, and all His Saints shall dwell
In hallow'd union, indivisible;
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His Throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known,
Good-night!

670

SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP.

C. J. RIDSDALE.

UNISON. 𝅗𝅥. = 30; 𝅗𝅥 = 90.

1 Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; . .
2 Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad - ness; . .

Rest, where none weep, Till the E - ter - nal Mor - row; . .
Bright - ly at last Dawns a Day of Glad - ness. . .

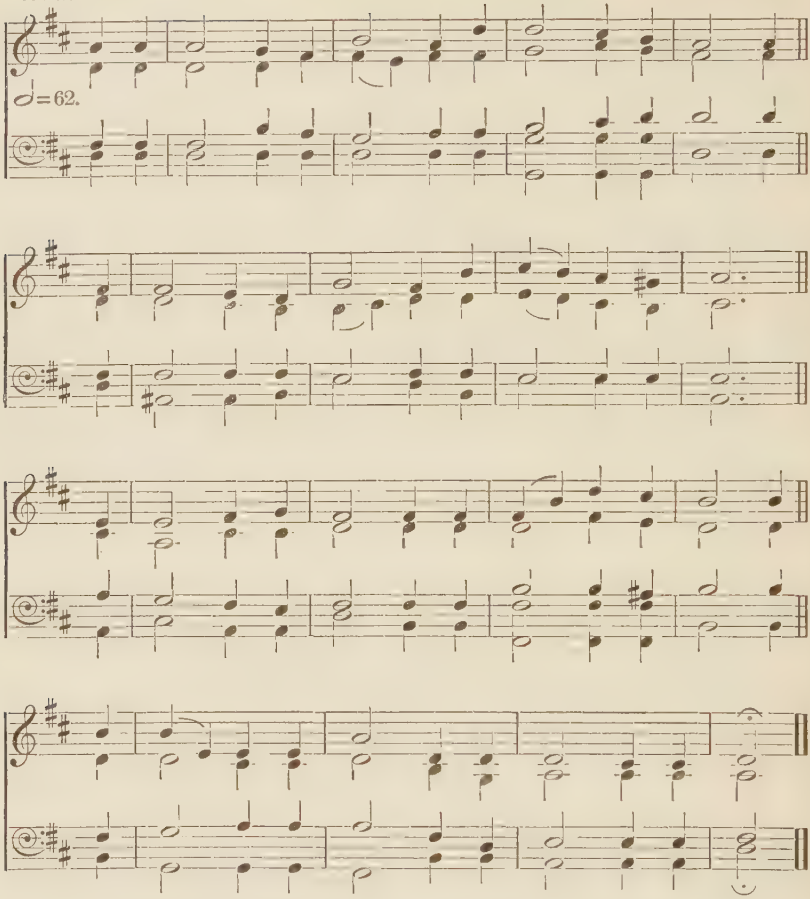
Though dark waves roll O - ver the si - lent riv - er, . .
Un - der thy sod, Earth, re - ceive our trea - sure, . .

Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. . .
To rest in God, Wait - ing all His plea - sure. . .

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest
Soon shall Thy Voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

671

ROMNEY. J. T. Cooper.




1 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide Arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

3 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

## 672

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

IN NATALI DOMINI.

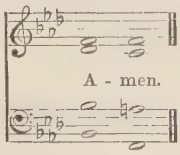
Air probably of the 14th Century.
(With the last line repeated.)

♩=110.

1 SAFELY, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair
Now hath pass'd from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep.

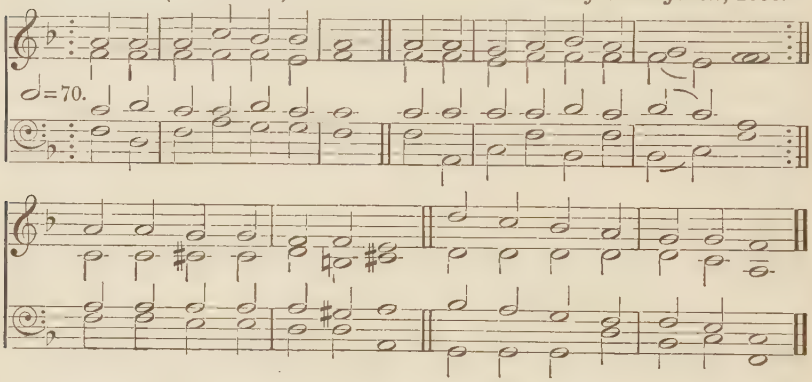
2 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin,
Pass'd beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain;
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the Home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gather'd in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us Above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy Feet.

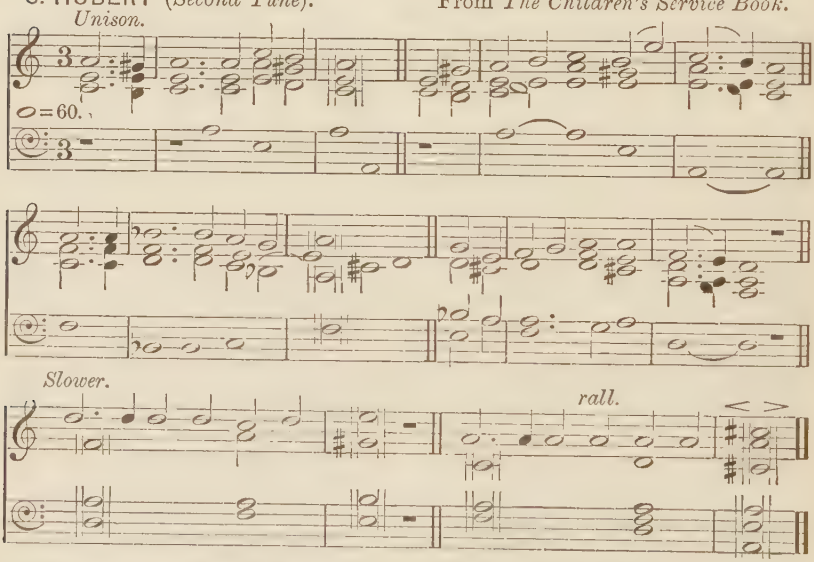


## 673 BURIAL OF A CHILD.

MEINHOLD (*First Tune*). *Luneberg Gesangbuch*, 1686.




S. HUBERT (*Second Tune*). From *The Children's Service Book*.




1 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

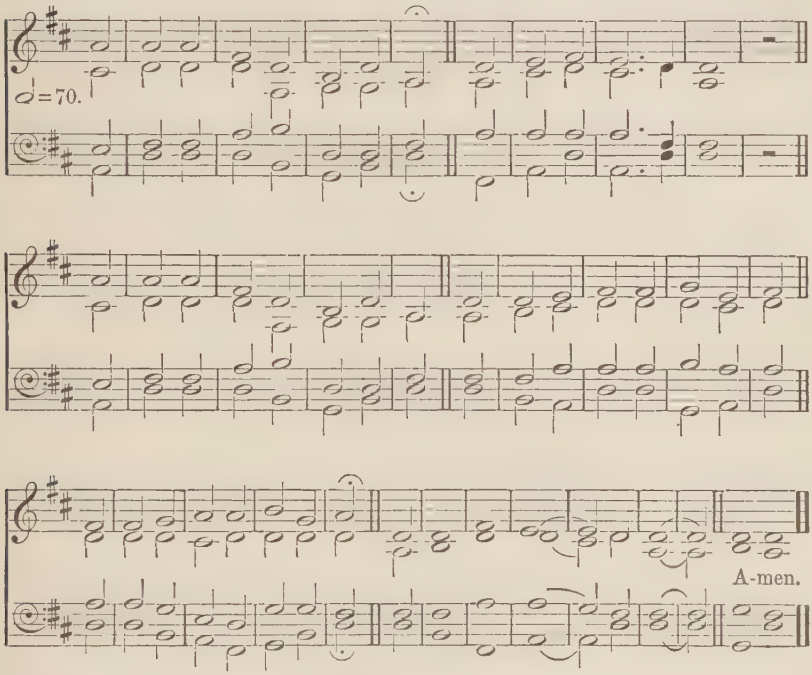
2 In a world of pain and care,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To Thy meadows bright and fair
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white
Now it dwells with Thee in Light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its Heav'nly Food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

## 674 *BURIAL AT SEA.*

For Male voices, Alto, Tenor (*in loco*), Bass I. and Bass II. The Air may be sung an Octave lower by Bass Voices or Baritones.

DEEP DOWN BENEATH THE UNRESTING SURGE. C. J. Ridsdale.




1 Deep down beneath th' unresting surge
There is a peaceful tomb;
Storm raves above, calm reigns below;
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe,
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
The peaceful find a home.

2 Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
Though on the lonely main:
As soft the pillow of the deep,
As tranquil the uncurtain'd sleep,
As on the couch where fond ones weep;
And they shall rise again.

3 The cold sea's coldest, hidden depths
Shall hear the trump of God:
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er;
God's treasured ones he must restore;
God's buried gems he holds no more
Beneath or wave or clod.

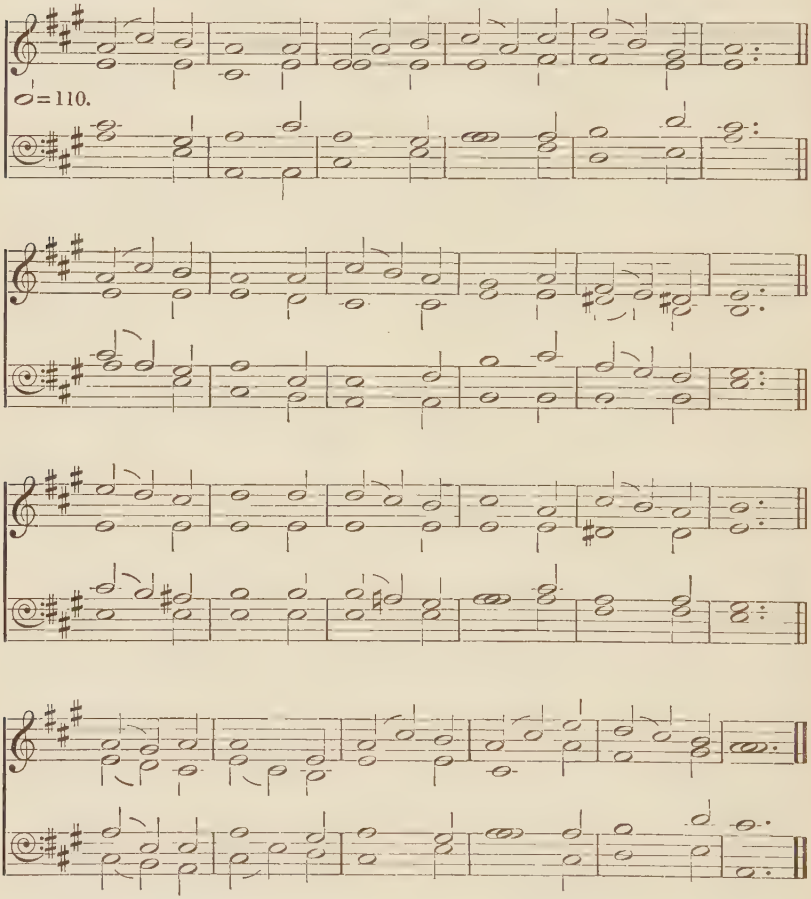
4 O'er this loved clay God sets His watch;
The Angels guard *him* well;
Till summon'd by the trumpet loud,
Like star emerging from the cloud,
Or blossom from its shelt'ring shroud,
*He* leaves *his* ocean-cell.

5 O Jesu Christ! O Risen Lord!
Let life, not death, prevail:
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste;
Call up the dead of ages past;
Gather Thy precious gems at last
From ocean's deepest vale.

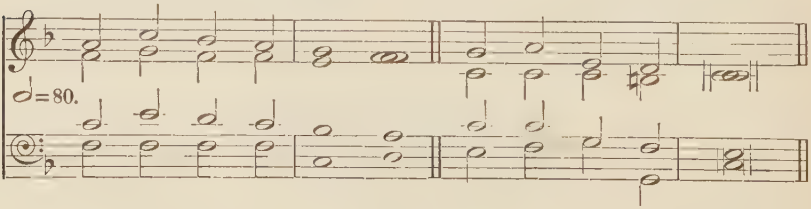
# For Children.

## 675 CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

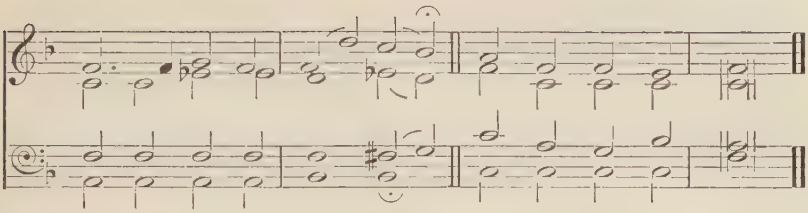
ROSE OF SHARON (*First Tune*). French Air.




LITTLE BARDFIELD (*Second Tune*). J. T. Simmons.



# For Children.



1 Do no sinful action,
  Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
  Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,
  Christ is pure and true;
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

3 There's a wicked spirit
  Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
  To all harm and ill.

4 But ye must not hear him,
  Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
  And the good to do.

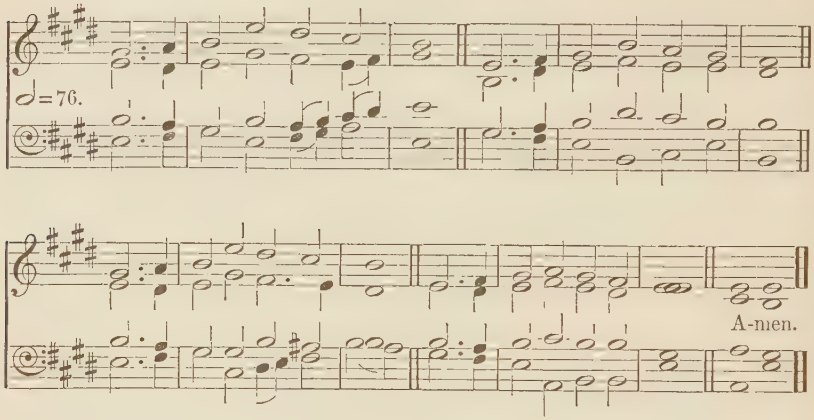
5 For ye promised truly,
  In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
  And forsake his ways.

6 Ye are Christian soldiers,
  Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
  And to do the right.

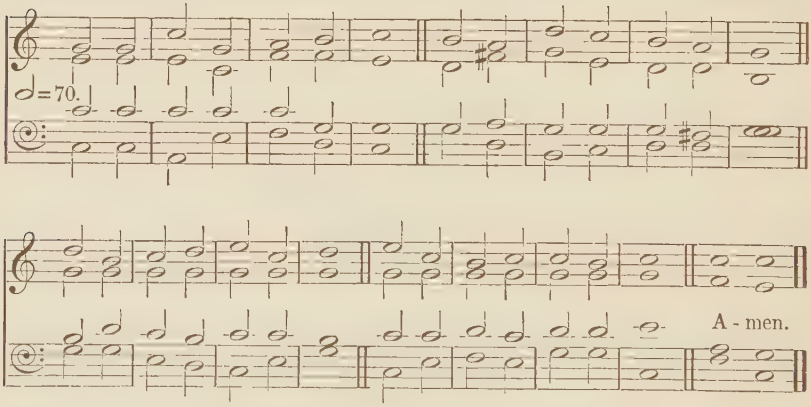
7 Christ is your own Master,
  He is good and true,
And His little children
  Must be holy too.

*When "Rose of Sharon" is sung, the last verse to be sung to the latter half of the Tune.*

INNOCENTS (*First Tune*). From *The Parish Choir*, 1850.




S. WOLFGANG (*Second Tune*). German.




1 God Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amid the throng would be.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round Thy Throne on High:
Lord of all the Heav'nly powers,
Be the same sweet anthem ours.

3 Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

4 With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes reveal'd
Things that to the wise were seal'd.

5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the Cross are heard to boast;
O that we our cross may bear,
And a Crown of Glory wear.

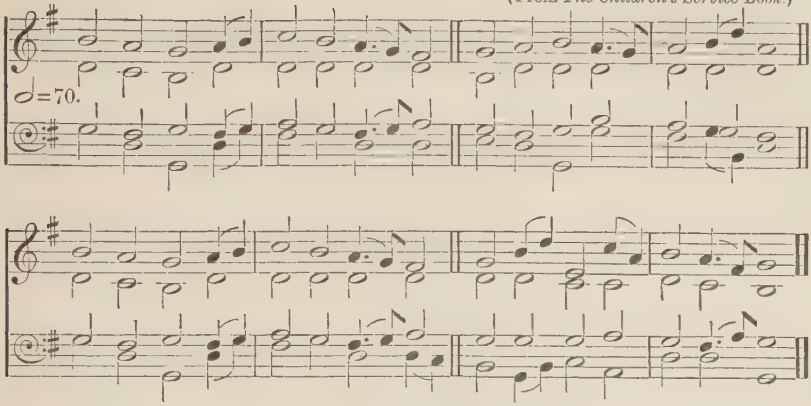
6 God Eternal, Mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

677

# For Children.

GALLIA.

MÉHUL.
(From *The Children's Service Book.*)




1 HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,
Hear Thy children cry to Thee;
Sin and self no more shall please us,
Hear our solemn Litany!

2 Thou didst suffer, gentle Jesus,
Bitter shame and agony;
From sin's bondage to release us
Thou didst hang upon the Tree.

3 Thou didst bear the nails and spitting,
Cruel scourge and Thorny Crown;
And the soldiers' mock'ry, sitting
Meekly on Thy mimic Throne.

4 Thou didst bear the Jews' deriding,
Judas' guilt, and Herod's pride,
And Thy Mother's grief abiding
Mute and tearful by Thy Side.

5 But my sins it was that stung Thee,
Not the scourge, and nails and spear;
'Twas my sins alone that hung Thee
On the Cross, my Saviour dear!

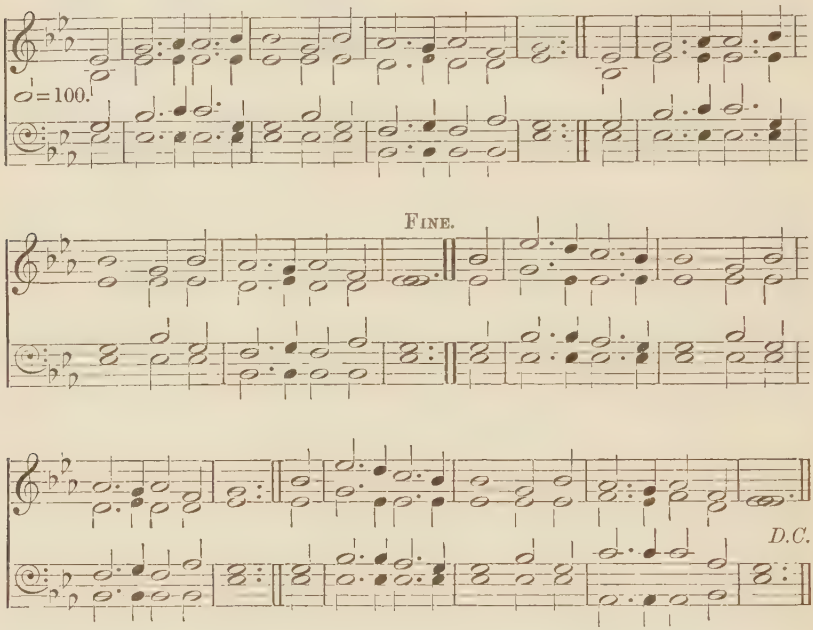
6 By Thy Childhood, gentle Jesus,
By the pains Thou didst endure,
Let not sin and Satan please us;
Make us gentle, good, and pure.

7 Thou wast pierc'd, O gentle Jesus,
Pierc'd that sinners might not die;
O let sin no longer please us,
Make us Thine eternally.

8 Gentle Jesus! Thou hast won us
By Thy Passion and Thy Love;
Gentle Jesus! deign to own us
In the Land of Rest above!

## I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

English Air.



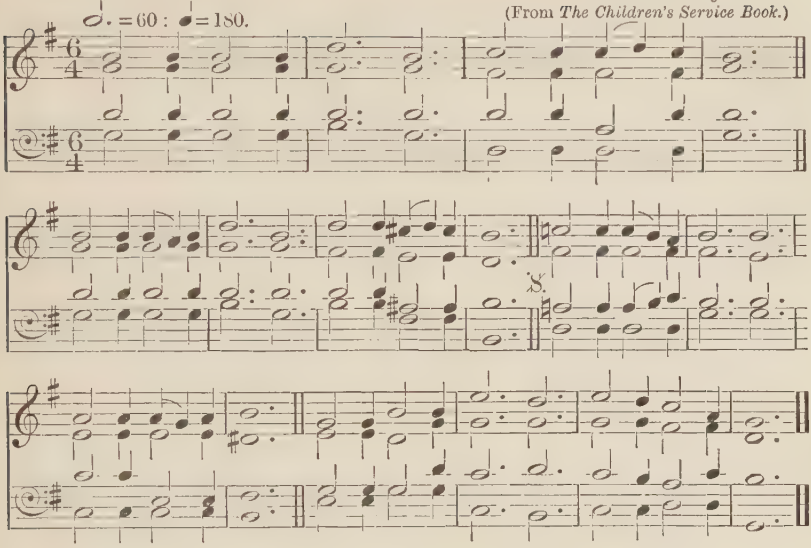

1 I love to hear the story
Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

2 I'm glad my Blesséd Saviour
Was once a Child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

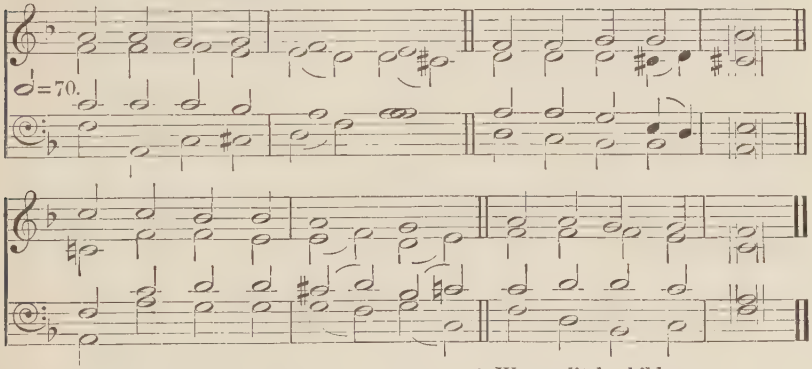
3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel-voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

LYRÆ (*First Tune*). French Melody.

(From *The Children's Service Book.*)




CASWALL (*Second Tune*). German.




1 Jesus, High in Glory,
Lend a list'ning ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so Holy,
Heav'n's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the Heav'nly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day:
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our Heav'nly Home,
We would gladly answer
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

*When sung to "Lyræ" begin at 𝄋 for verse 5.*

## 680

EVENING.

French Melody.
(From *The Children's Service Book.*)

♩=76.

A - men.

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort ev'ry suff'rer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

## 681

DEUS-HOMO.

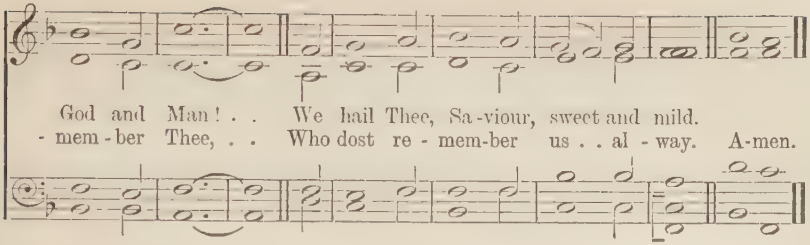
*Trier Gesangbuch.*

♩=120.

*Attacca.*

1 O Je - sus, Je - sus! God and Man!
5 O God . . most great, most great and good!

For love of chil - dren once a Child; . . O Je - sus!
At work or play, by night or day, . . Make us re -




2 O Jesus! God and Man!
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for Eternity.

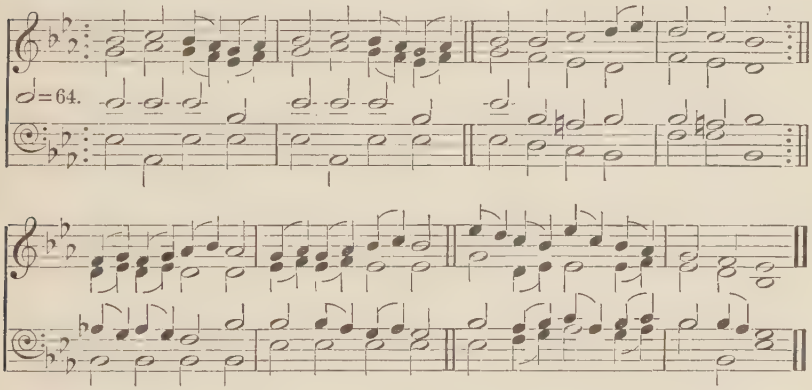
3 O Jesus! Mary's Son!
On Thee for grace we children call;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

4 O Jesus! bless our work,
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;
O happy, happy they
Who in the Church of Jesus live!

5 O God most great and good!
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who dost remember us alway.

## 682

SICILIAN MARINERS.




1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For Thy lambs Thy folds prepare:
Blesséd Jesu,
Thou hast bought us—Thine we are.

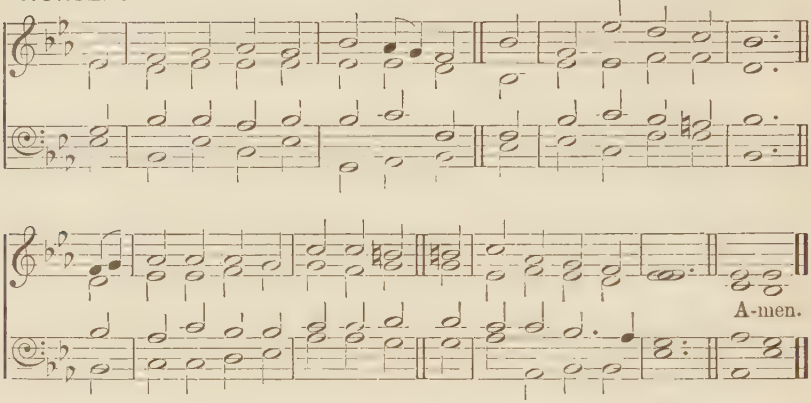
2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blesséd Jesu,
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blesséd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill.
Blesséd Jesu,
Thou hast loved us—love us still.

## 683

HORSLEY.

W. HORSLEY.




*Or tune of* 305.

1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heav'n,
Saved by His Precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the Gate
Of Heav'n, and let us in.

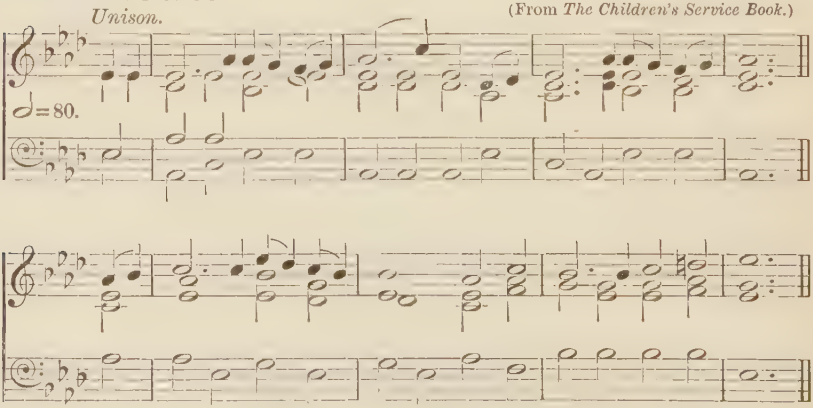
5 Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His Redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

## 684

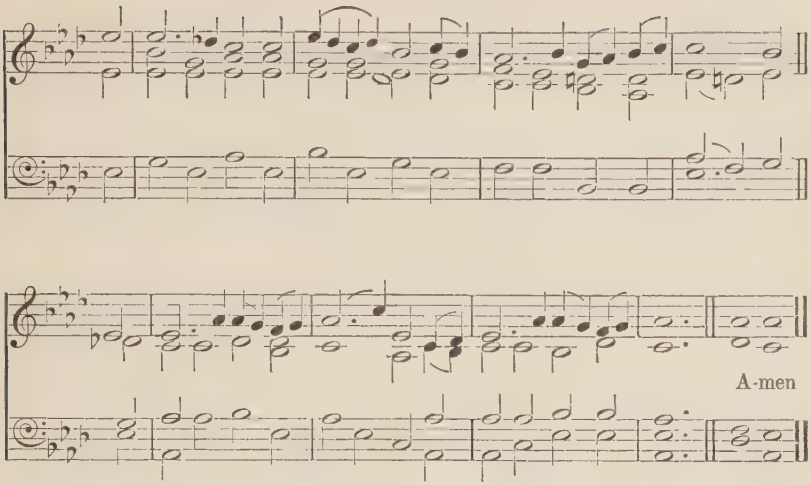
CANTEMUS JESU.

French.
(From *The Children's Service Book.*)

*Unison.*



# For Children.




1 THERE's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years;
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.

2 There's a Rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the Blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from ev'ry turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where ev'ry little pilgrim
Shall rest Eternally.

3 There 's a Home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in Glory,
A Home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For ev'ry one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

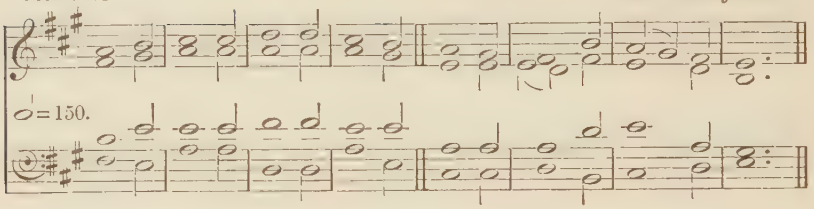
4 There's a Crown for little chlidren
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour,
And loved His Name below.

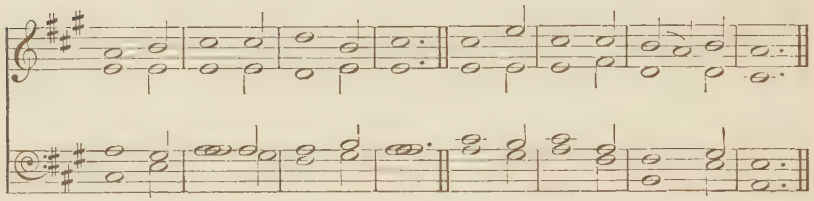
5 There's a Song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even Angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

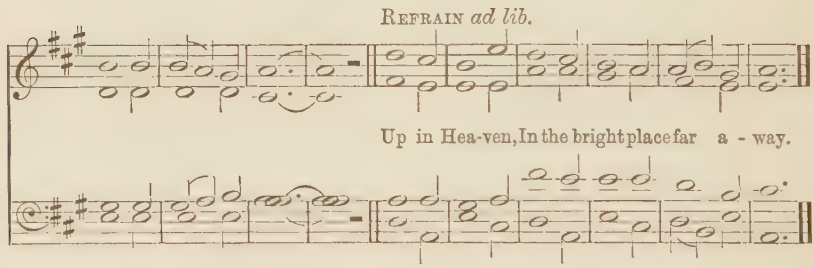
6 There's a Robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And a Harp of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

685

TREVES. *Trier Gesangbuch.*






1 Up in Heaven, up in Heaven,
In the bright place far away,
He, Whom bad men crucified,
Sitteth at His Father's Side,
Till the Judgement Day.

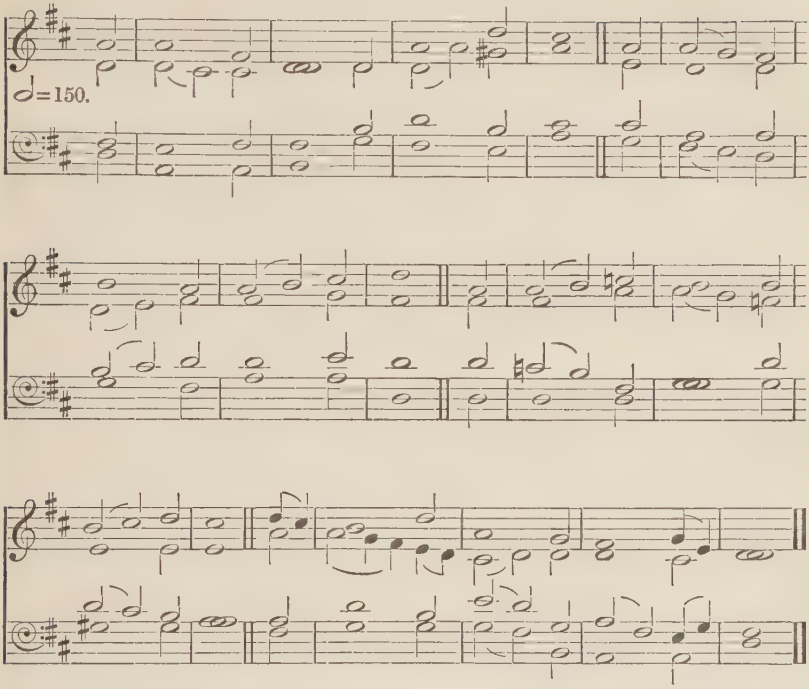
2 And He loves His little children,
And He pleadeth for them there,
Asking the great God of Heav'n
That their sins may be forgiven,
And He hears their prayer.

3 Never more a helpless Baby,
Born in poverty and pain,
But with Awful Glory crown'd,
With His Angels standing round,
He shall come again.

4 Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
And the good souls shall rejoice;
Parents, children, ev'ry one,
Then shall stand before His Throne,
And shall hear His Voice.

5 And all faithful holy Christians,
Who their Master's work have done,
Shall appear at His Right Hand,
And inherit the Fair Land
That His love has won.

WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN WEAK.




1 We are but little children weak,
Not born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

2 We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And Martyrs brave and patient Saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

3 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make:
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

4 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

5 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

6 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

7 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

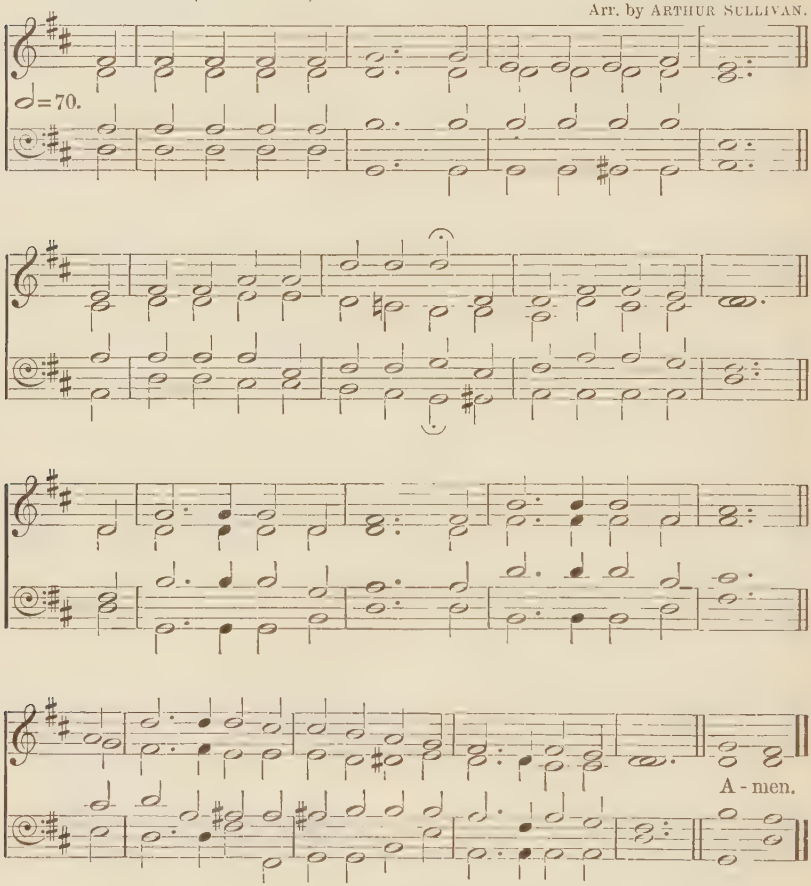
8 There 's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

*Children's Litany, see* 860.

*Many other Hymns throughout the Book are suitable for use at a Children's Service.*

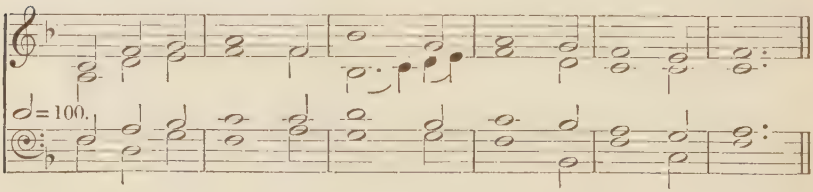
## 687 General Hymns.

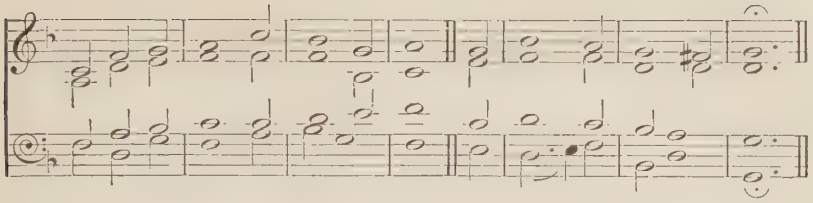
LEOMINSTER (*First Tune*). G. W. MARTIN.
Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

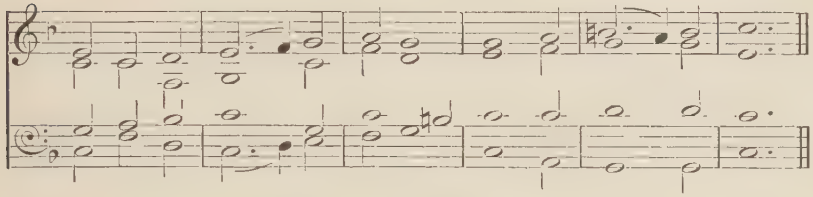


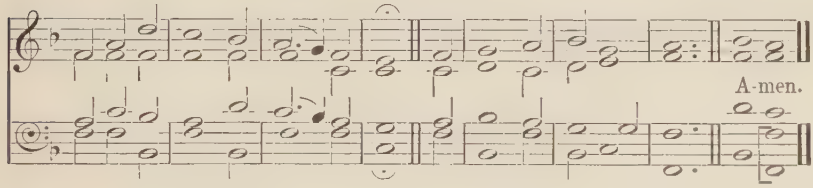

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

THOU ART GONE UP (*Second Tune*). TALLIS.










1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Great Day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Blest Day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

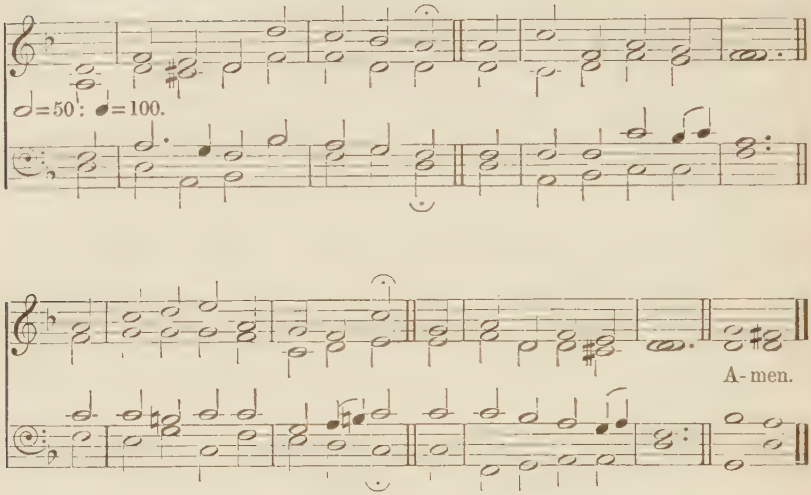
3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Calm Day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Bright Day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that Glad Day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

688

S. MARY'S. Dr. Blow.




1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The Blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender Heart, that felt for all,
For all its Life-Blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd His Brow with thorn?

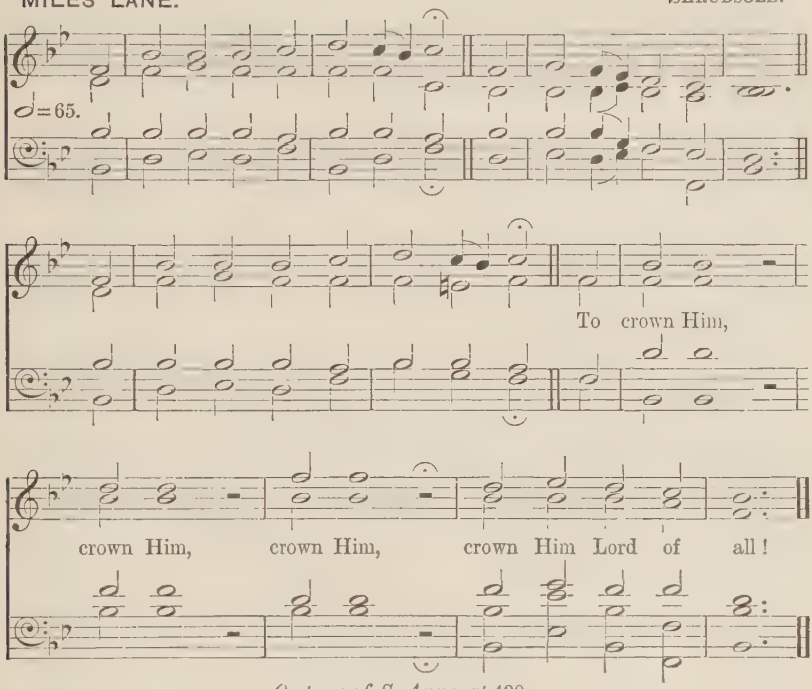
4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blesséd hill.

5 In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.

6 Dead to the world with Him Who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our Risen Head,
In spirit dwell Above.

**689**

MILES' LANE. SHRUBSOLE.




*Or tune of S. Anne, at* 490.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the Royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
Who from His Altar call;
Praise Him Whose blood-stain'd path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

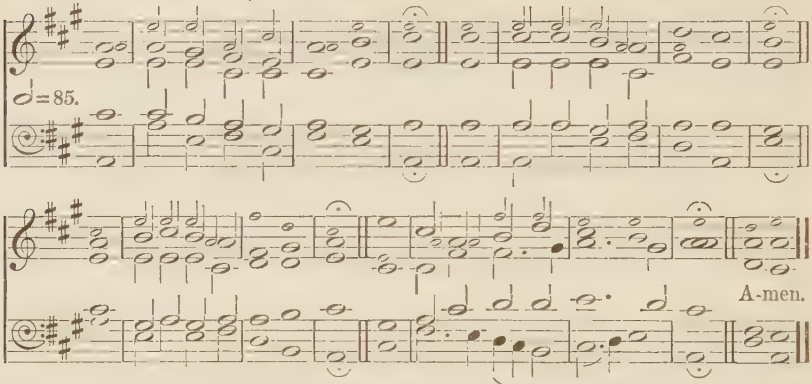
3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the Fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go! spread your trophies at His Feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

OLD HUNDREDTH (*First Tune*). From BOURGEOIS.




NOTE.—The small notes may be sung to certain verses, especially when male voices join in the melody.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His Courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

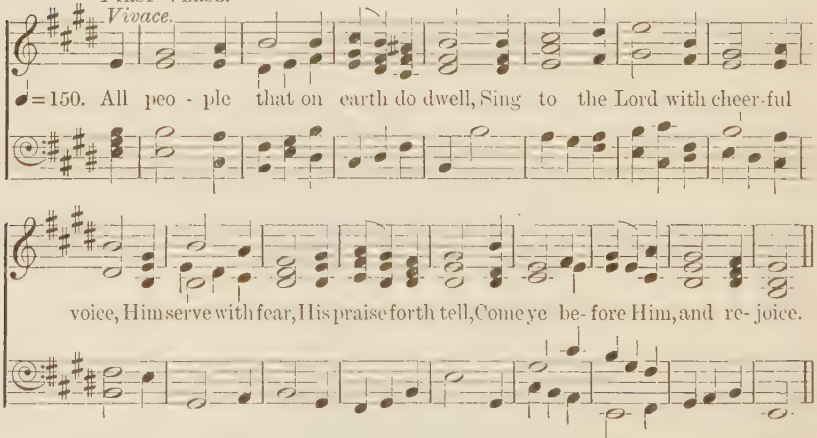
5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

LAUDATE DOMINUM, OMNES GENTES (*Second Tune*). Gallican Ascensiontide Melody.

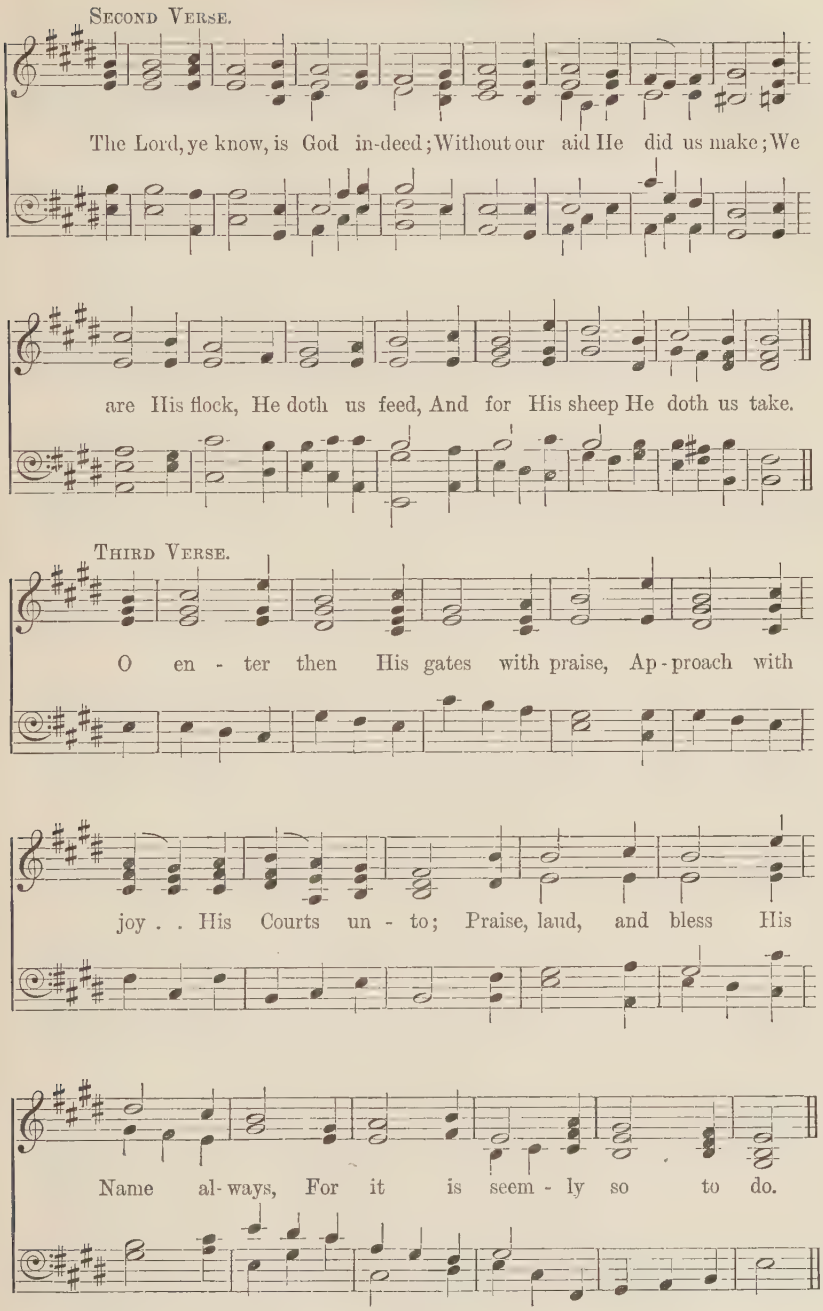
This may be used as a Sequence on occasions of rejoicing, and on Sundays in Trinity-tide.

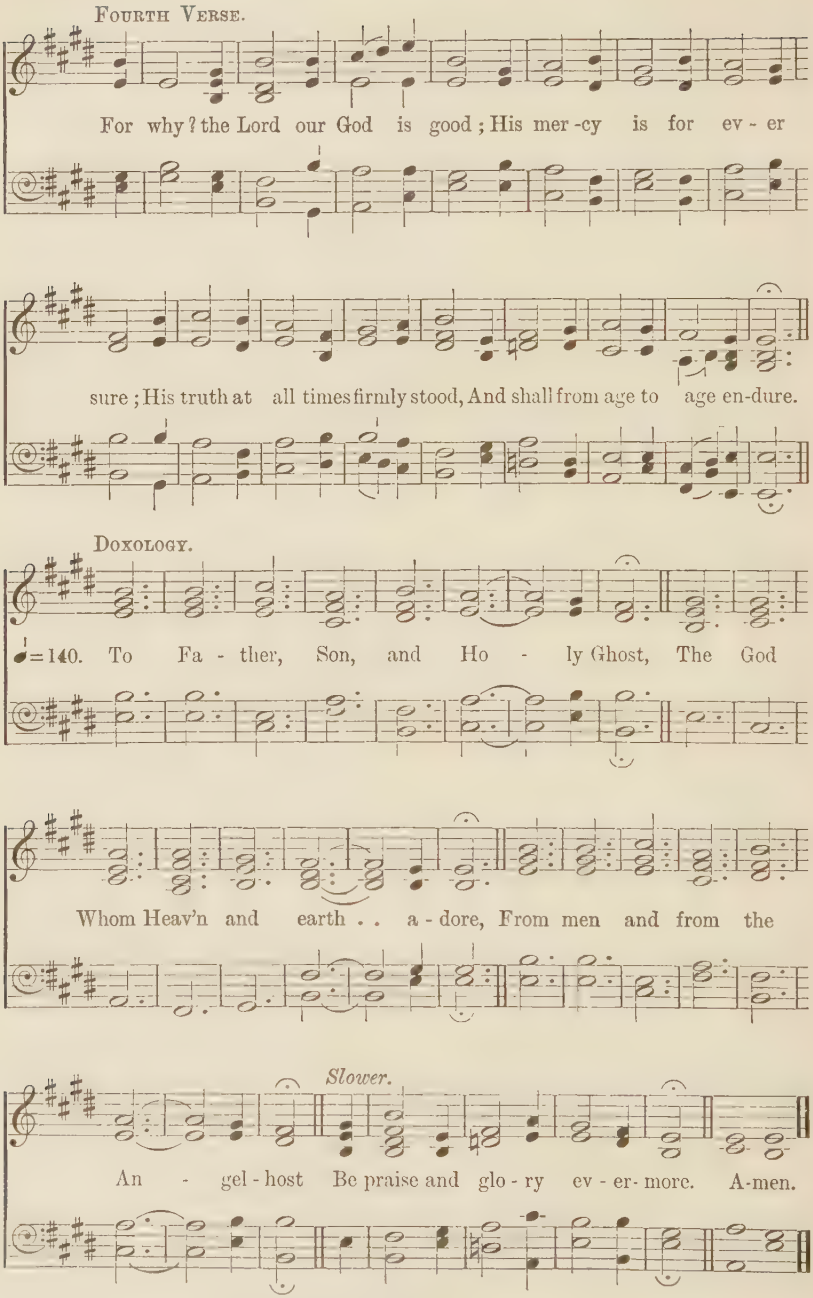
*To be sung in Unison.*

FIRST VERSE.



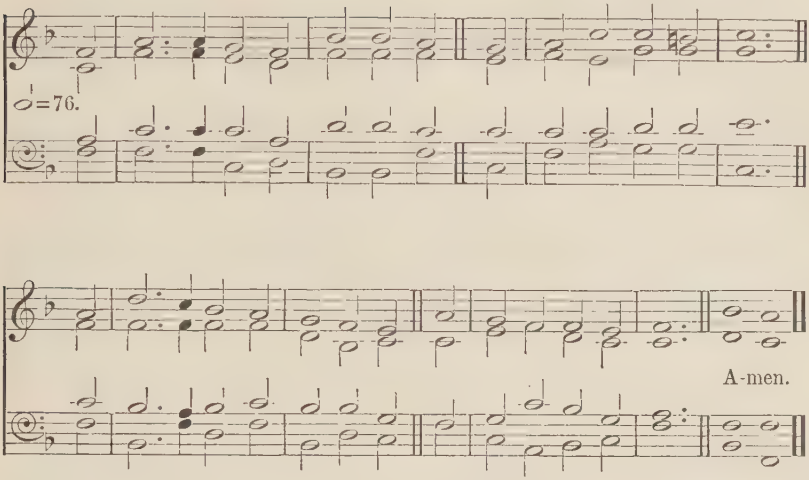

NOTE.—Each verse should be played over on the full organ without the voices and then sung in Unison to *mf* organ, and all without pause between either lines or verses, until the Doxology. The latter is not to be played over before being sung.


Second Verse.
The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed; Without our aid He did us make; We
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Third Verse.
O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with
joy . . His Courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His
Name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.


Fourth Verse.
For why? the Lord our God is good; His mer-cy is for ev-er
sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.
Doxology.
♩=140. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God
Whom Heav'n and earth . . a-dore, From men and from the
Slower.
An-gel-host Be praise and glo-ry ev-er-more. A-men.

691

WINCHESTER OLD. ALISON'S *Psalter.*




1 ALL ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble or distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress;

2 Jesus, Who gave Himself for you,
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His Sacred Heart,
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.

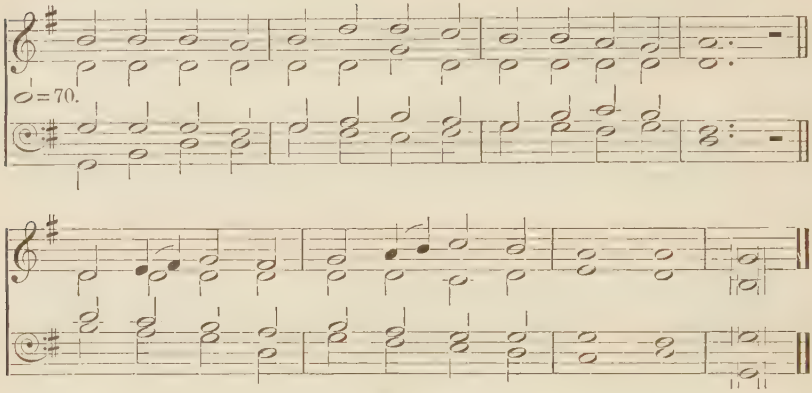
3 Ye hear how kindly He invites,
Ye hear His words so blest;
"All ye that labour, come to Me,
And I will give you rest."

4 O Heart! Thou joy of Saints on High,
Thou hope of sinners here!
Attracted by those loving words,
Through Thee I make my prayer.

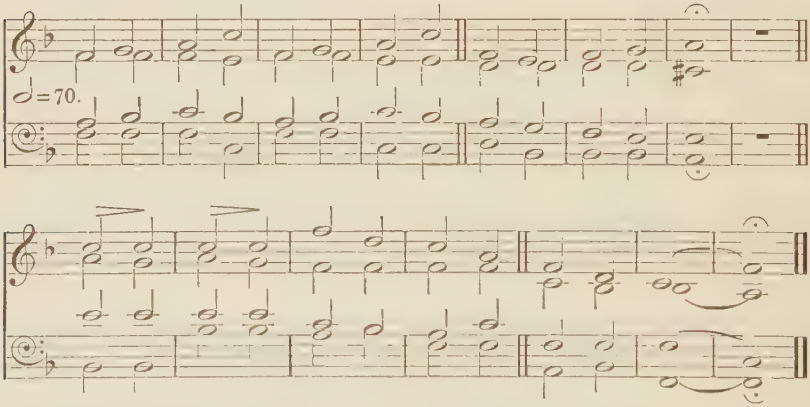
5 Wash Thou my soul in that dear Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow

692

STEPHANOS (*First Tune*). H. W. Baker.




VENITE POST ME (*Second Tune*). Anon.




1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

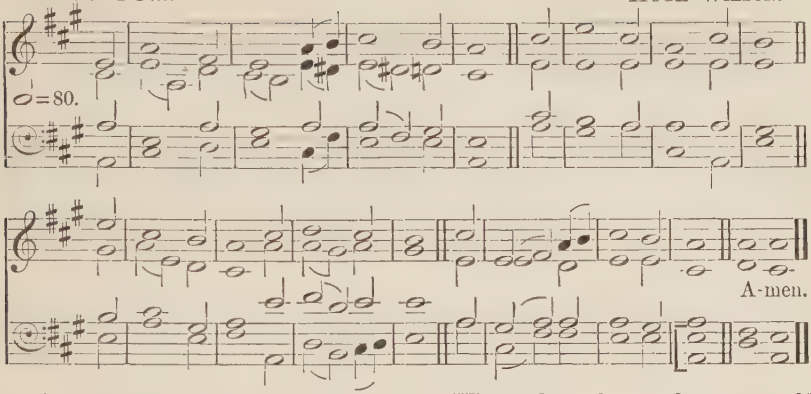
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till Heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins!
Answer, "Yes!"

## 693

MARTYRDOM. HUGH WILSON.




1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the Living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh when shall I behold Thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

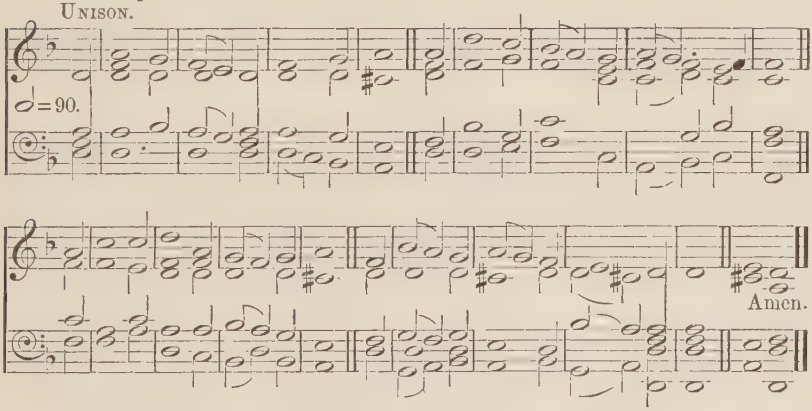
3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is Thy God,
Thy health's Eternal spring.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

## 694

O AMOR QUAM EXTATICUS. Gallican.

UNISON.




1 ASHAMED of Thee! O dearest Lord,
I marvel how such wrong can be:
And yet how oft in deed and word
Have I been found ashamed of Thee!

2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
Whose Feet the Way of Sorrows trod
To bring me to Thy Home Above:

3 Ashamed of Thee!—of that Blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free!
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

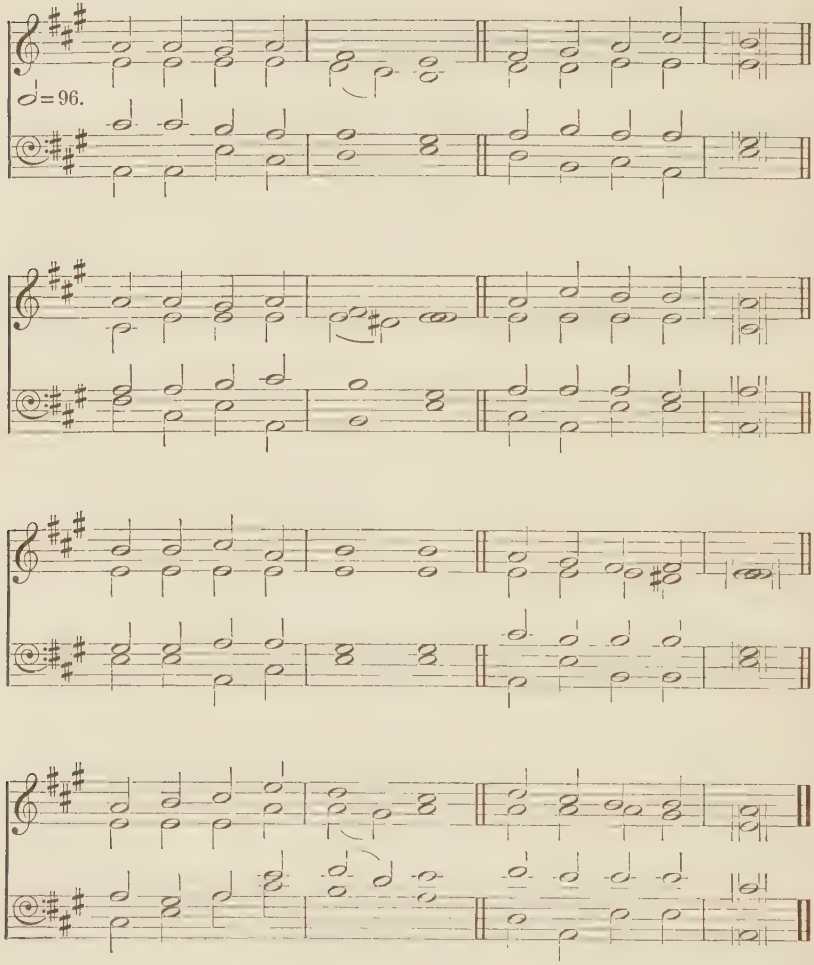
4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love Divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place:

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
And in Thy last great Advent-day
O be not Thou ashamed of me!

695

JESU REX.

German.




1 At the Name of Jesus
Ev'ry knee shall bow,
Ev'ry tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the Mighty Word.

2 At His Voice creation
  Sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces,
  All the Hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations,
  Stars upon their way,
All the Heav'nly Orders,
  In their great array.

3 Mighty and Mysterious
  In the highest Height,
Word from Everlasting,
  Very Light of Light;
He is God the Saviour,
  He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipp'd,
  Trusted, and adored.

4 Humbled for a season,
  To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
  Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
  Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
  When from death He pass'd:

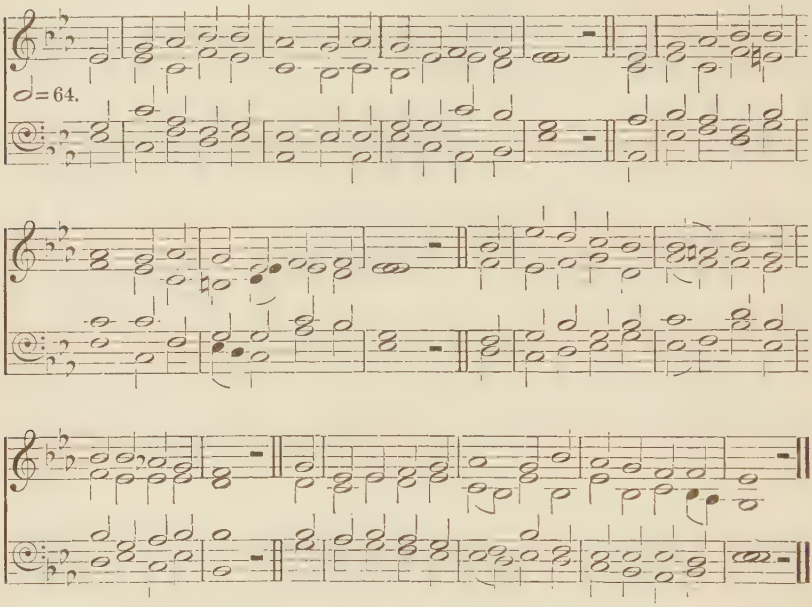
5 Bore it up triumphant
  With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
  To the central height;
To the Throne of Godhead,
  To the Father's Breast,
Fill'd it with the glory
  Of that perfect rest.

6 In your hearts enthrone Him;
  There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
  All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
  In temptation's hour;
Let His Will enfold you
  In its light and power.

7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
  Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
  With His Angel train:
For all wreaths of empire
  Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
  King of glory now.

## 696

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN. CRÜGER.




1 AWAKE, awake, O Zion!
Put on thy strength Divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress, be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored!
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord!

2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from ev'ry sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bow'd in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The New Mysterious Name.

3 Jerusalem the Holy
In light and peace behold;
Her glowing Altar flaming,
Her candlesticks of gold:
The Heav'nly Bridegroom's dwelling,
The place of David's Throne;
Her solemn anthems swelling,
Her pavement, precious stone.

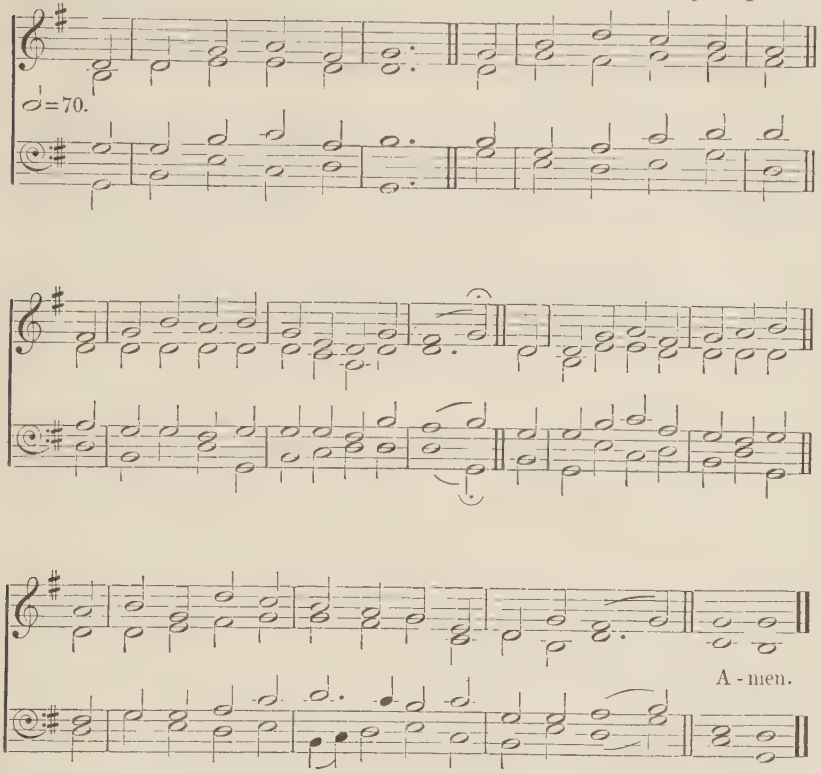
4 Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close:
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around thine open door,
While Hell and Satan tremble,
And earth and Heav'n adore.

5 The Lamb, Who bore our sorrows,
Comes down to earth again;
No Suff'rer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign,—
To reign in ev'ry nation,
To rule in ev'ry zone;
O world-wide coronation,
In ev'ry heart a throne.

6 Awake, awake, O Zion!
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on High;
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord!

**697**

S. JOHN. Old Melody adapted.




1.

Behold the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced Side.

2.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious Blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from ev'ry sin,
Till life be past.

3.

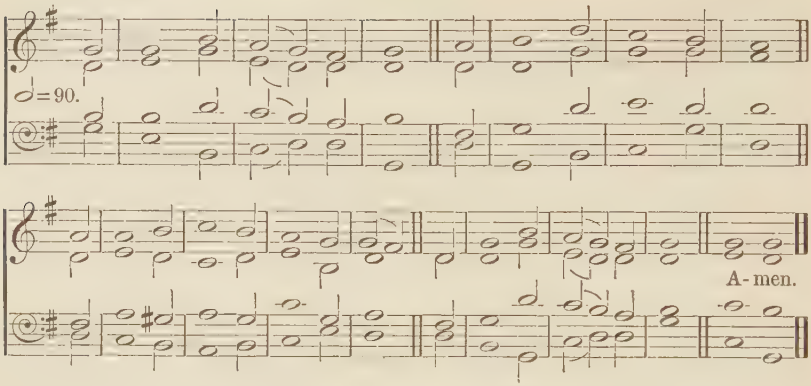
Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou Everlasting Lord,
Saviour most Blest!
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessed Saints
Eternal rest.

4.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the Throne
Of God Above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All Light and Love.

## 698

DEDICATION. E. Gilding.




1 Bless'd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God.
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

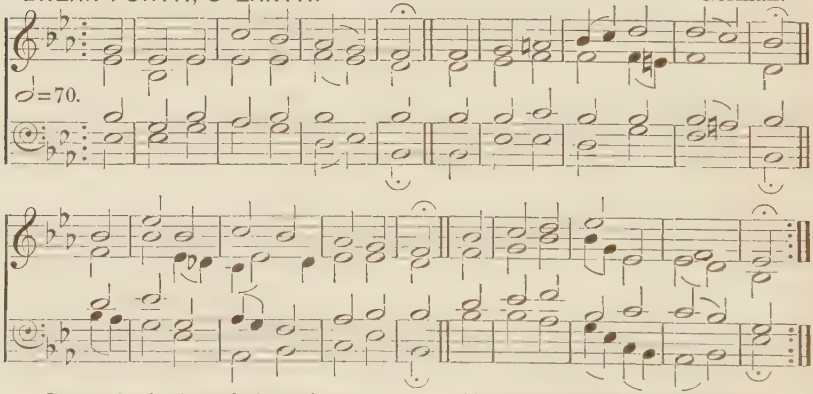
2 The Lord, Who left the Heav'ns
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A Temple meet for Thee.

## 699

BREAK FORTH, O EARTH. German.

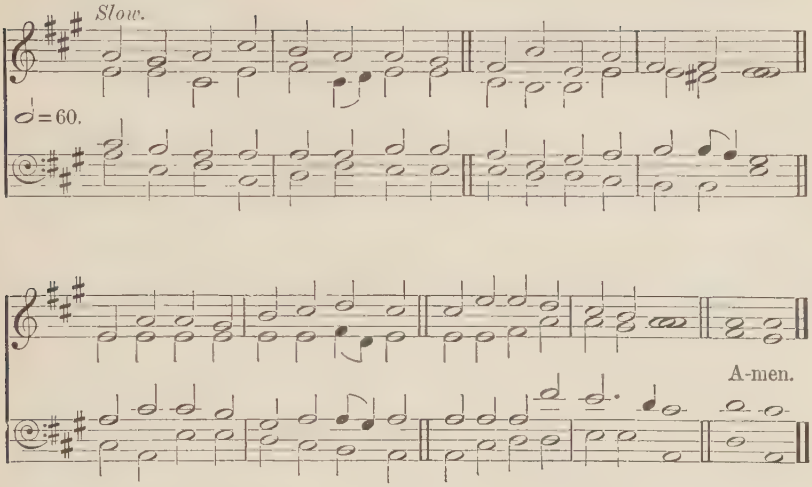



1 Break forth, O earth, in praises,
Dwell on the wondrous story:
The Saviour's Name and love proclaim,
The King Who reigns in glory:
See on the Throne beside Him,
O'er all her foes victorious,
His royal Bride for whom He died,
Like Him for ever glorious.

2 Come, O ye kings, ye nations,
With songs of gladness hail Him,
Ye Gentiles all, before Him fall,
The Royal Priest in Salem:
O'er Hell and Death triumphant,
Your conqu'ring Lord hath risen,
His praises sound Whose power hath bound
Your ruthless foe in prison.

3 Hail to the King of Glory!
Head of the New Creation!
Thy ways of grace we love to trace,
And praise Thy great salvation;
Thy Heart was press'd with sorrow,
The bonds of death to sever,
To make us free, that we might be
Thy Crown of joy for ever.

REDHEAD, No. 48. R. Redhead.




1 Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the Prophet's ear.

2 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd His Temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

4 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most High."

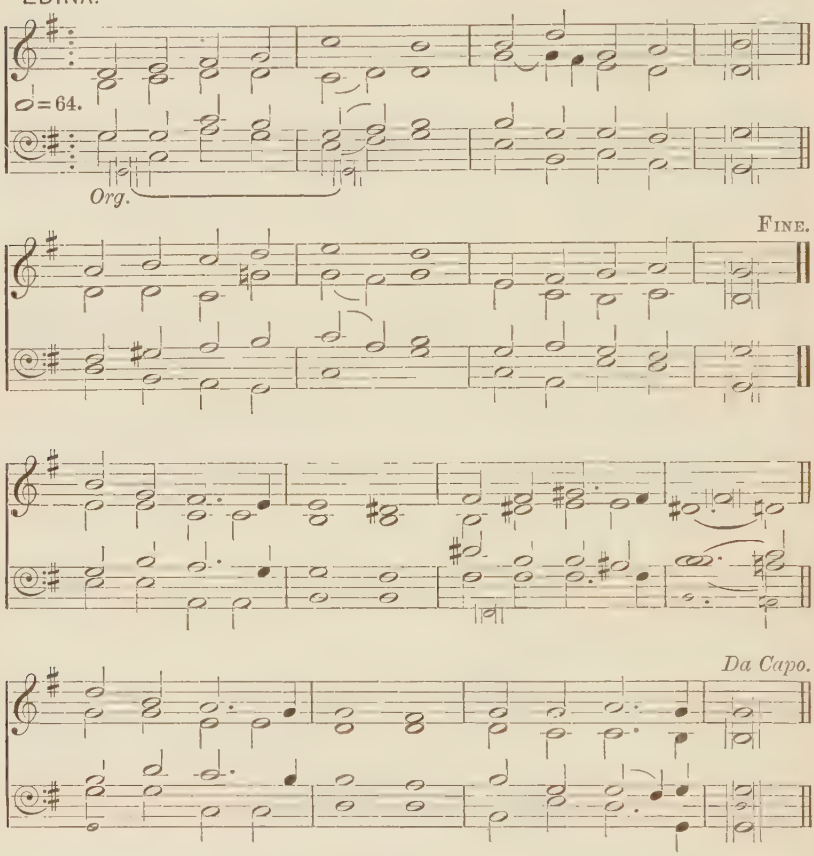
5 With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

6 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

# 701

EDINA.

H. S. OAKELEY.




1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on High:
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And, with hearts united,
Take our Heav'nward way.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'rers onward
To their home on High.

2 Lo, sweet Jesu, Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Straying far away,
Keep us, Blessed Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

3 Mary, God's dear Mother,
Israel's Lily, hail!
Pattern for Christ's children
In this sinful vale:
'Mid life's surging ocean
Whither can we flee,
Save to our sweet Saviour
Who was born of thee?
Brightly gleams, &c.

4 All our days direct us,
Make us meek and mild,
By Thy Childhood's Pattern,
Mary's Holy Child:
Bid Thine Angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou—protect us
In the last dread hour.

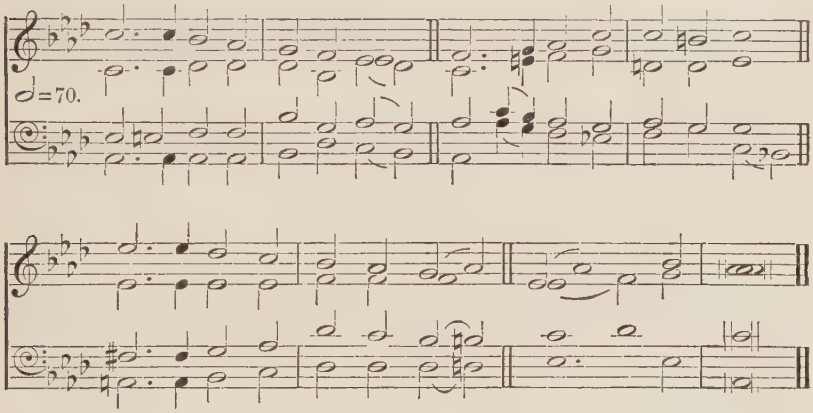
Brightly gleams, &c.

5 Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Off'ring prayers and praises
At Thy Throne of Love:
When the march is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

Brightly gleams, &c.

## 702

PANGBOURNE. S. J. Rowton.




1 "Christian, seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy Guardian Angel say,
"Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray."

2 Principalities and powers,
Must'ring their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy Heav'nly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambush'd lurks the Evil One;
Watch and pray.

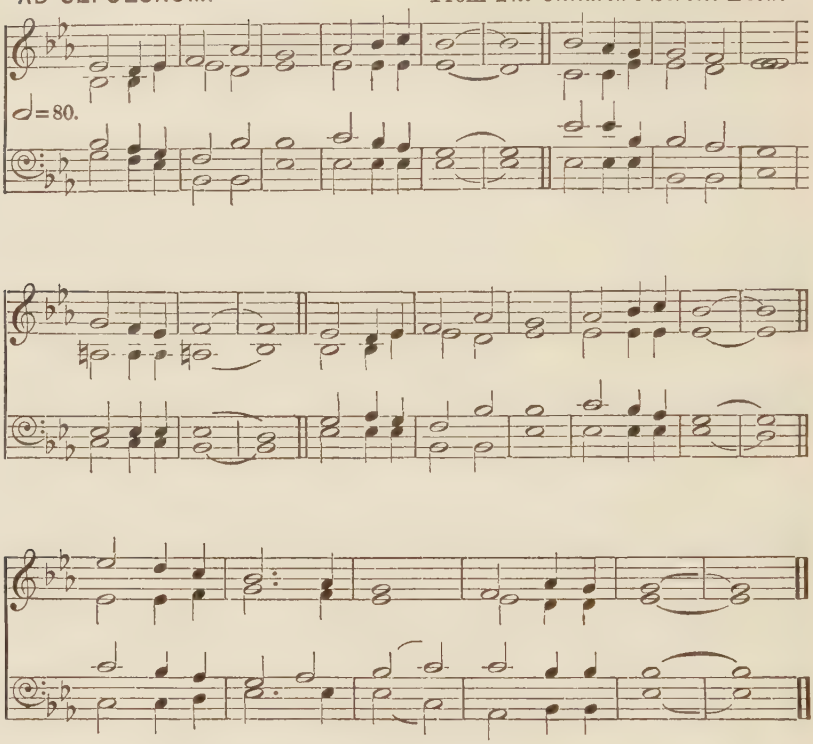
4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way,
All with one clear voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

703

AD SEPULCRUM. From *The Children's Service Book.*




1.

Cling to the Mighty One,
Cling in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One,
He gives relief;
Cling to the Gracious One,
Cling in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One,
He will sustain.

2.

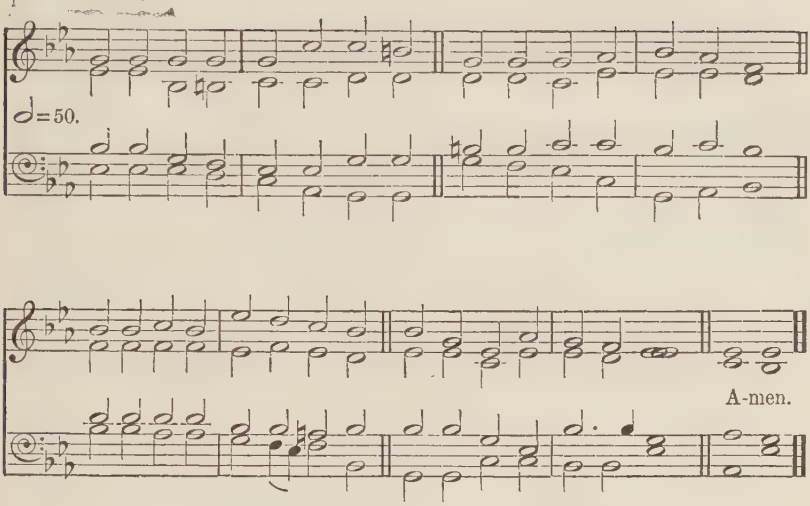
Cling to the Living One,
Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the Loving One,
Through all below;
Cling to the Pard'ning One,
He speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

3.

Cling to the Bleeding One,
Cling to His Side;
Cling to the Risen One,
In Him abide.
Cling to the Coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

704

AD INFEROS.




1 Close beside the Heart that loves me
Would I rest in sorrow's hour,
With a Father's smile above me,
And beneath an Arm of Power.

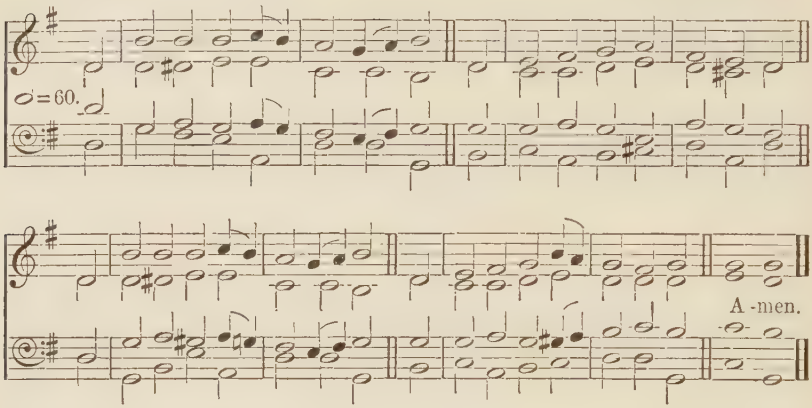
2 Weak and worthless, worn and weary,
Welcome bids my faith be strong:
Sorrow's hour is short, if dreary,
Joy shall last through ages long.

3 Dark the hour, but comes the morrow,
Dawn shall waken by and by;
Light shall gild the clouds of sorrow,
When the sun is in the sky.

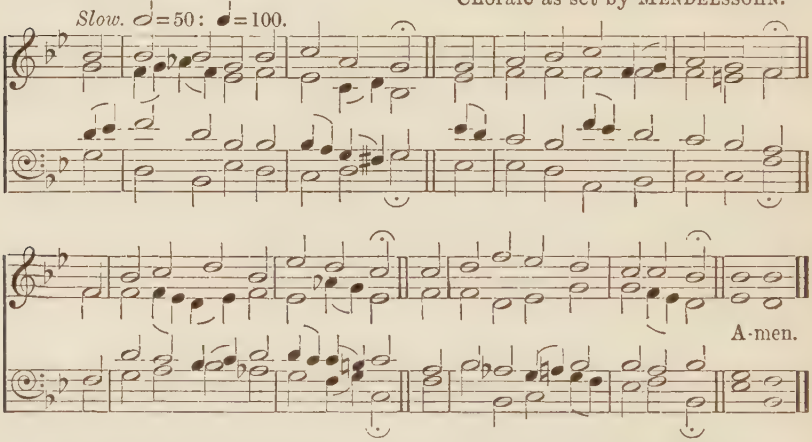
4 Rest, my soul; that Love unfailing
Strengthens in the hour of woe;
For the pain, thy life assailing,
Found Him when He dwelt below.

5 'Tis a Heart that knows the sorrow,
Trust it when the night comes down;
Tears shall yield to song to-morrow,
Night to Morn, and Cross to Crown.

SCHUMANN (*First Tune*). From R. SCHUMANN.




BRESLAU (*Second Tune*). Chorale as set by MENDELSSOHN.




1 COME, let us sing the Song of songs,
The Saints in Heav'n began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

2 Slain to redeem us by His Blood,
To cleanse from ev'ry sinful stain,
And make us Kings and Priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

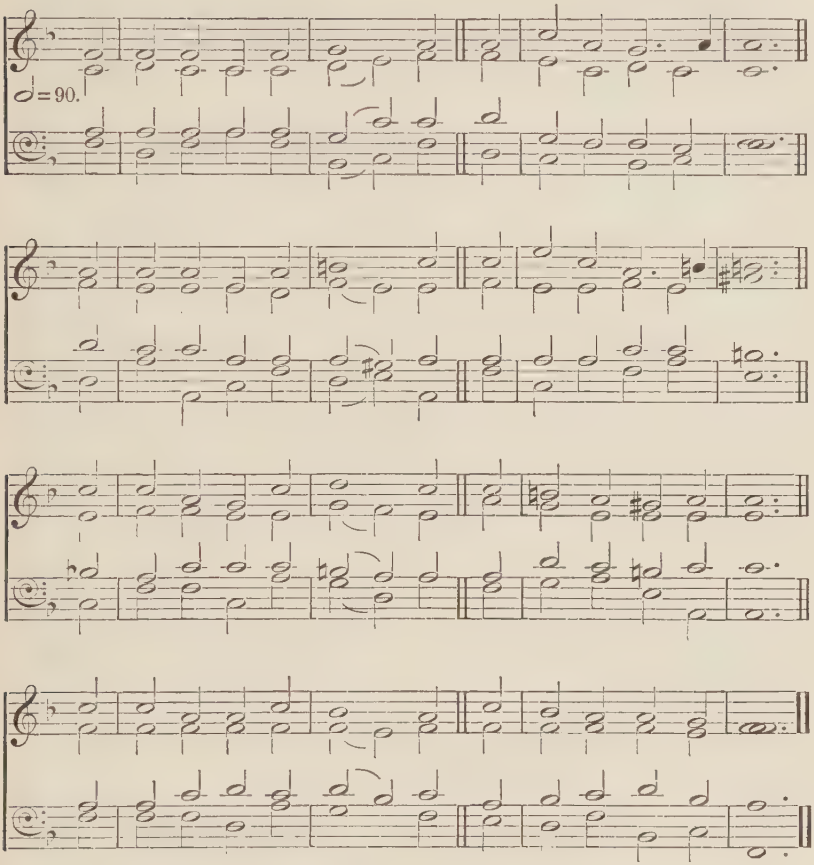
3 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in Heav'n and earth proclaim,
Honour, and majesty, and might;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from on High,
Our Faith, our Hope, our Love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

5 Yea, in Eternity of bliss,
If call'd through grace with Him to reign,
Our song, our song of songs, be this,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

## 706

VIGILATE. Anon.




1 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blesséd Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wand'rers,
And I will give you light."
O loving Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness
And songs the break of day.

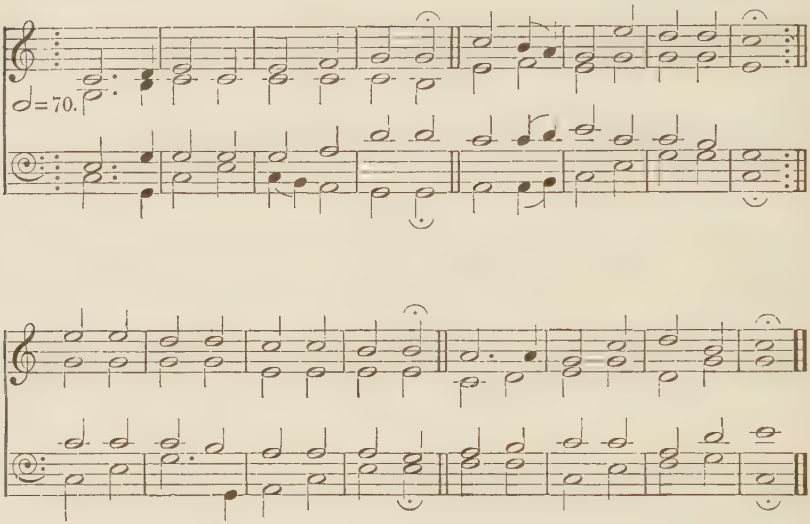
3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

## 707

UNSER HERRSCHER.

JOACHIM NEANDER.




1.

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of Eternal Days,
God Eternal, Word Incarnate,
Whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns obeys.

2.

Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Form'd the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the Lord of Life to die,
Fore-ordain'd the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

3.

There, for us and our redemption,
See Him all His Life-blood pour!
There He wins our full salvation,
Dies, that we may die no more;
Then, arising, lives for ever,
Reigning where He was before.

4.

High on those Eternal Mountains
Stands His sapphire Throne, all bright,
'Midst unending Alleluias,
Bursting from the sons of light;
Sion's people tell His praises,
Victor, after hard-won fight.

5.

Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
Sweep the string, and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that Celestial Day;
He the Lamb, once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead, and lives for aye.

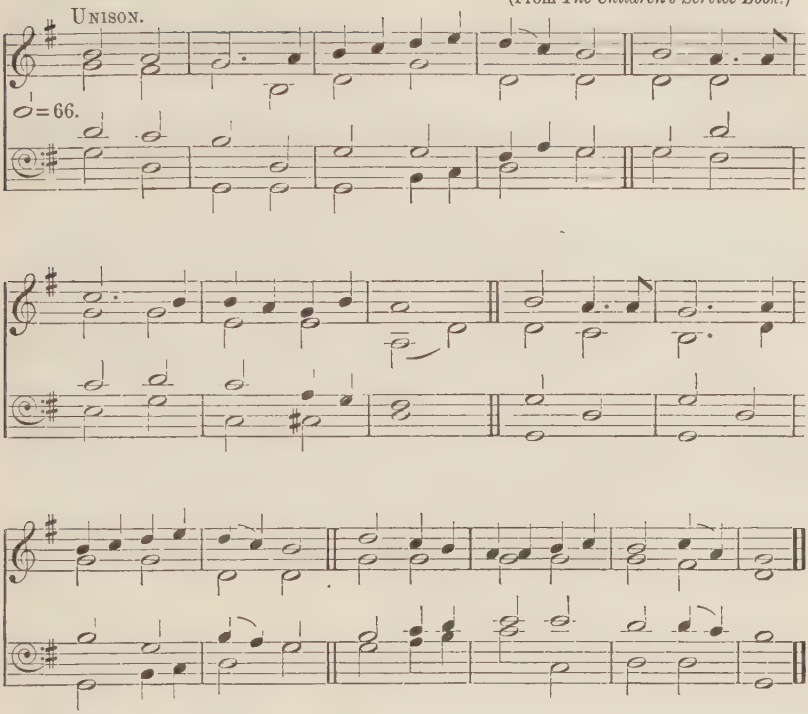
6.

Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims,
Who shall pluck you from His Hand?
Pledged He stands for their salvation,
Who are fighting for His Land:
O that we, amidst His true ones,
Round His Throne one day may stand.

**708**

LILLE.

French Melody.
(From *The Children's Service Book.*)




1 Comes, at times, a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love,
As when the glow is sinking out of Heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

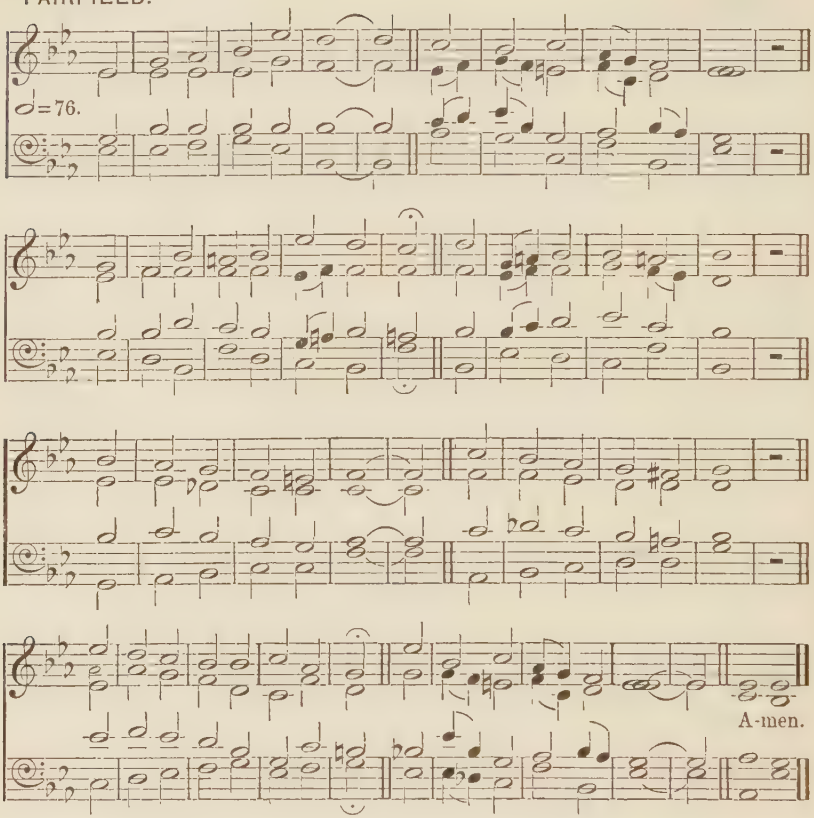
2 Comes at length a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore;
As when at dawn the feather'd choir rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

3 Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne,
Sinks the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,
"Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

4 Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day;
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"
Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."

## 709

FAIRFIELD. J. S. GEIKIE.




1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His Throne;
Hark! how the Heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all Eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

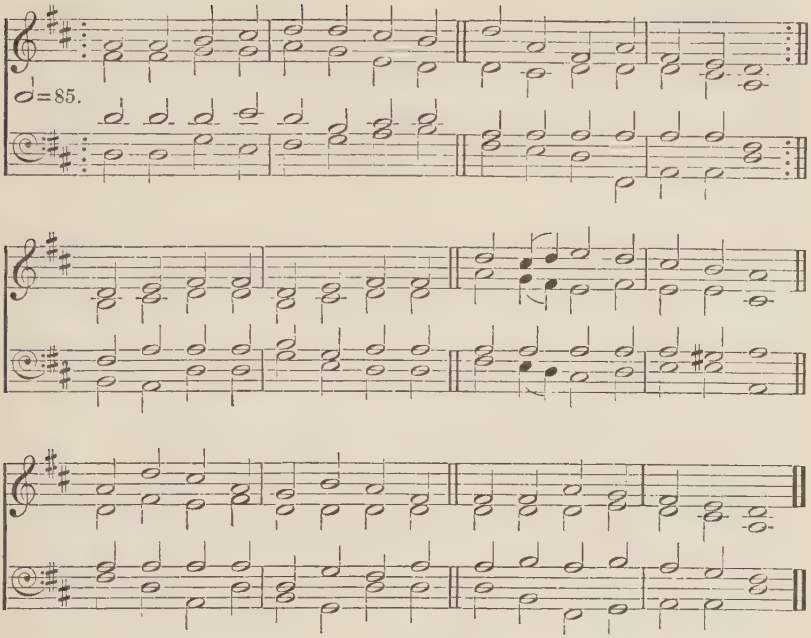
3 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His Hands and Side,
Those Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorb'd in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flow'rs of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably Sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout Eternity.

## 710

**DAILY, DAILY.** German.




1 Daily, daily, sing the praises
Of the City God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.

O that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and Heav'nward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion
Far beyond the starry sky!

2 All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnish'd gold,
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.

O that I had wings, &c.

3 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the Angels swing their censers
In a ring about His Feet.

O that I had wings, &c.

4 From the Throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.

O that I had wings, &c.

5 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair,
Thousand, thousand are the colours
Of the waving flowers there.

O that I had wings, &c.

6 There the forests ever blossom,
Like our orchards here in May;
There the gardens never wither,
But eternally are gay.

O that I had wings, &c.

7 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great Redeeméd Throng.

O that I had wings, &c.

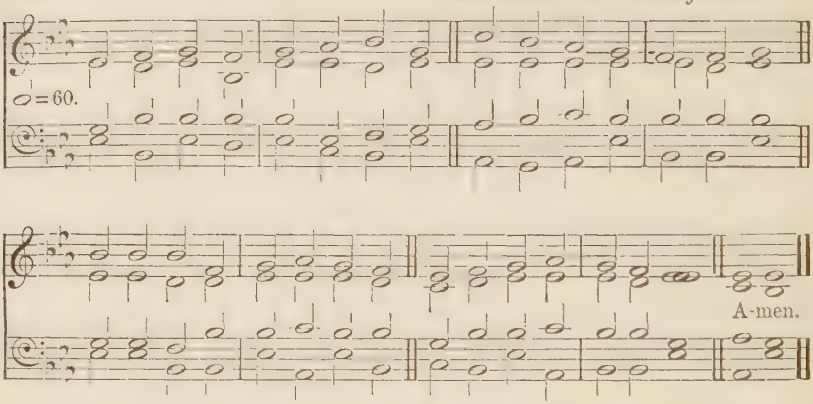
8 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!

O that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and Heav'nward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion
Far beyond the starry sky!

## 711

BATTY (RINGE RECHT).

*The current form of the tune in the Choralbuch der Brüdergemeine.*




1 Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God, Who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can, we might!

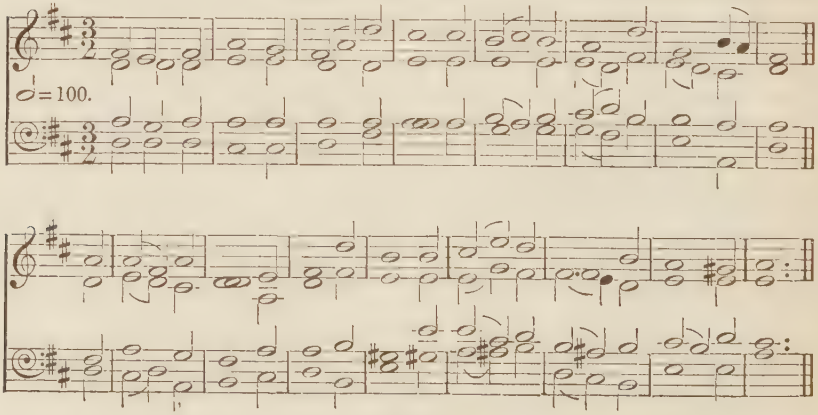
3 Jesu! Infinite Redeemer!
Maker of this mighty frame!
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.

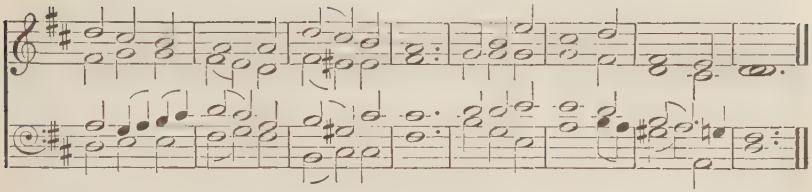
4 Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

5 Soon before the Judge most Glorious
We with all the dead shall stand,
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then at Thy Right Hand.

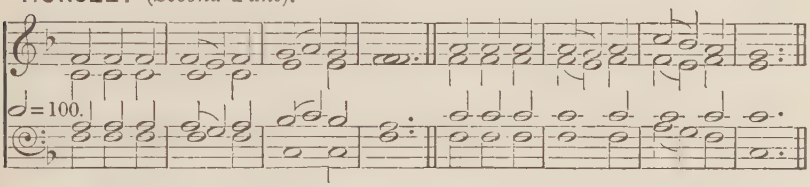
## 712

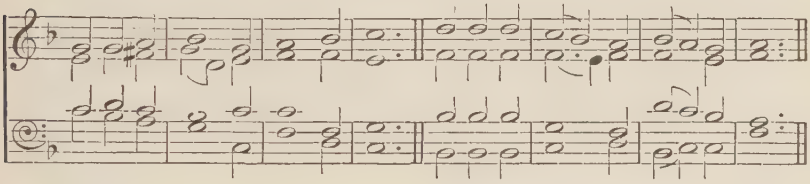
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS (*First Tune*). A. H. Brown.

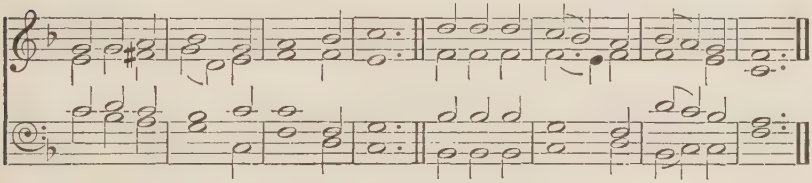




HURSLEY (*Second Tune*).





1.

Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2.

Faith of our fathers! Faith and prayer
Shall win our country back to thee;
And, through the truth that comes from God,
England shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers! &c.

3.

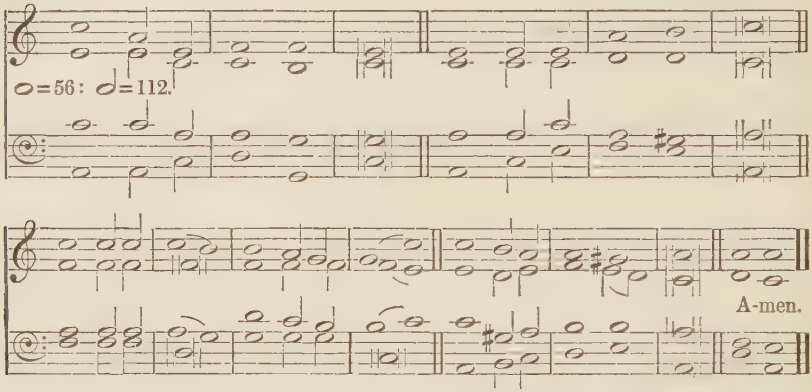
Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! &c.

4.

Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! &c.

## 713

LYTE. J. WILKES.




1 FAR from my Heav'nly Home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

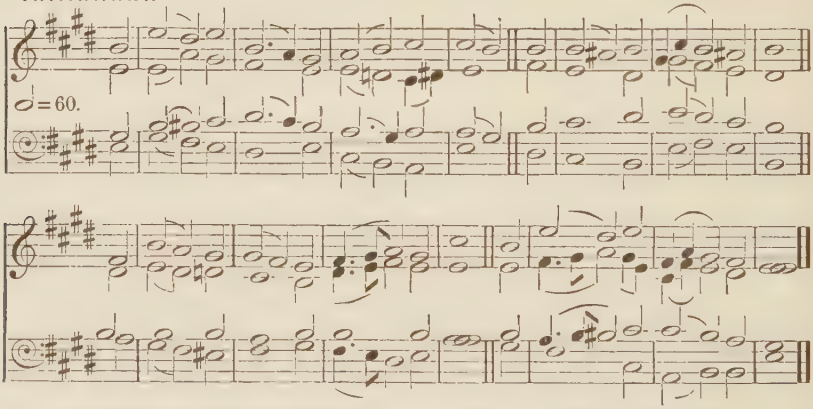
2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the Saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

## 714

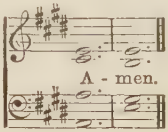
HAVANNAH. HARRINGTON.




1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy Throne of Grace
Let this petition rise;

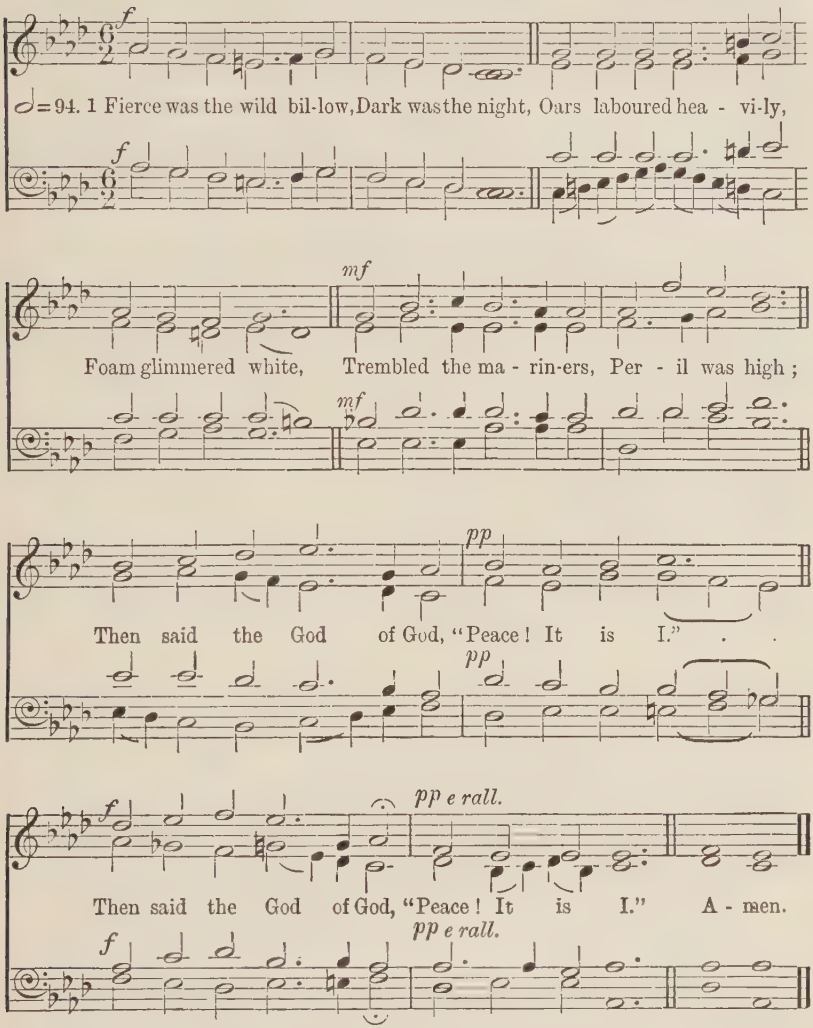
2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My daily path attend;
Thy Presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.



## 715

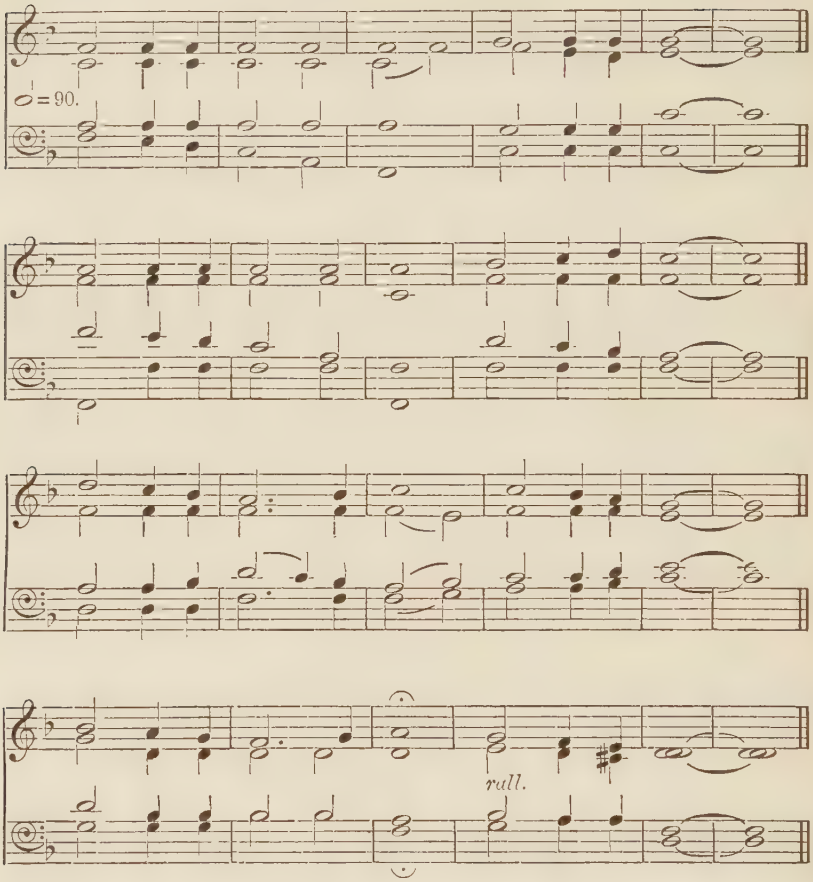
FIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW (*First Tune*). A. H. BROWN.




2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

SEA OF GALILEE (*Second Tune*). Anon.




1 Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmer'd white,
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was high;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

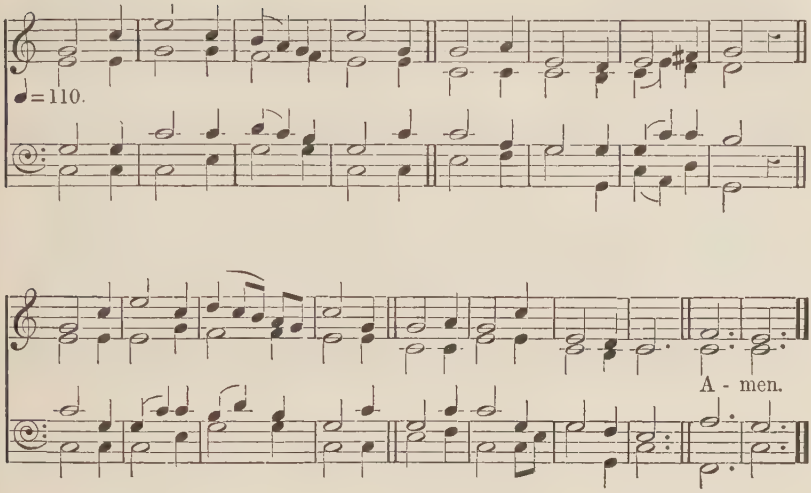
2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

716

RATHBUN.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.




1 FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

2 And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.

3 Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the Holy, Him the Strong.

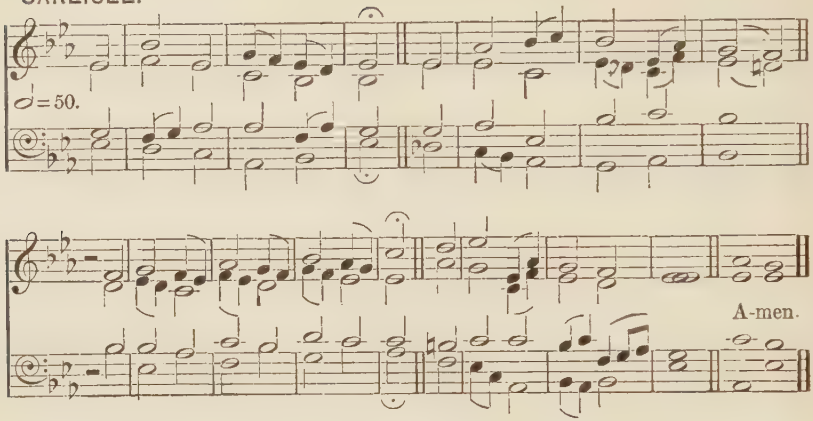
4 And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church as His creation,
And her teachings as His own.

5 Adoration aye be given,
With and through th' Angelic Host,
To the God of Earth and Heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

717

CARLISLE.

C. LOCKHART.




1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's House on High,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the Land I love,
The bright inheritance of Saints,
Jerusalem Above.

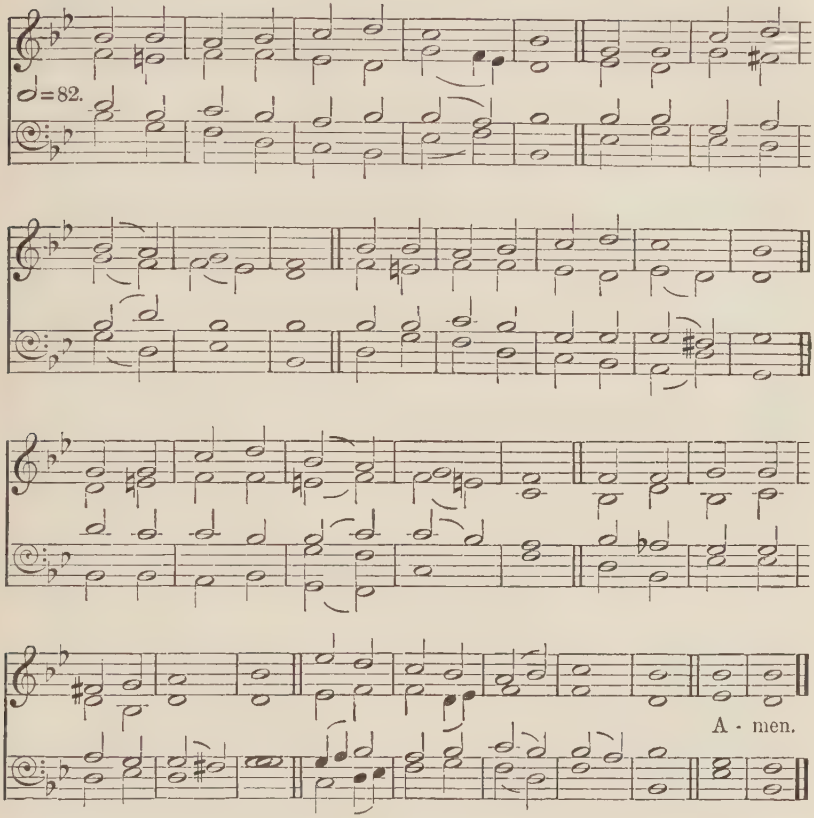
5 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil;

6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail!

7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And Life Eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

HIERUSALEM LUMINOSA. CLEMENT POWELL.




1 For the fount of Life Eternal
Longs the soul with eager thirst;
As th' imprison'd restless spirit
Seeks her fleshly gates to burst;
Struggling, yearning for the Country
Whence she has been banish'd erst.

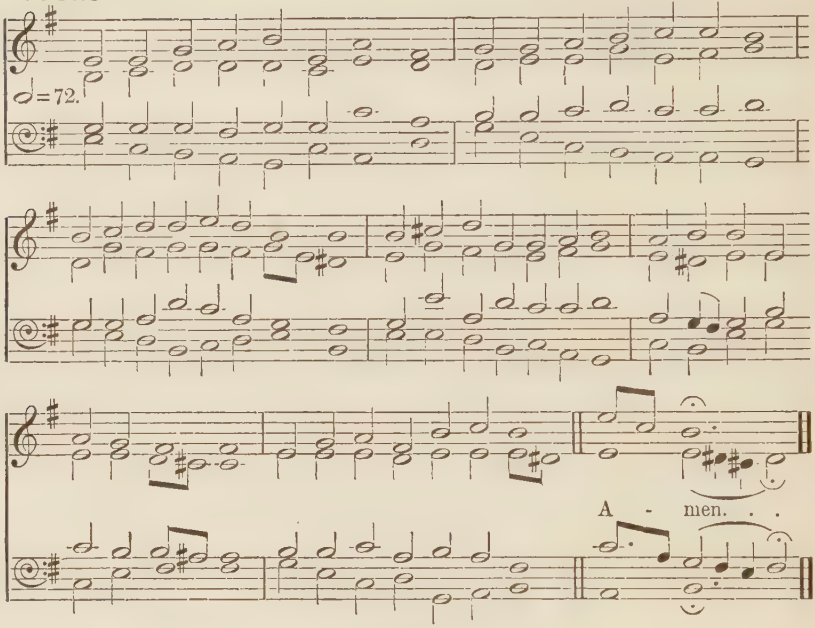
2 Who can tell the perfect gladness
Of the peace within the skies?
Where, of living pearls upbuilded,
Mansions for the Blessed rise;
Where the vaulted halls of feasting
Gleam with gold and radiant dyes.

3 Twelve dear gems of countless value
Form the walls' foundation stone;
Polish'd gold, like beaming crystal,
Paves the glorious streets alone;
No pollution, no defilement,
Rain, nor melting snow, are known.

4 There no stormy winter rages;
Summer's heat no harm can bring;
Everlasting roses blooming
Make an everlasting spring;
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

5 Pasture groweth, flow'ret bloweth,
Honey streameth rivers fair;
While with aromatic perfume
Gloweth all the grateful air;
Flowery fruits, that never wither,
Hang in ev'ry thicket there.

TOURS. From the *Tours Paroissien.*




PART II.

6 There no waxing moon nor waning,
Sun nor stars in courses bright;
For the Lamb to that glad City
Is the Everlasting Light;
There the daylight shines for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

7 There the Saints in beauty vested,
As the sun in glory pure,
Crown'd with triumph's flushing honours,
Knit in unison secure,
Now in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

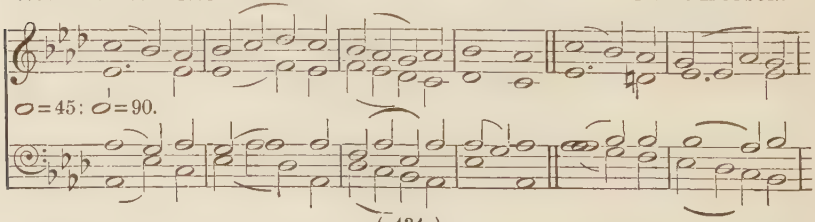
8 Freed from ev'ry stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done;
For the flesh made spiritual,
And the soul agree in one;
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment;
Sin and scandal are unknown.

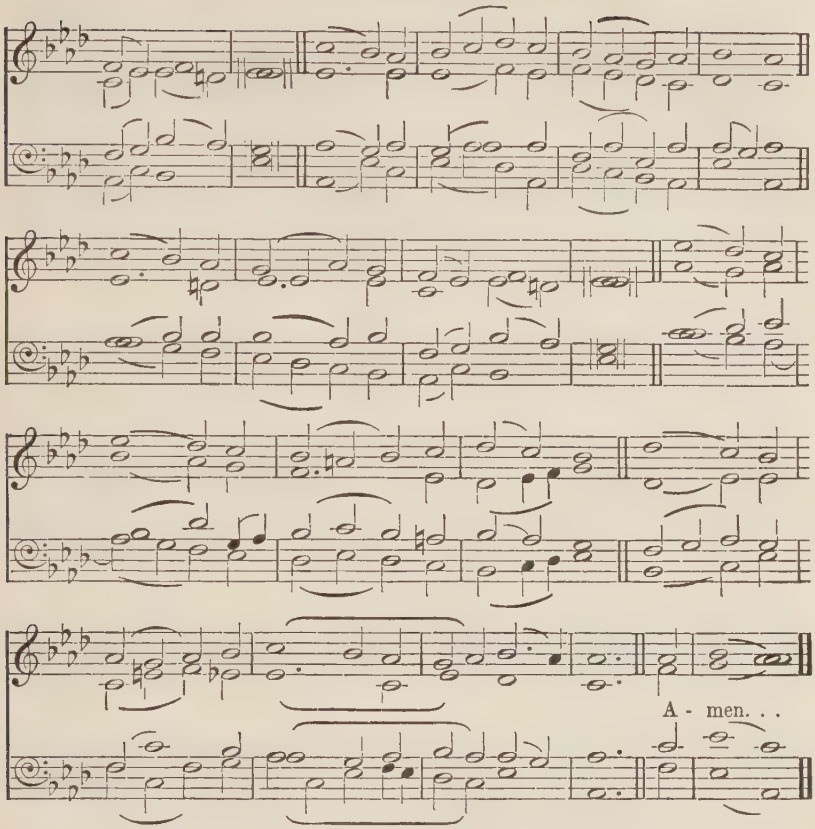
9 To their first estate return they,
Freed from ev'ry mortal sore,
And the Truth for ever present,
Ever lovely, they adore,
Drawing, from that living Fountain,
Living sweetness evermore.

10 There they live in endless being,
Passingness hath passed away;
There they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decay'd is all decay;
And immortal vigour endeth
Darkling Death's malignant sway.

11 Though each Saint's respective merit
Hath his varying palm assign'd,
Love takes all as his possession,
Where his power has all combined;
So that all, that each possesses,
All partake in unconfined.

WHERE THE SACRED BODY LIETH. H. E. HODSON.






PART III.

12 Where the Sacred Body lieth,
Eagle souls together speed;
There the Saints and there the Angels,
Seek refreshment in their need,
And the sons of earth and Heaven
On that One Bread ever feed.

13 Lovely voices make a concert
Ever new and ever clear;
And in never ceasing Festal
Organs soothe the ravish'd ear;
Worthily the King they honour,
Who hath won them vict'ry's cheer.

14 Christ, Thy Soldiers' palm of honour
To this City bright and free
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me,
A partaker in Thy bounty
With Thy blessed ones to be!

15 Grant me vigour, while I labour
In the ceaseless battle press'd;
That Thou may'st, the conflict over
Give me Everlasting Rest;
And that I at length inherit
Thee, my Portion, ever blest.

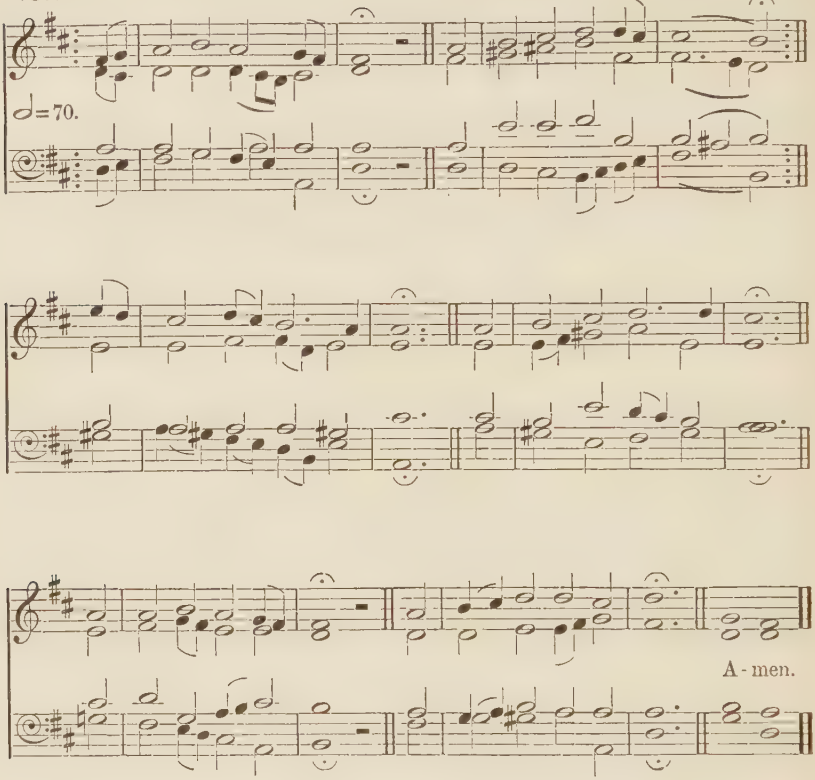
*The following Doxology may be sung at the end of each part:—*

Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, might and praise addressing,
While Eternal Ages run;
Ever, too, His love confessing,
Who, from Both, with Both is One.

719

ICH FREUE MICH IN DIR.

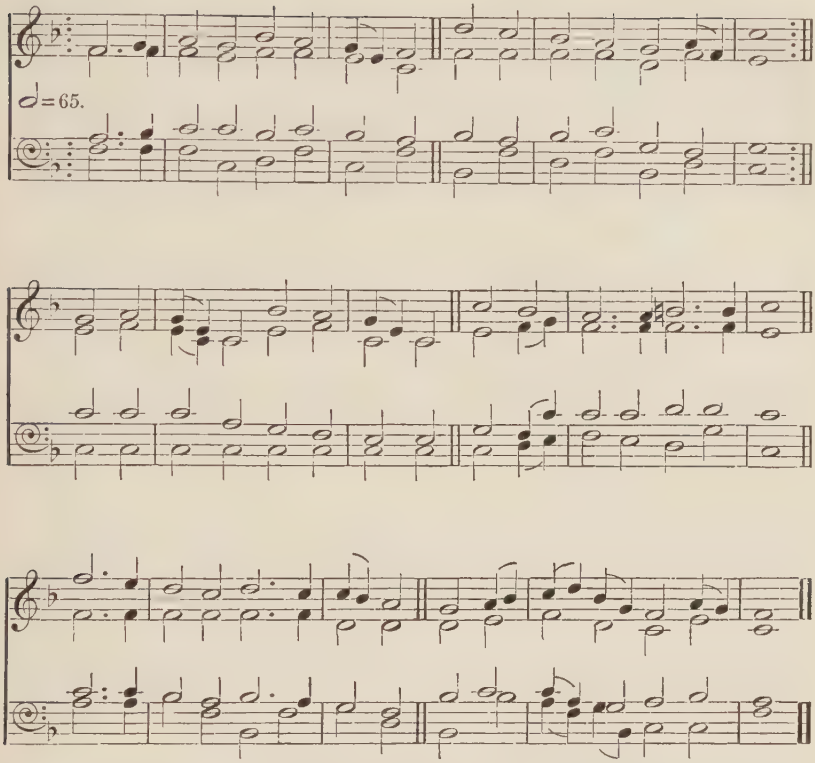
J. S. Bach's Setting.




1 Give us our Daily Bread,
O God, the Bread of Strength!
For we have learnt to know
How weak we are at length;
As children we are weak,
As children must be fed,
Give us Thy Grace, O Lord,
To be our Daily Bread.

2 Give us our Daily Bread,
The Bread of Angels, Lord,
By us so many times
Broken, betray'd, adored;
His Body and His Blood;
The Feast that Jesus spread;
Give Him, our Life, our All,
To be our Daily Bread.

AUSTRIA. HAYDN.

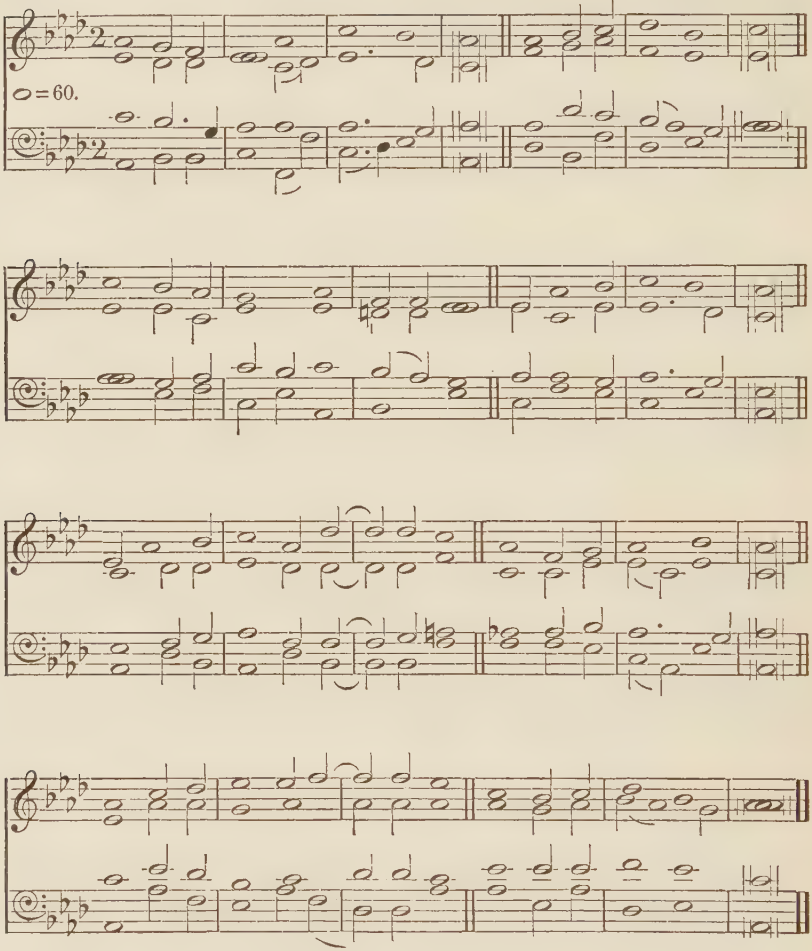



1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken
Zion, City of our God:
He, Whose word cannot be broken
Form'd thee for His own abode
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes

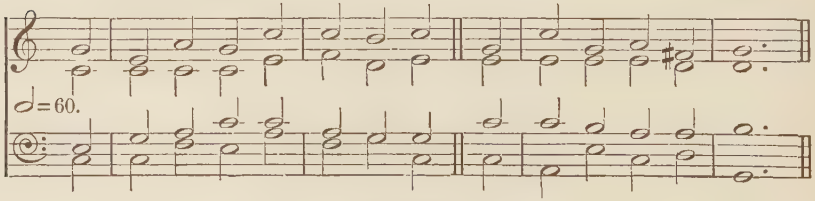
2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage:
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

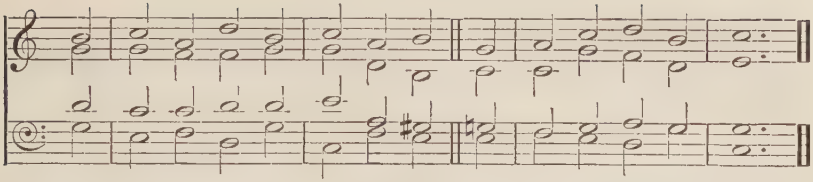
3 Saviour, if of Zion's City
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know

OLD CXXXVII. (*First Tune*). CRESPIN, 1557.
ALLISON'S Setting.




S. ANN (*Second Tune*). CROFT.





1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

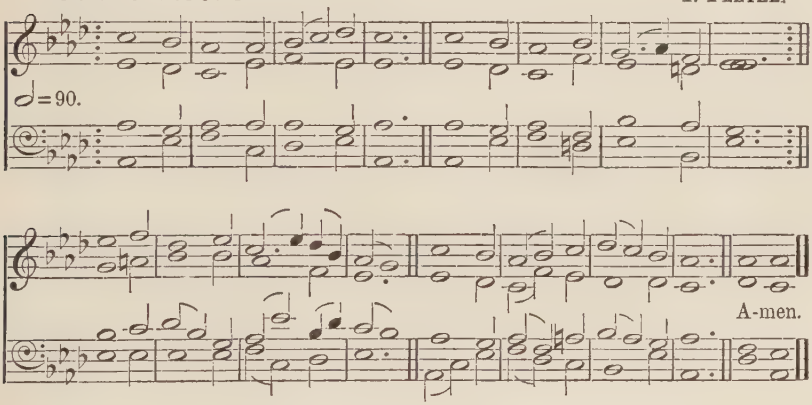
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling Face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

## 722

DEUS MISERICORS. I. Pleyel.




*Or tune of* 302.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy Face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light Divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord:
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy Feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

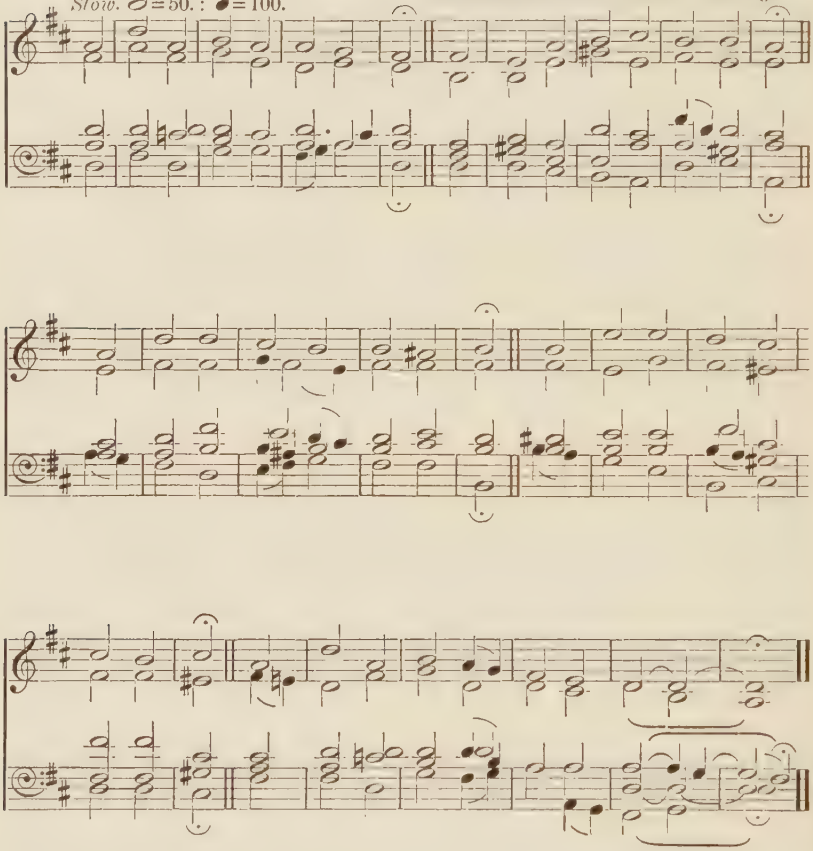
3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all Above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

723

REGNAT DEUS (*First Tune*). Chorale in Five Parts.

From MENDELSSOHN'S Fifth Sonata for the Organ.

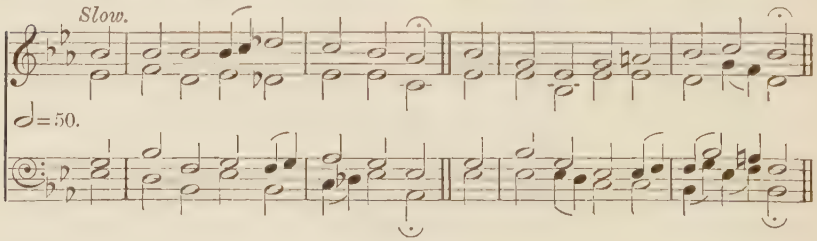
*Slow.* 𝅗𝅥 = 50. : ♩ = 100.

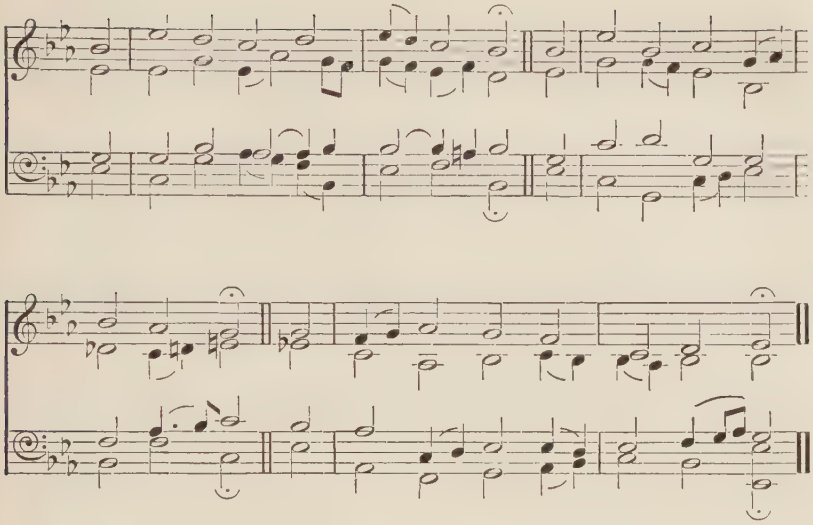


ES IST DAS HEIL UNS KOMMEN HER (*Second Tune*). 15th Century.

*Slow.*

𝅗𝅥 = 50.





1.

God reigns Above, He reigns Alone,
He sits upon the great White Throne;
Fair mists of Seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all—
Ancient of Days, Whose days go on.

2.

For us, whatever 's undergone,
He knoweth, willeth what is done;
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
None but the Good discerns the good;
I trust Thee, while my days go on.

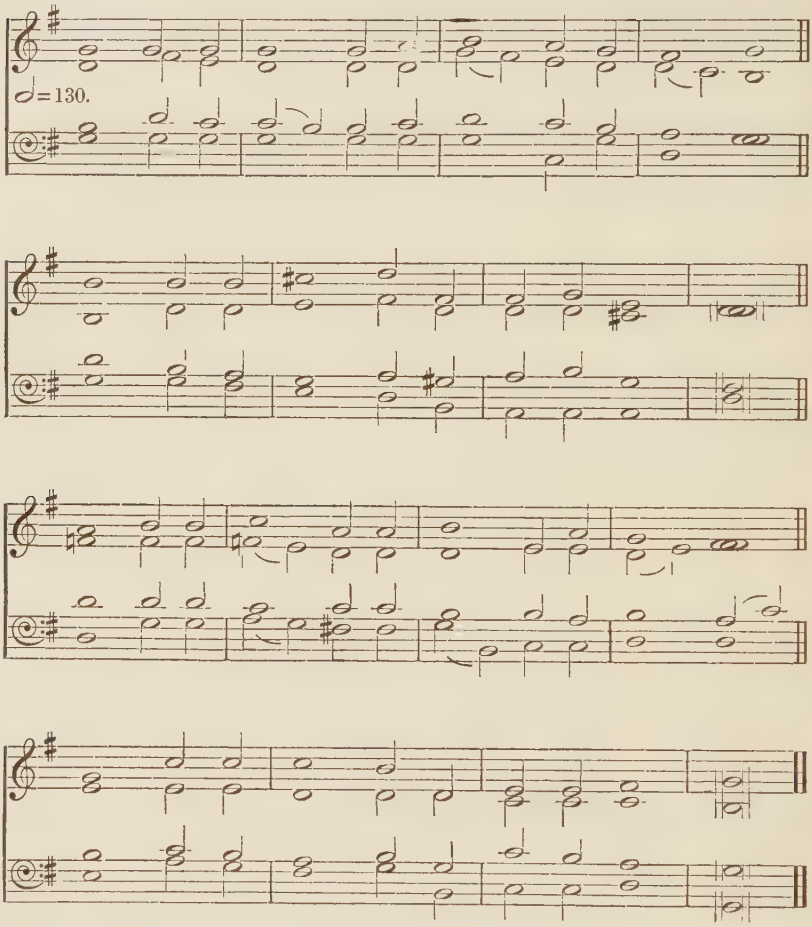
3.

By anguish, which made dark the sun,
I hear Him charge His Saints, that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

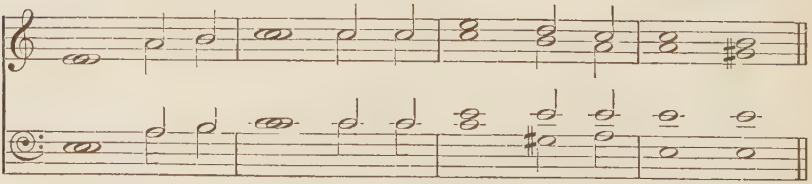
4.

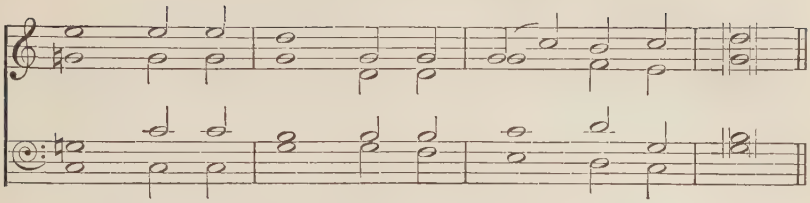
I praise Thee, while my days go on;
I love Thee, while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee, while my days go on.

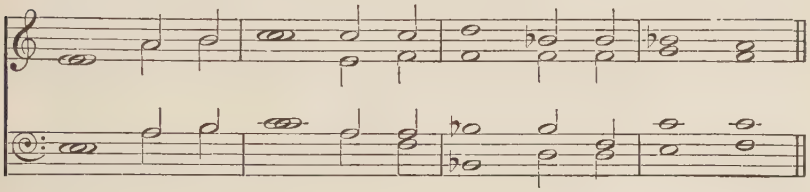
S. NINIAN (*First Tune*). J. B. DYKES.

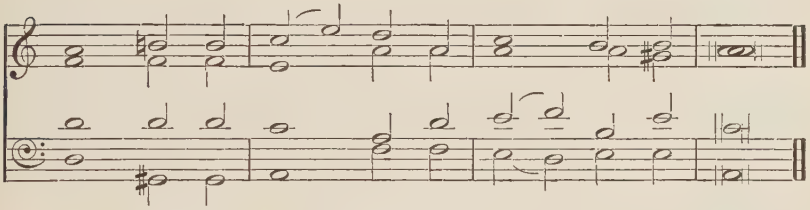



THE MARTYRS' TUNE (*Second Tune*). GAUNTLETT.









1 God the All-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on High where Thou reignest;
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.

2 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee,
Yet to Eternity standeth Thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Grant to us peace, O most Merciful Lord.

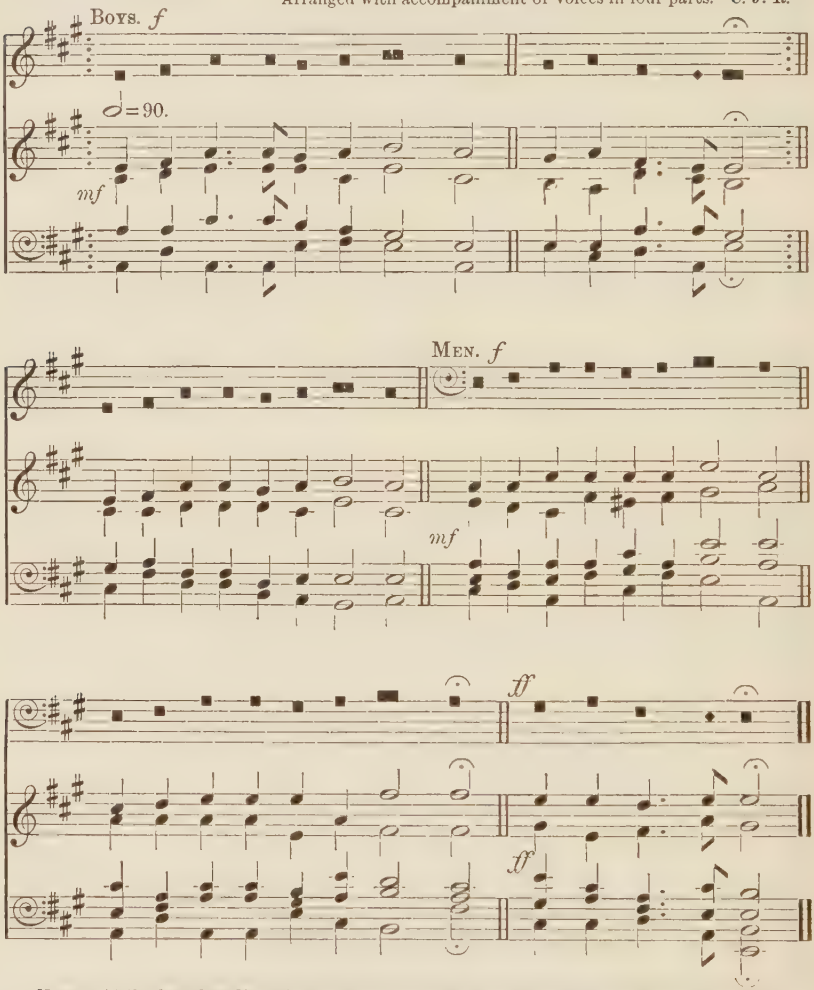
4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

## 725

### HAIL THE SIGN.

The 8th Psalm Tone.

Arranged with accompaniment of voices in four parts. C. J. R.




NOTE.—At the *last three lines* the plain-song should be reinforced by strong voices from both Tenors and Basses.

1 HAIL the Sign, the Sign of Jesus,
Bright and Royal Tree!
Standard of the Monarch, planted
First on Calvary!
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail!

2 Sign to Martyrs strength and refuge,
Sign to Saints so dear!
Sign of evil men abhorréd,
Sign which Devils fear.
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail!

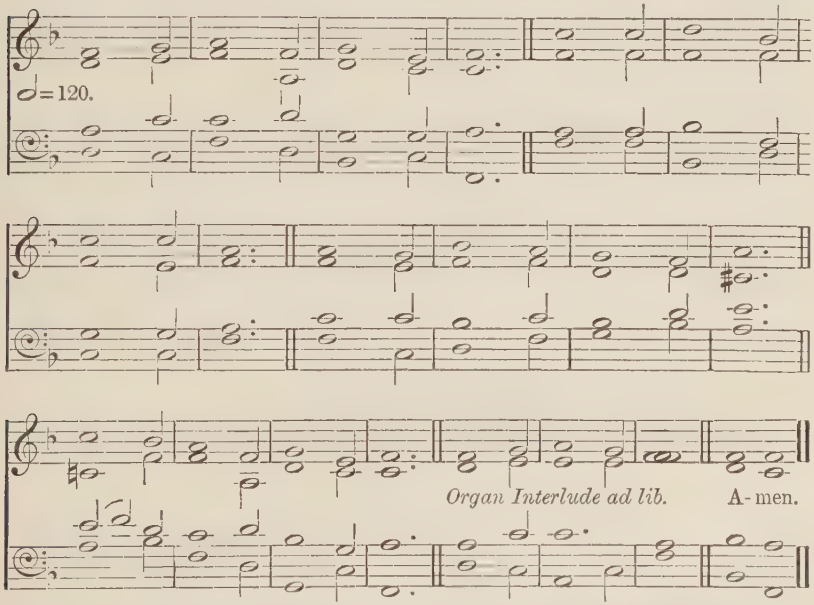
3 Sign, which, when the Lord returneth,
In the Heav'ns shall be;
Sinners quail, while Saints with rapture
Shall the Vision see;
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail!

4 Lo, I sign the Cross of Jesus
Meekly on my breast;
May it guard my heart when living,
Dying, be its rest.
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail!

5 In the Name of God the Father,
Name of God the Son,
Name of God the Blessed Spirit,
Ever Three in One.
Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign Hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail!

## 726

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD. By an Archbishop of Sens, 1222.




1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

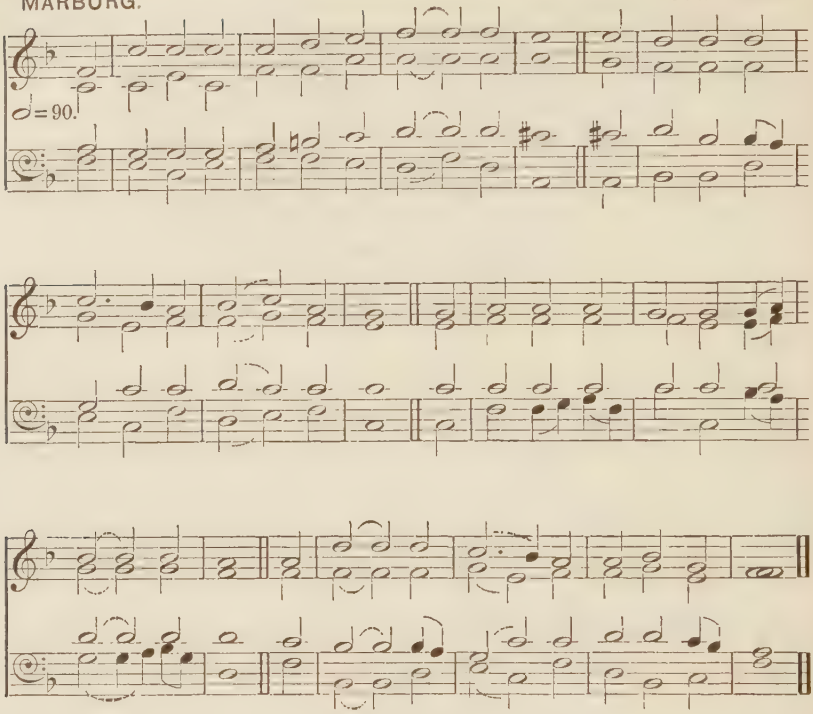
5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

727

MARBURG.

J. S. Bach.




1 He comes with the swell of the Angels' song,
He comes with the shout of the Shepherds' praise;
He comes the Messiah, the Promised so long,
The God in the Man His glory displays.

2 Hosanna! Our Prince, our Saviour, is come,
Whom Prophets and Kings desiréd to see;
The splendour He leaves of His Heav'nly Home,
To visit the souls that destitute be.

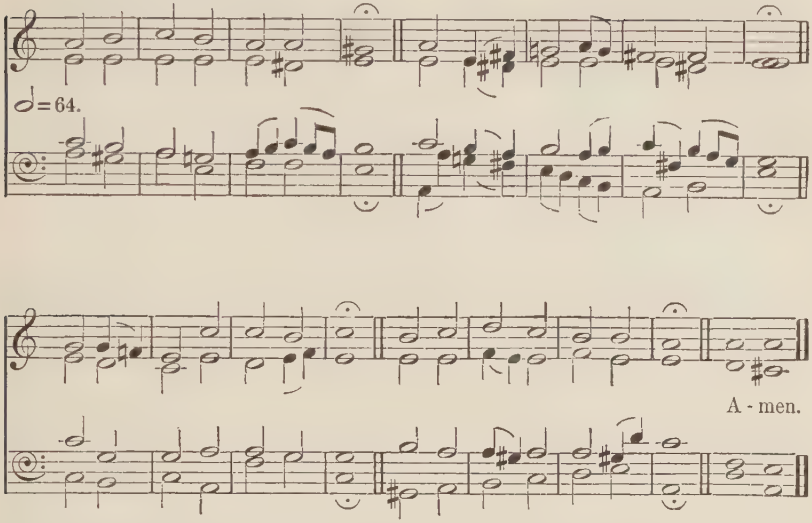
3 Behold Him, ye blind, in the Light He pours!
Leap, leap to receive Him, ye halt and lame!
Ye captives, burst forth from your prison-doors!
Rejoice, ye deaf, in the sound of His Name!

4 He comes to illumine the dark in mind,
To free the soul from the bondage of fear;
He comes that the guilty pardon may find,
Hosanna! Our Saviour, our Lord, is here.

## 728

AUS DER TIEFEN RUFE ICH.

German.




1.

Holy Father, hear my cry,
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear,
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2.

Father, save me from my sin,
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3.

Father, let me taste Thy love,
Saviour, fill my soul with peace,
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4.

Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

## 729

HOLY OFFERINGS.

R. REDHEAD.

♩=100. Ho - ly of - f'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and prayer,

Pu - rer life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,

Low - ly acts of a - dor - a - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion,

On His Al - tar laid we leave them; Christ present them! God re-ceive them!

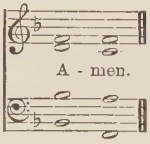
2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought;
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy Holy Altar pour them,
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee.
That, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!

4 Pleasant food and garb of pride
Put for conscience' sake aside;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!

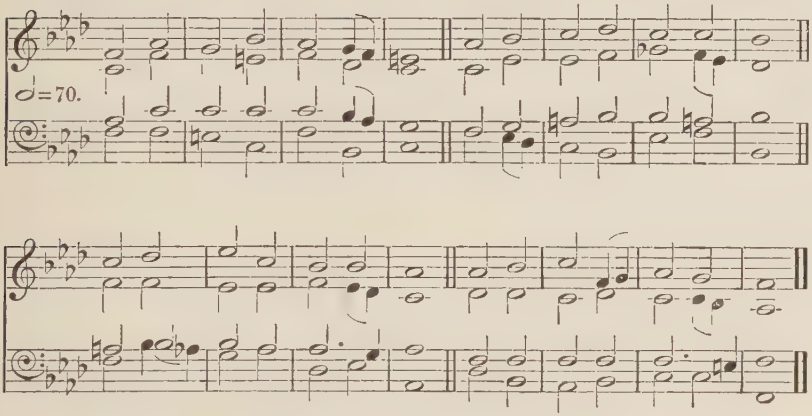
5 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy House depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender,
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!

6 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One!
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bow'd down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine Altar laid we leave them,
Christ present them! God receive them!




## 730

NICHT SO TRAURIG (*B*). From HILLER'S *Choralbuch*.




1 HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

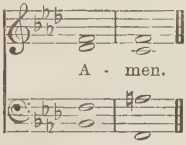
2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine,
Kindle ev'ry high desire,
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Law Divine,
Reign within this soul of mine;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stay'd in Thy tranquillity.

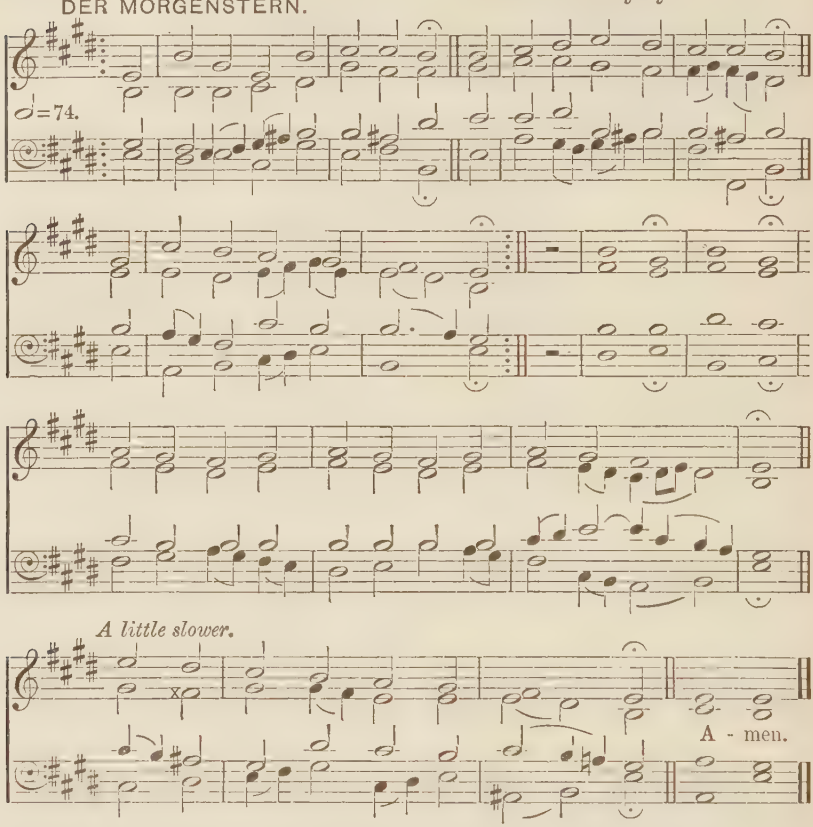
6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing
"Spring, O well, for ever spring."



## 731

WIE SCHÖN LEUCHT'T UNS DER MORGENSTERN.

Harmonised mostly by J. S. Bach.




1 How brightly beams the Morning Star,
With mercy coming from afar!
The Host of Heav'n rejoices;
O righteous Branch! O Jesse's Rod!
Thou Son of Man and Son of God!
We too will lift our voices.
Jesu! Jesu!
Holy, Holy, yet most lowly,
Draw Thou near us:
Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.

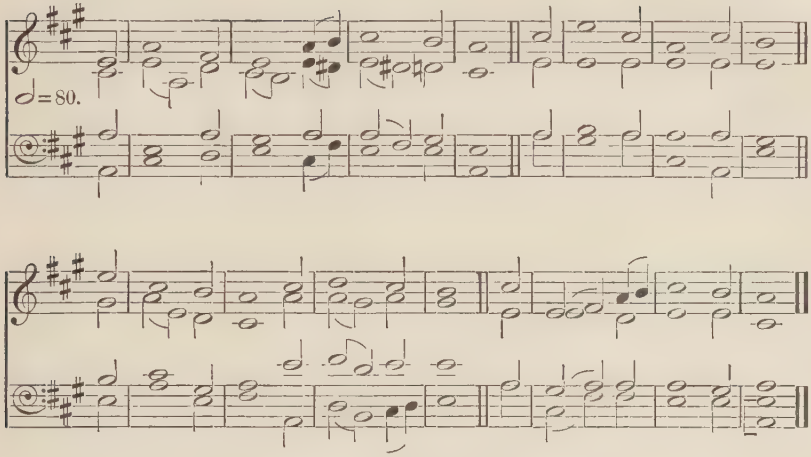
2 Though circled by the Hosts on High,
He deign'd to cast a pitying eye
Upon His helpless creature;
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest Seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature:
Jesu, grant us,
Through Thy merit, to inherit
Thy salvation;
Hear, O hear our supplication.

3 Then will we to the world make known
The love Thou hast to outcasts shown,
In calling them before Thee,
And seek each day to be more meet
To join the throng who at Thy Feet
Unceasingly adore Thee.
Living, dying,
From Thy praises, mighty Jesus,
Shrink we never,
Sing we forth Thy love for ever.

4 Rejoice, ye Heav'ns, and earth reply:
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For love so condescending;
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Thy glory wide extending.
Amen, Amen!
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Praise be given
To Thy Name by earth and Heaven.

## 732

MARTYRDOM. HUGH WILSON.




1 How shalt thou bear the Cross, that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon th' Eternal Years.

2 Full many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of those Eternal Years.

3 Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of th' Eternal Years.

4 One cross can sanctify a soul;
Late Saints and ancient Seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon th' Eternal Years.

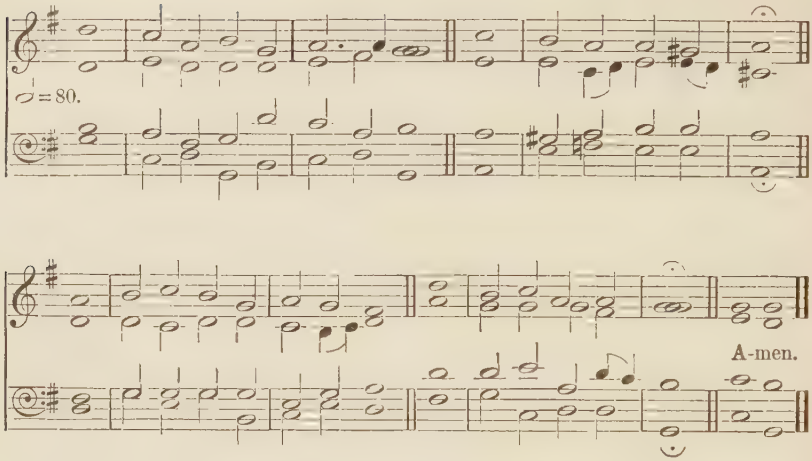
5 Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil Hope still trims her lamp
At those Eternal Years.

6 A single practice long sustain'd
A soul to God endears;
This must be thine—to weigh the thought
Of those Eternal Years.

7 He practises all virtues well
Who his own cross reveres,
And stores within his heart the thought
Of those Eternal Years.

733

BRISTOL. In Ravenscroft.




1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

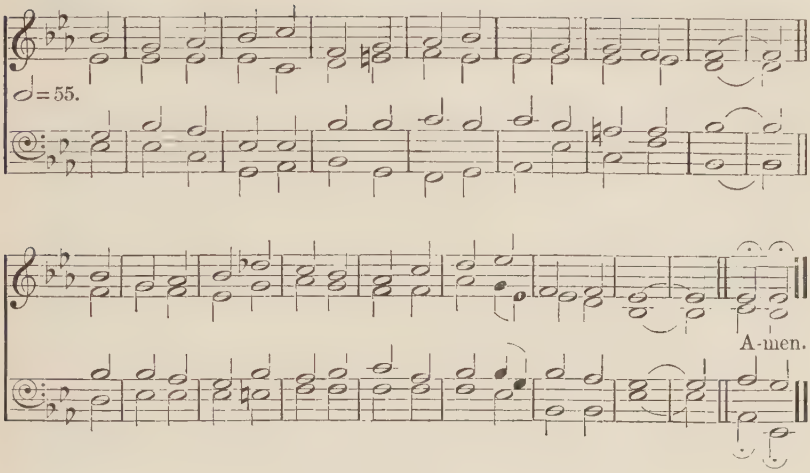
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

## 734

TENEBRÆ. C. J. RIDSDALE.




1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

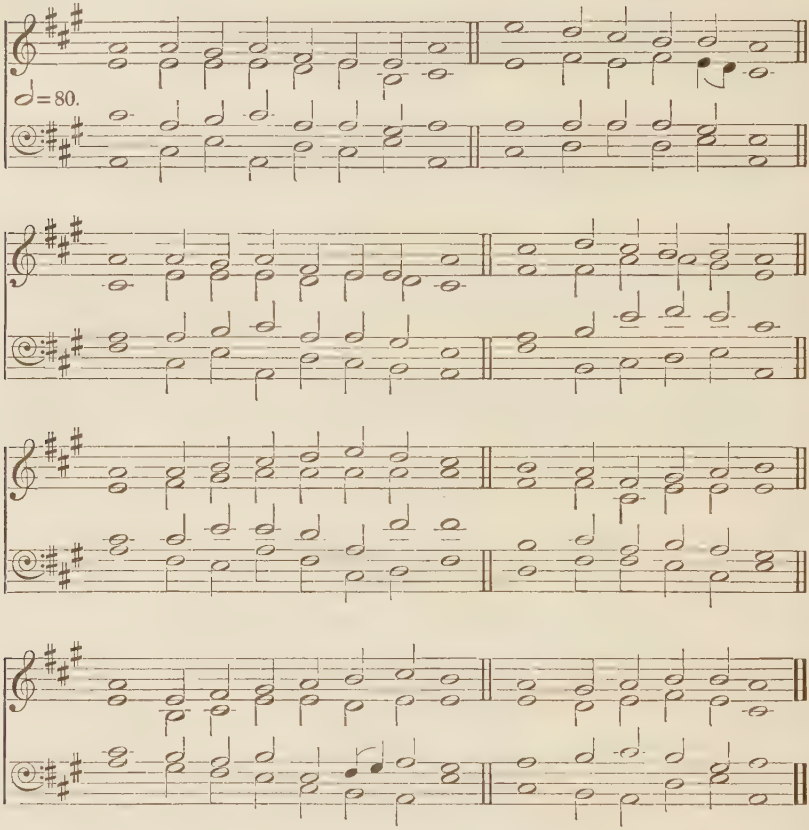
5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day, but peace Divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till Perfect Day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

735

OLD XLIVTH PSALM.

DAY'S *Psalter.*

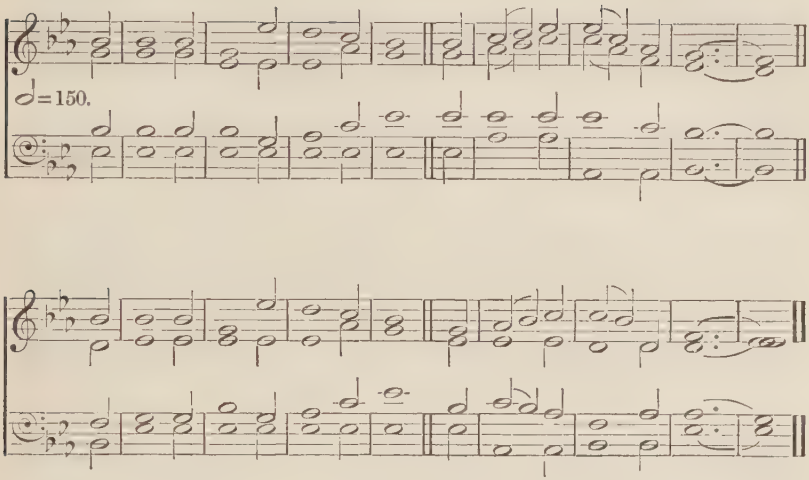



1 I HEARD the Voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My Breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that Life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

2 I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till trav'lling days are done.

S. NICHOLAS. Traditional.




1 I LOVED the beauty of the earth,
The brightness of the skies;
Life wooed me with its careless mirth,
My birthright and my prize.

2 The lights of Heav'n shone pale and dim
On eyes that would not see;
The wisdom of the Cherubim
Was foolishness to me.

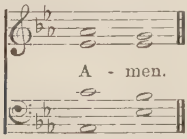
3 But youth is short, and life is frail,
And human praise untrue,
Created beauty but a veil
To hide Thee from my view.

4 'Twas not for these Thou madest me,
But for Thyself, O Lord;
Thou bad'st me rest alone in Thee,
My Prize and my Reward!

5 All earthly joy shall fail at last,
All earthly love grow cold,
Save loves by that one Love made fast
To Jesus and His fold.

6 One aim there is of endless worth,
One sole sufficient Love,
To do Thy will, my God, on earth,
And reign with Thee Above.

7 From joys that fail'd my soul to fill,
From hopes that all beguil'd,
To changeless rest in Thy dear will,
O Jesus, call Thy child.



## 737

BLEST JESU. M. HAYDN.

♩ = 64.

*rall.*

*Or tune at* 402.

1 I NEED Thee, Precious Jesu,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay. (*bis.*)

2 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
I need a Friend like Thee,
A Friend to soothe and pity,
A Friend to care for me;
I need the Heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my ev'ry trial,
And all my sorrows share. (*bis.*)

3 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy Fulness,
To lead me on my way;
I need the cleansing Fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea. (*bis.*)

4 I need Thee, Precious Jesu,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy Throne;
There, with Thy Blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesu,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. (*bis.*)

## 738

MEINEN JESUM LASS ICH NICHT.

ULICH.
With an added Refrain.

♩=74.

*p* "O wayward souls, come near Me; My sheep should nev-er fear Me;

*rall. ma non troppo.*

I am the Shep-herd true." I am the Shep-herd true."

(*To be added after the last verse.*)

1 I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.

2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.

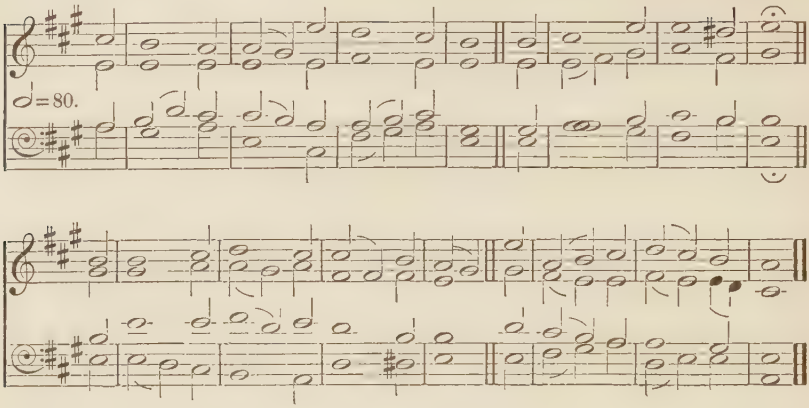
3 At last I stopp'd to listen,
His Voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind Eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.

4 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.

5 Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O wayward souls, come near Me," &c.

739

NORTHAMPTON. CROFT.




1 I WISH to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee;
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be.

2 And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse:
But, Lord, I have a death to die,
And not a death to choose

3 Why should I choose? for in Thy love
Most surely I descry
A gentler death than I myself
Should dare to ask to die.

4 But Thou wilt not disdain to hear
What those few wishes are,
Which I abandon to Thy Love
And to Thy wiser care.

5 All graces I would crave to have
Calmly absorb'd in one,—
A perfect sorrow for my sins,
And duties left undone.

6 I would the light of reason, Lord,
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my soul,
Until it pass'd to Thine.

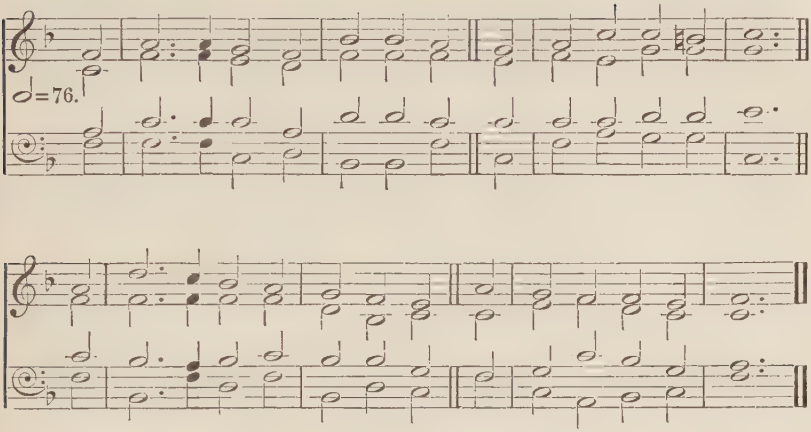
7 All Sacraments, and Church-blest things
I fain would have around;
A Priest beside me, and the hope
Of consecrated ground.

8 But I would pass in silence, Lord,
No brave words on my lips,
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I
Should die in the eclipse.

9 But when, and where, and by what pain,
All this is one to me;
I only long for such a death
As most shall honour Thee.

## 740

WINCHESTER OLD. ALISON'S *Psalter.*




1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And ev'ry day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
Of Jesu's toils and tears!
The passion of His yearning Heart
Those three and thirty years.

3 And He hath breath'd into my soul
A special love of thee;
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

5 I have no cares, O blesséd Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

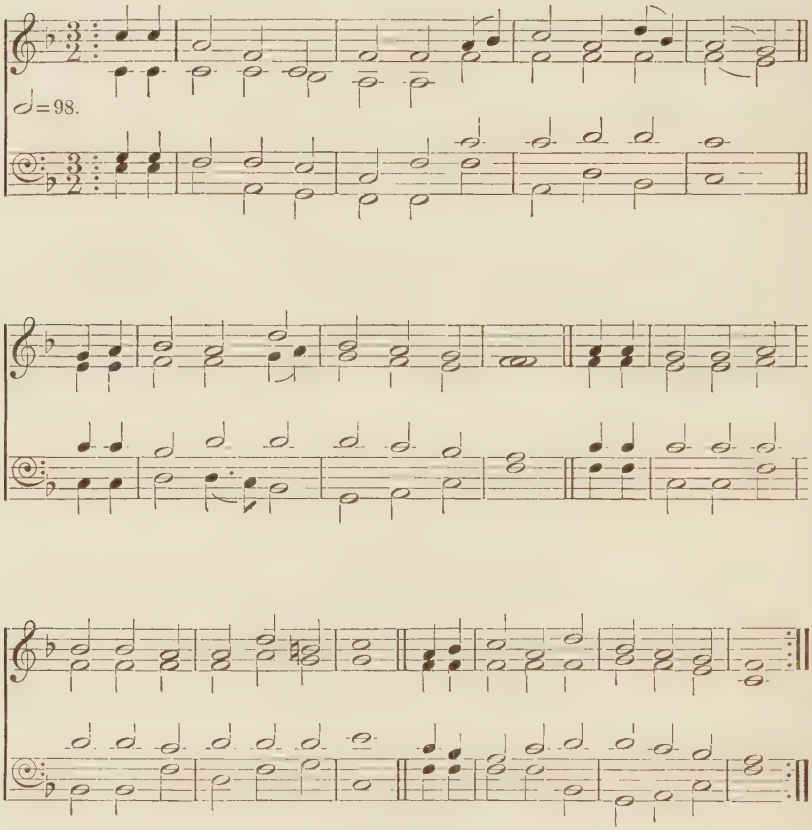
6 Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More Angel-like than this.

7 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

8 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will!

741

IF WE COME TO OUR LORD. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 If we come to our Lord, and in penitence bend,
There is *pardon* for you and for me;
If we come with repentance, resolve to amend,
There is *pardon* for you and for me;
If we come with confession, contrition of soul,
There is *pardon* for you and for me;
If we come with desire, as the sick to be whole,
There is *pardon* for you and for me;

2 If we come with humility ; lowly in heart,
There is *mercy* for you and for me ;
If we come, in the Kingdom of Heav'n to have part,
There is *mercy* for you and for me ;
If we come with a hunger for Heavenly Food,
There is *mercy* for you and for me ;
If we come with a love of the true and the good,
There is *mercy* for you and for me.

3 If we come in infirmity, stating our need,
There is *succour* for you and for me ;
If we come when we suffer, and sorrow, and bleed,
There is *succour* for you and for me ;
If we come in exhaustion, refreshment to find,
There is *succour* for you and for me ;
If we come in afflictions of body and mind,
There is *succour* for you and for me

4 If we come in necessity, help to obtain,
There are *riches* for you and for me ;
If we earnestly labour salvation to gain,
There are *riches* for you and for me ;
If we tread the right path, that is thorny and strait,
There are *riches* for you and for me ;
If in faith on our Lord we but patiently wait,
There are *riches* for you and for me.

5 If we run in the race with desire for the prize,
There's *salvation* for you and for me ;
If the world and its pleasures and pomps we despise,
There's *salvation* for you and for me ;
If we commune with God, and are instant in prayer,
There's *salvation* for you and for me ;
If we wrestle in hope and not yield to despair,
There's *salvation* for you and for me.

6 When the tempest assails, when the Devil has power,
There is *shelter* for you and for me ;
In the stress of the strife, and at life's latest hour,
There is *shelter* for you and for me ;
In the Heav'nly harbour, the Home of delight,
There is *shelter* for you and for me ;
In the Garden of Eden, the Mansion of light,
There is *shelter* for you and for me.

## 742

### IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

Old Melody.

*Slow.* 𝅗𝅥. = 36 : 𝅗𝅥 = 108.

On the o - ther side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

Where the Tree of Life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you; . .

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.

1 In the Christian's Home in glory
There remains a Land of Rest,
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request:
On the other side, &c.

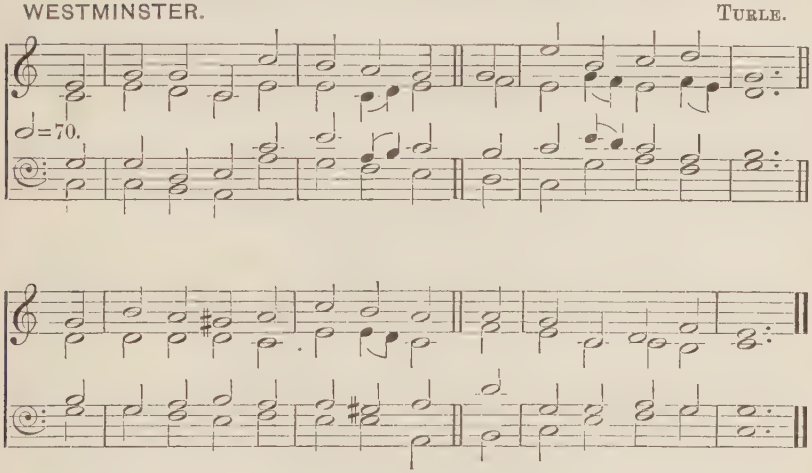
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
My abode will not be transient
In that holy, happy Land.
On the other side, &c.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd!
Hail with joy the happy morn:
On the other side, &c.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go!
Sion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through:
On the other side, &c.

## 743

WESTMINSTER. TURLE.




PART I.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy Home!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

3 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There ev'ry soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light.

4 There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure ev'ry way.

5 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be.

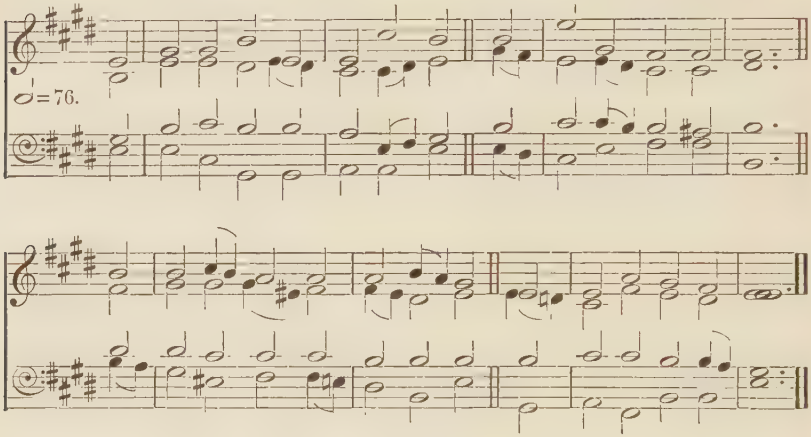
6 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

7 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine!
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing clear and fine.

8 Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God, that I were there!

743

SOUTHWELL. H. S. Irons.




Part II.

9 Ah! my sweet Home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

10 Thy Saints are crown'd with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice:
Most happy is their case.

11 Our sweet is mix'd with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

12 But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

13 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishéd with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare.

14 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

15 There cinnamon, there sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound:
What tongue can tell, or heart contain,
The joys that there are found?

JERUSALEM. J. KARL.

♩=76.

PART III.

16 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The Flood of Life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on ev'ry side,
The Wood of Life doth grow.

17 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

18 There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the Quire;
Ten thousand times that man were bless'd
That might this music hear!

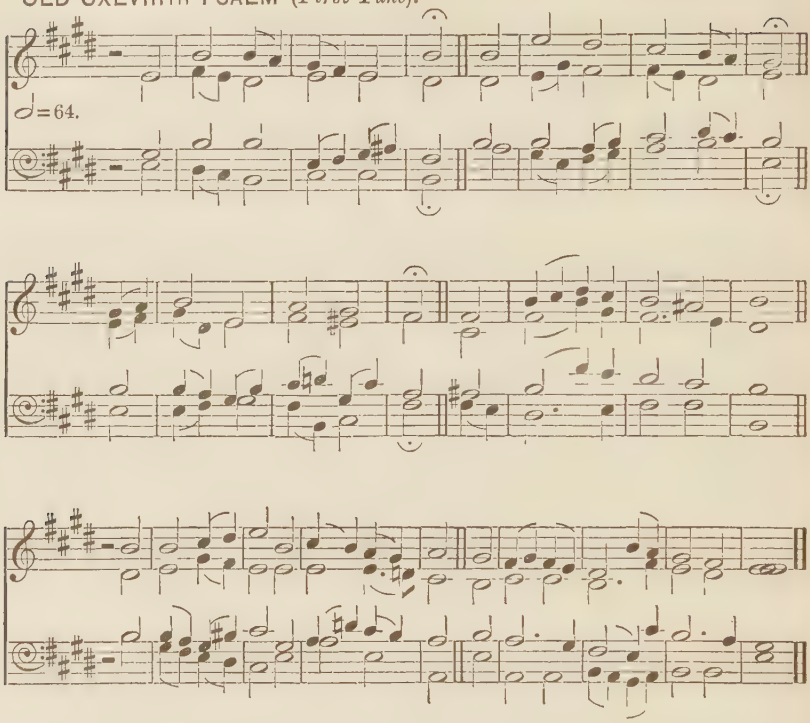
19 Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tune surpassing sweet,
And all the Virgins bear their part
Sitting about her feet.

20 *Te Deum* doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like!
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.

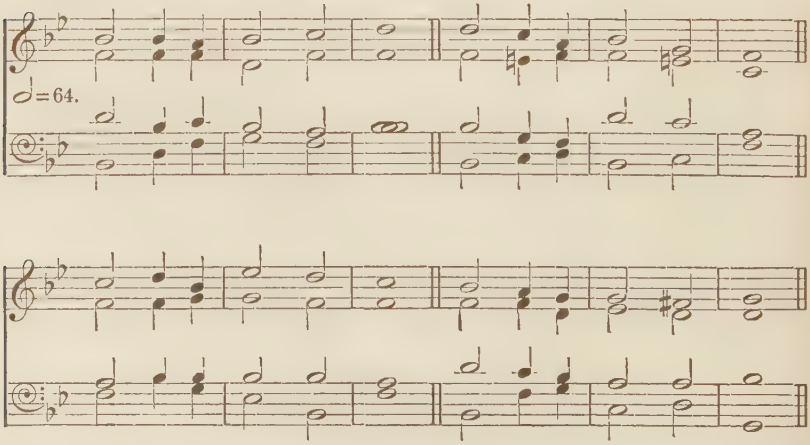
21 There Magdalen hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blesséd Saints, whose harmony
In ev'ry street doth ring.

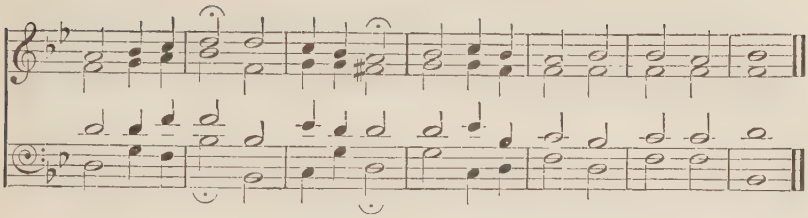
22 Jerusalem! my happy Home!
Would God I were in thee;
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

OLD CXLVIIITH PSALM (*First Tune*).




OLD CXXXVITH PSALM (*Second Tune*).





1 Jerusalem on High
My song and City is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There Angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give
O happy place! &c.

3 The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of peace:
O happy place! &c.

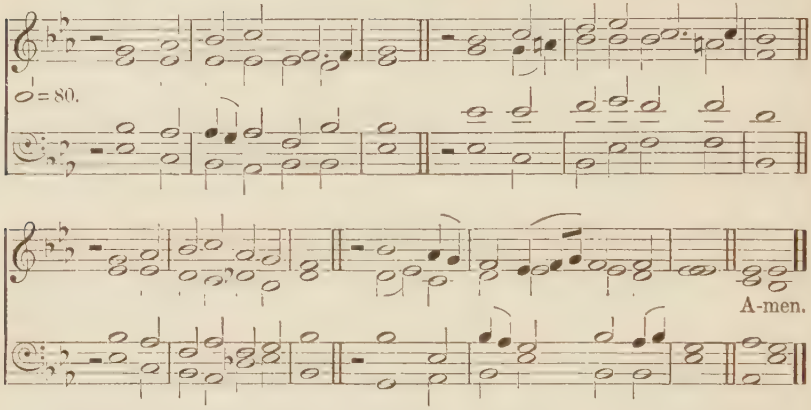
4 The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place! &c.

5 The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothéd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd:
O happy place! &c.

6 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like that on High;
Lord, thither guide my way:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

## 745

CANTERBURY. ORLANDO GIBBONS (Melody and Bass).




1 JESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy Heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded Side.

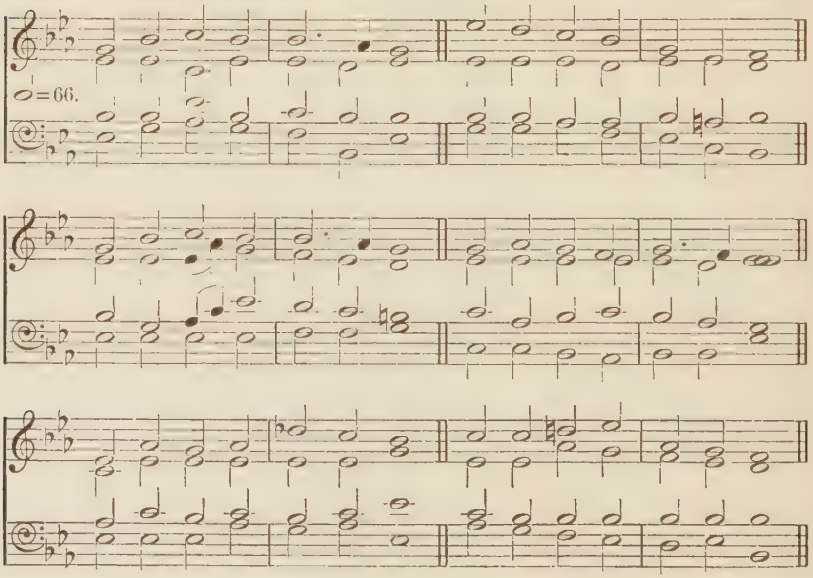
2 If the Evil One prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

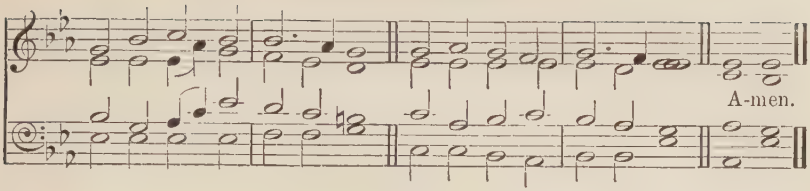
3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Nought I fear when I abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

4 Death will come one day to me;
Jesu, cast me not from Thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

## 746

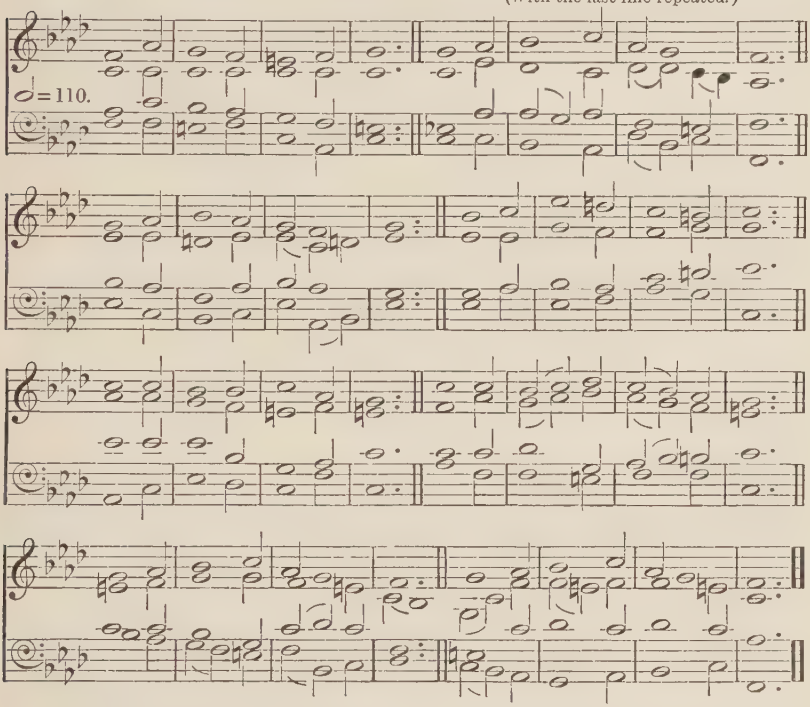
HOLLINGSIDE (*First Tune*). J. B. DYKES.






IN NATALI DOMINI (*Second Tune*).

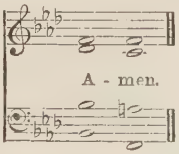
Air probably of the 14th Century.
(With the last line repeated.)




1 Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

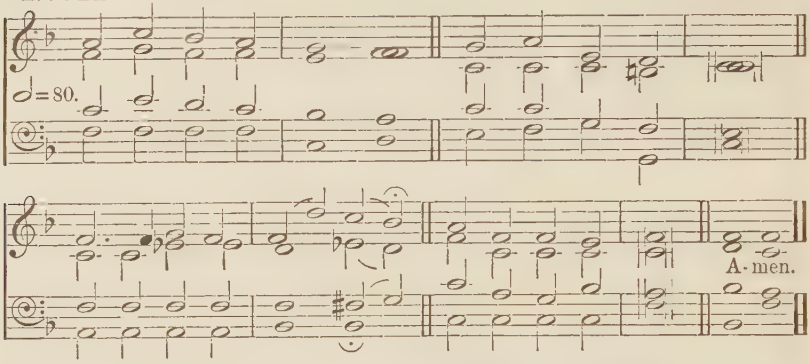
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin;
Let the Healing Streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all Eternity.



## 747

LITTLE BARDFIELD. J. T. SIMMONS.




1 JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

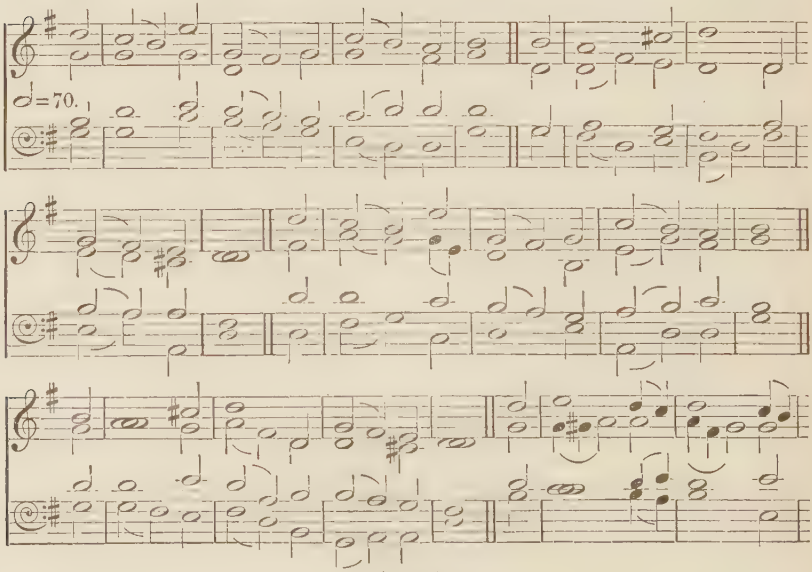
3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the Realms Above.

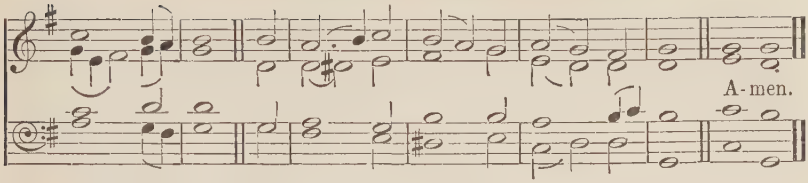
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To Celestial Day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

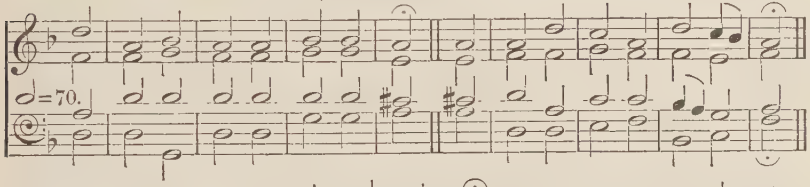
## 748

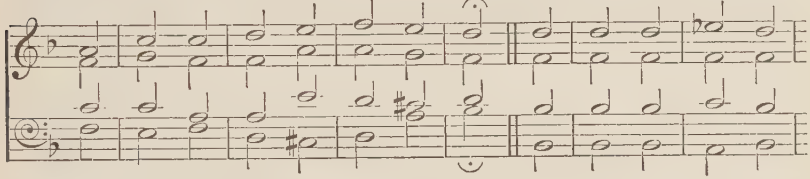
CAREY'S (*First Tune*). HENRY CAREY.

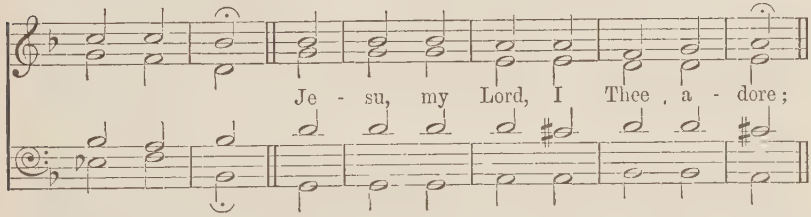


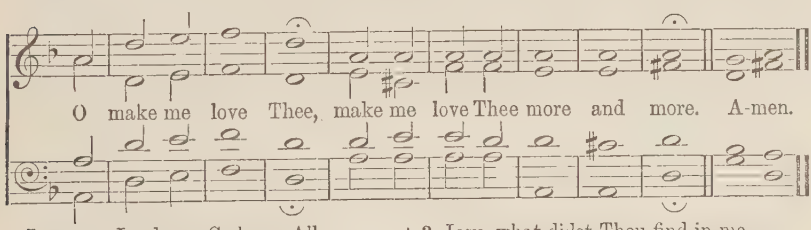



DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA! (*Second Tune*). KLEIN.





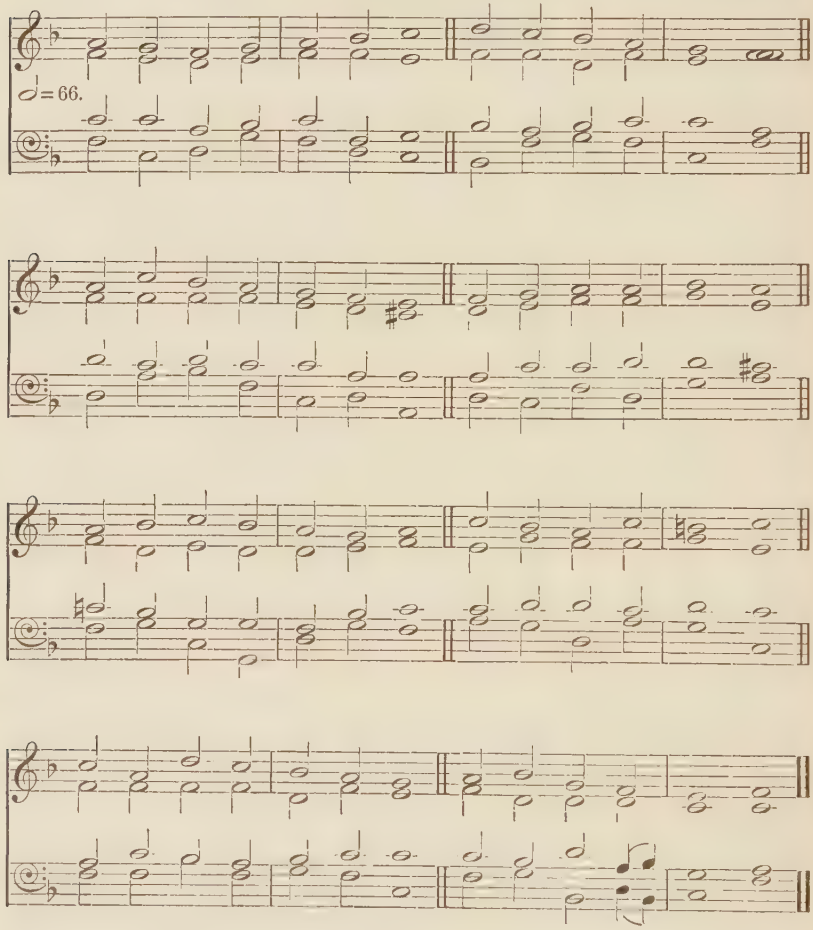

1 JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

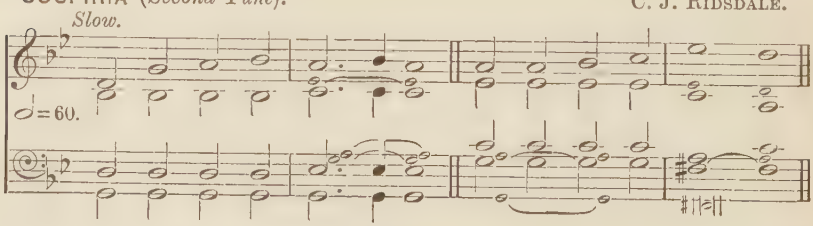
3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought;
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, &c.

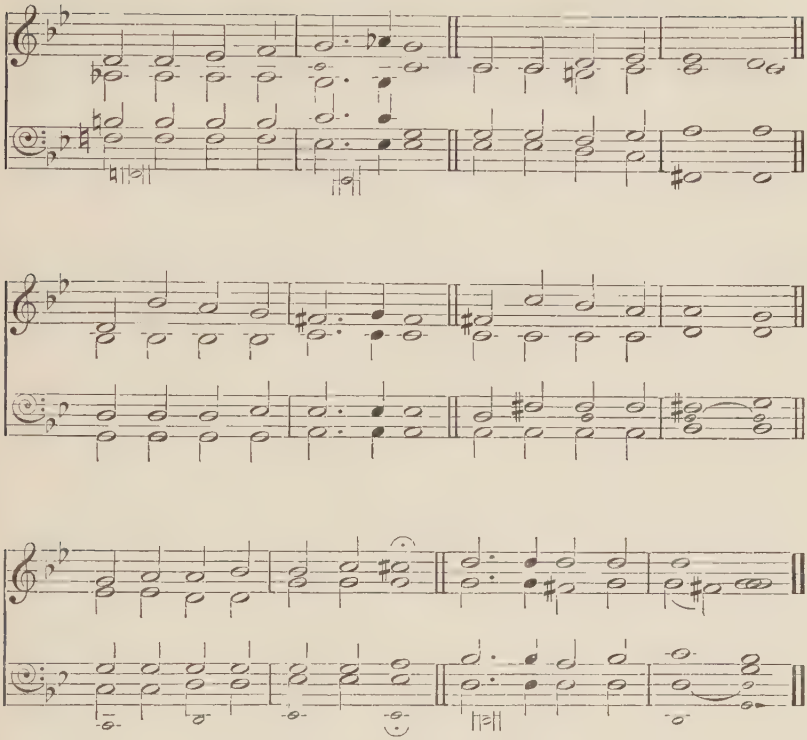
4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, Blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, LEIDEN, KREUZ UND PEIN (*First Tune*). M. VULPIUS.




SUSPIRIA (*Second Tune*). C. J. RIDSDALE.





1 Jesu, Solace of my soul,
Gentle Mediator,
King of kings from pole to pole,
Heav'n and earth's Creator,
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
Thee, the world-wide Wonder,
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
Rending Thee asunder?

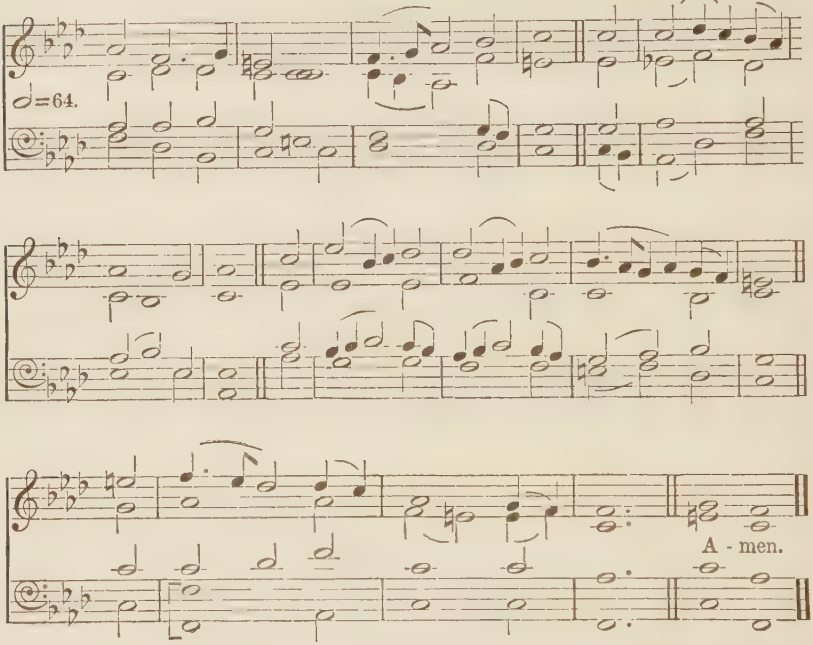
2 Love, it drew Thee from the sky,
Love of souls that perish'd,
Leaving, here on earth to die,
All Thy glories cherish'd:
Born life's saddest paths to tread,
Thou, the world's Salvation;
Hungry, Thou, the Living Bread,
In its desolation;

3 Ours the while the joys of life,
Thine its tribulation,
Ours the glory of the strife,
Thine the consternation;
Ours the banquet's sweetness all,
Thine the self-devotion,
Thine the vinegar and gall,
For Thy bitter potion.

4 O the depth, the breadth, the height,
Of Thy love's extension!
Jesus, O the wondrous might
Of Thy condescension!
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
Thee, the world-wide Wonder,
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
Rending Thee asunder?

## 750

KING'S NORTON. JER. CLARK (Melody and Bass).




*Or tune of* 365.

1 JESU! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Thy Blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

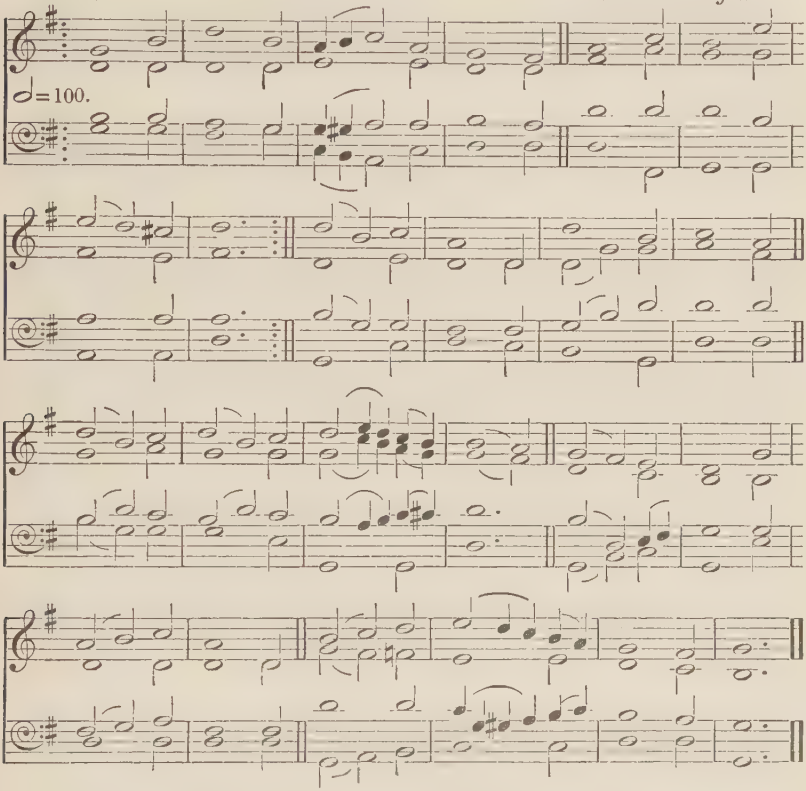
3 O Hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, may all confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

6 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN. From *S. Alban's Hymnal.*




*Or tune of* 485.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shall be;
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heav'n are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy Breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest:
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

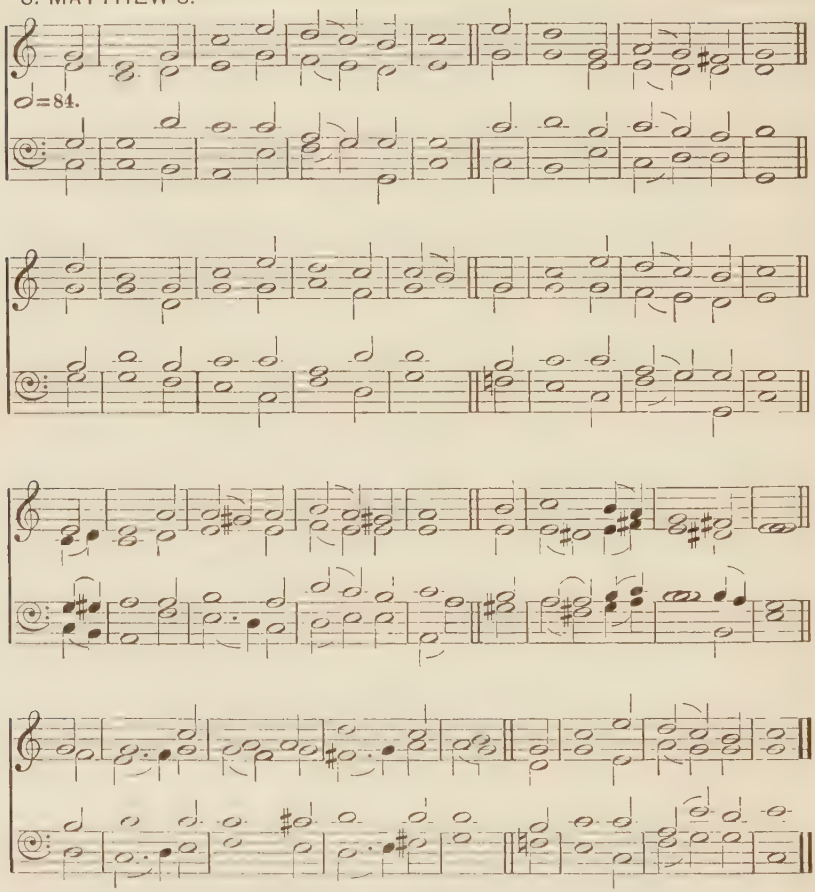
3 Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them untrue:
I have call'd Thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stay'd my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Take, my soul, Thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of Heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's Eternal Day's before thee,
God's own Hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

752

S. MATTHEW'S. CROFT.




NOTE:—The original and greatly superior form is given in Appendix.

1 JESUS is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of golden Angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King:
He was True God in Bethl'hem's Crib,
On Calvary's Cross True God;
He, Who in Heav'n Eternal reign'd,
In time on earth abode.

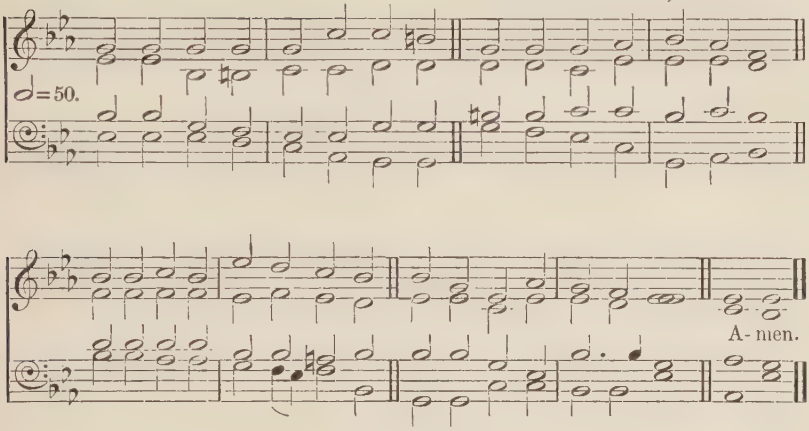
3 Jesus is God! There never was
A time when He was not;
Boundless, Eternal, Merciful,
The Word, the Sire begot! [stretch,
Backward our thoughts through ages
Onward through endless bliss,
For there are two Eternities,
And both alike are His!

4 Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise:
We are not Angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

## 753

AD INFEROS.

W. H. Sangster, Mus. Bac.




1 Jesus! Refuge of the weary!
Object of the spirit's love!
Fountain in life's desert dreary!
Saviour from the World Above!

2 O how oft Thine eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall!
Yet Thou, on the Cross extended,
Bore the penalty for all.

3 Yet no vow repentant breathing,
Still we pass Thy sacred Cross;
Though, 'neath thorns Thy Forehead wreathing,
Dropp'd the Bloody Sweat for us.

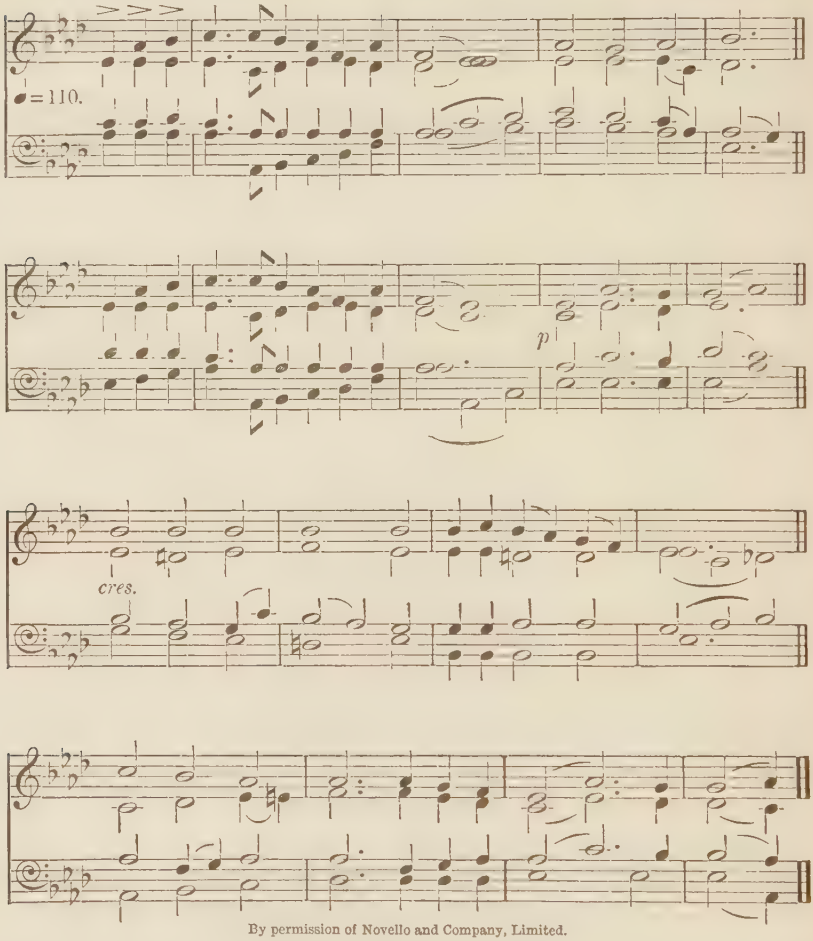
4 Yet Thy sinless Death hath bought us
Life Eternal, peace, and rest;
What Thy grace alone hath taught us,
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

5 Jesu! Would our hearts were burning
With more fervent love for Thee,
Would our eyes were ever turning
To Thy Cross of Agony.

6 From the Saviour parted never,
Clinging to His shelt'ring Side,
Graven on our hearts for ever
Be the Cross and Crucified.

7 Then the Wounds with which He bought us
We shall worship evermore;
And the Shepherd Good Who sought us
With enraptur'd hearts adore.

LUX BENIGNA (*First Tune*). J. B. DYKES.

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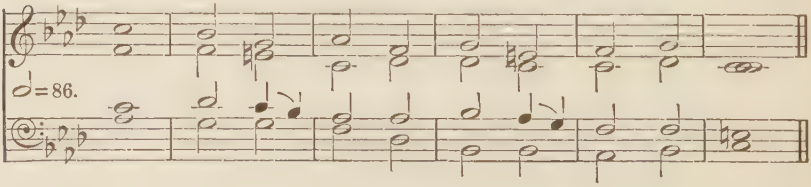
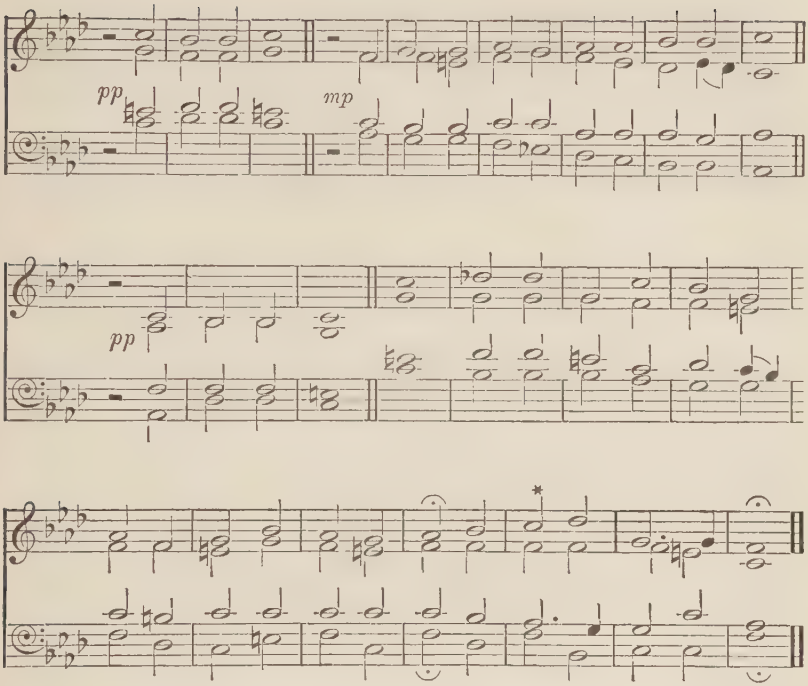
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT (*Second Tune*). Anon.






* NOTE.—At the third verse the pause in the last line should be transferred to the first chord of the next bar.

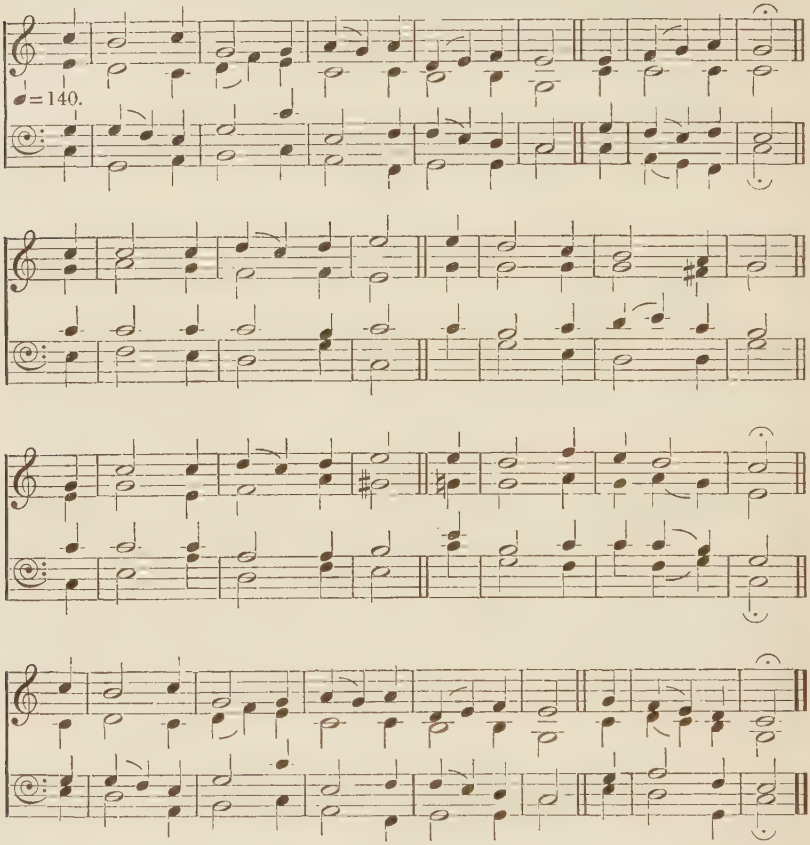
1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from Home,
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

## 755

LET ALL THE WORLD IN EVERY CORNER SING. C. J. RIDSDALE.

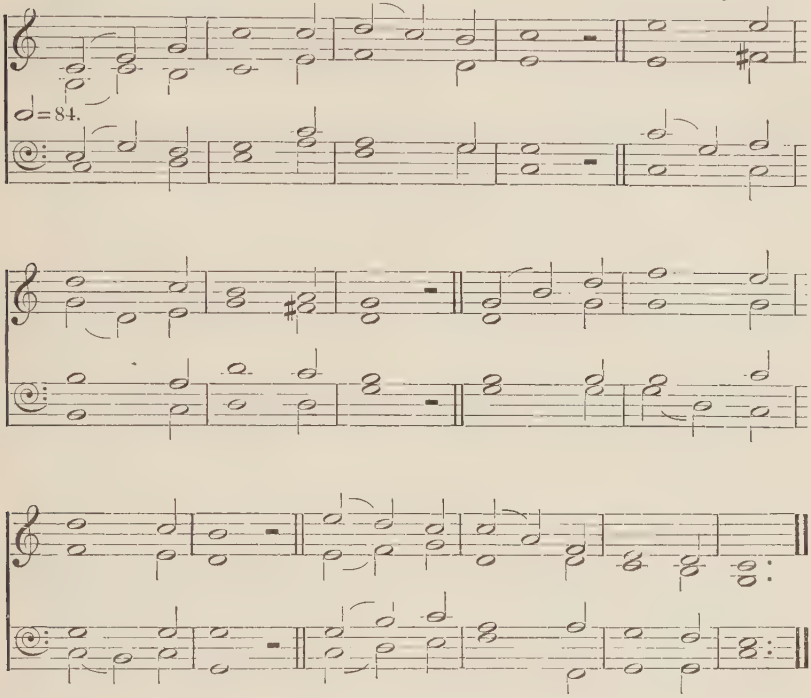



1 LET all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!
The Heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow;
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!

2 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with Psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part;
Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King!

## 756

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure!

2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies, &c.

3 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness,
For His mercies, &c.

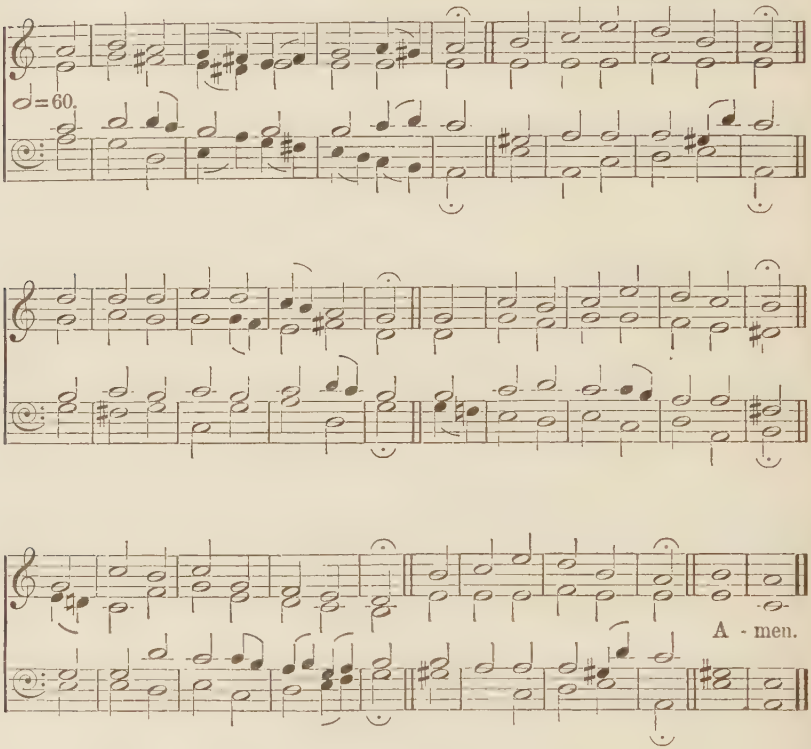
4 He hath with a pitying eye
Seen us in our misery;
For His mercies, &c.

5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies, &c.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His great Majesty and worth;
For His mercies, &c.

## 757

LIGHT OF THE WORLD! From HILLER'S *Choralbuch.*




1 LIGHT of the world! O shine on us,
Thy little flock below;
Shine on this path we daily tread,
Shine on each poor, defenceless head,
Shine through the shadows dark and dread,
That hover round us now.

2 Light of the world! O shine on us,
Thy little pilgrim band;
Shine on the way once trod before
By Thine own Feet in sorrow sore,
That leads us onward to the shore
Of Sion's Sabbath-land.

3 Light of the world! be visible,
In ev'ry cloud be seen;
In ev'ry taste of soul-distress,
In ev'ry step of weariness,
Shine backward o'er this wilderness
That stretches out between.

4 Light of the world! be merciful,
And lead us safely on;
On through the rough and bleak highway,
Where perils wait in dread array,
To snare each pilgrim-soul away
When he is once alone.

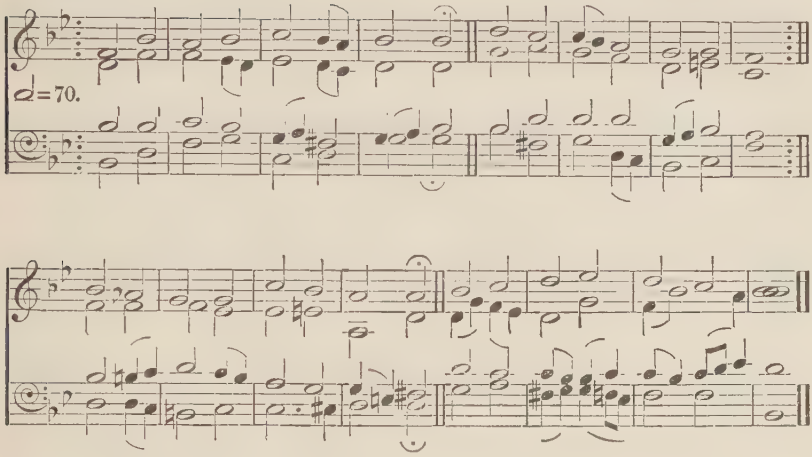
5 Light of the world! reveal—reveal,
And turn from us all harm;
Make clear the road to Jordan's side,
And meet us by its rushing tide,
For never evil may betide
Those shelter'd by Thine Arm.

6 Light of the world! O shine on us,
As through that vale we flee;
That in the City, fair and bright,
That lies beyond—beyond our sight,
We each, in robes of bridal white,
May stand at last with Thee.

**758**

OBERLIN.

From *Sacred Harmony.*




*Or tunes at* 89, 90, *or* 576.

1 Light's abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the Prophets sing!

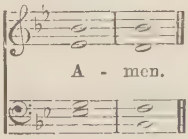
2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-pour'd;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the Feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure, and all is holy,
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally!

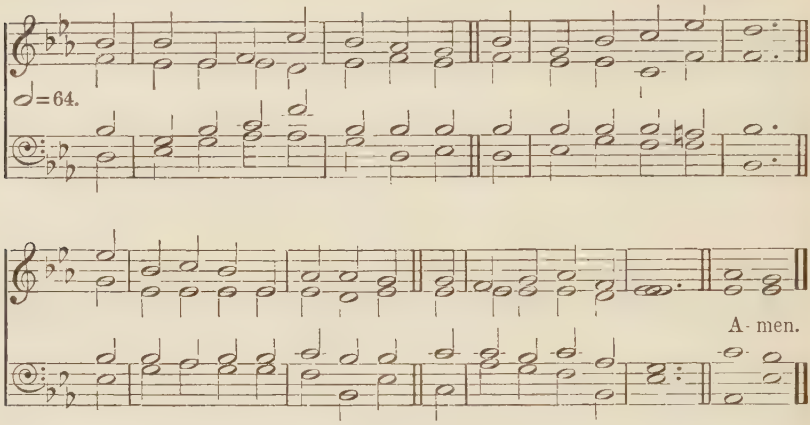
5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
And in Everlasting Glory
Thou with joy may'st stand array'd.

6 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.



## 759

S. FULBERT. GAUNTLETT.




1 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy Life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heav'n.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's Will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

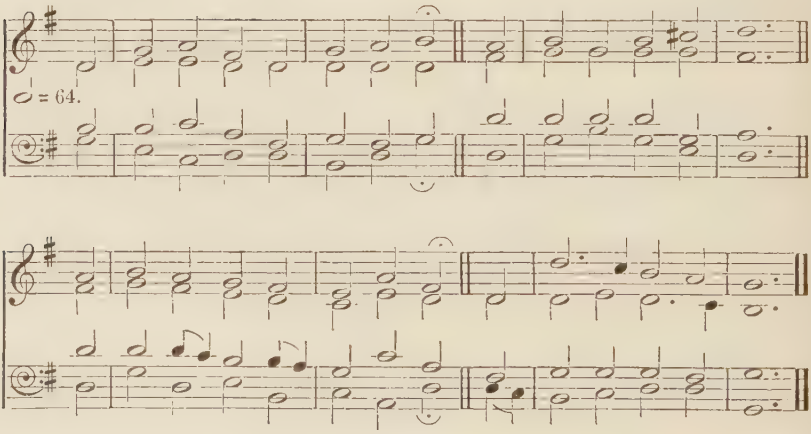
3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy Will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heav'n.

## 760

S. MAGNUS. JER. CLARK.



1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace can give.

2 If life be long, O make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before,
He that unto God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

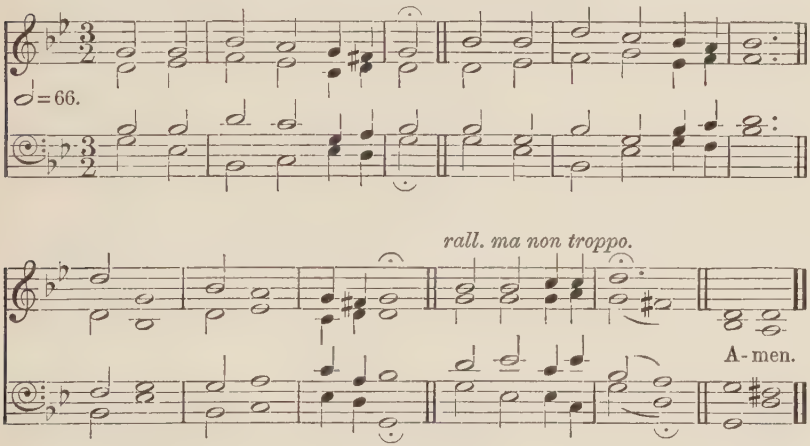
4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy Blesséd Face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy Glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant Saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

## 761

LORD OF MERCY. C. J. Ridsdale.




*Or tune of* 391.

1 Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher Infinite,
Jesu, hear and save.

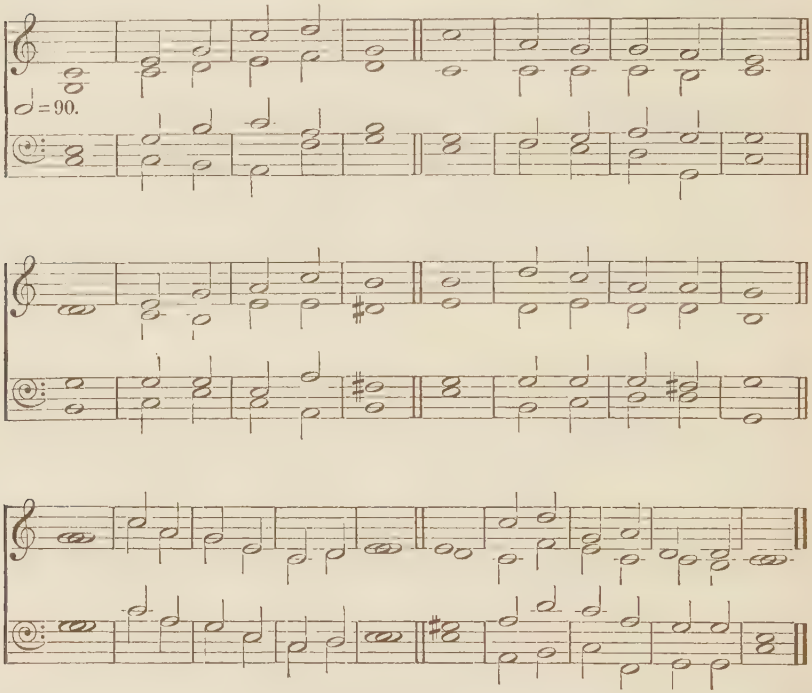
2 Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesu, hear and save.

3 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu, hear and save.

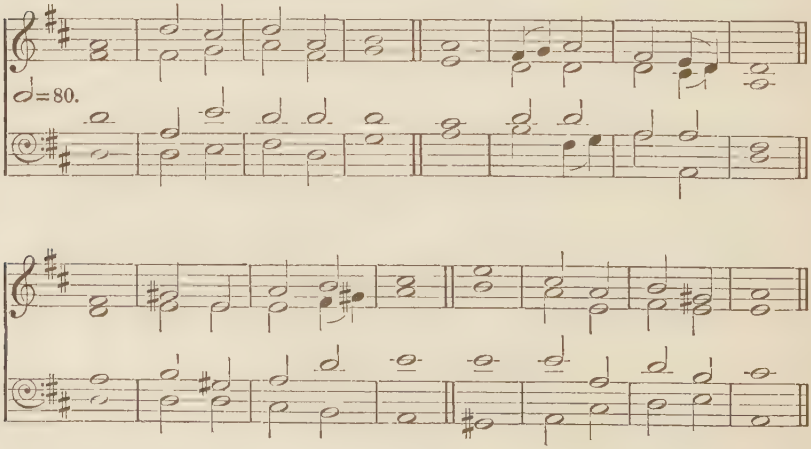
4 Throned above Celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesu, hear and save.

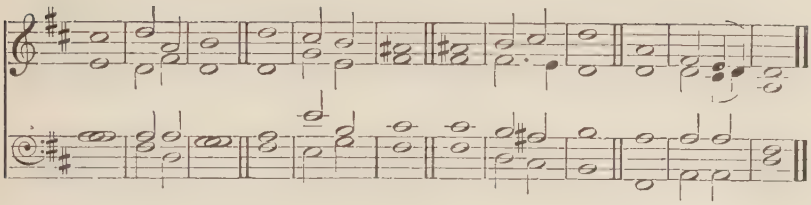
5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of Angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesu, hear and save.

CHRISTCHURCH (*First Tune*). C. STEGGALL.




CROFT'S OLD 148TH (*Second Tune*). CROFT.





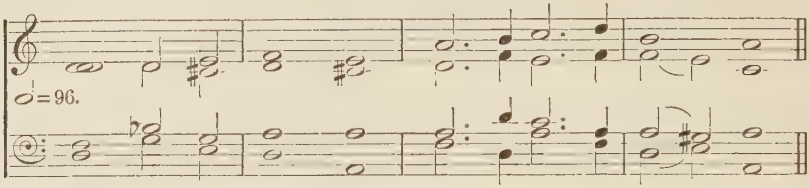
1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly Temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires,
To see my God.

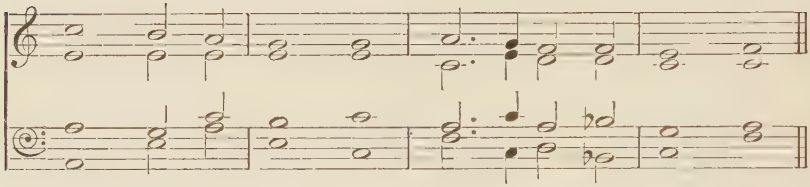
2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

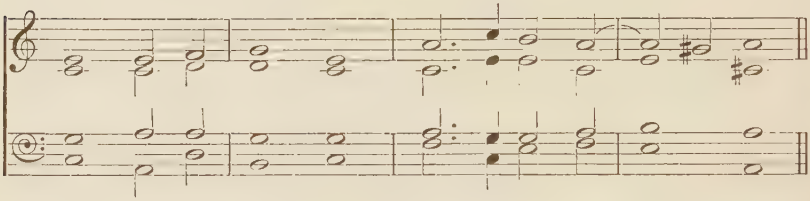
3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious seat!
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

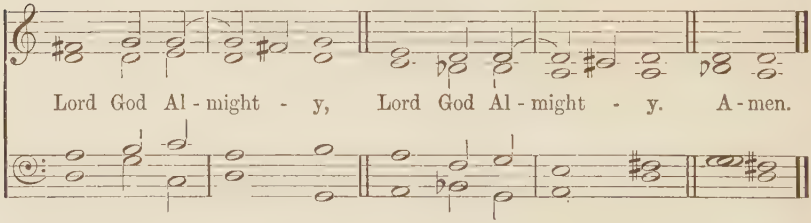
CHRISTE DU BEISTAND (*First Tune*). APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN, 1644.





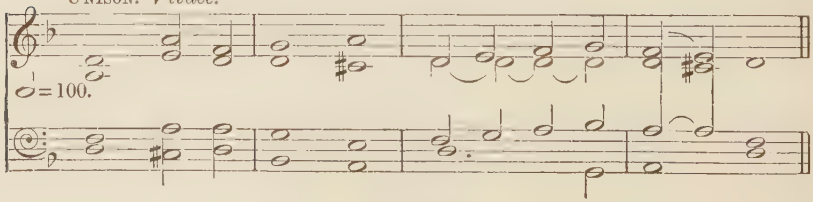
Lord God Al - might-y, Lord God Al - might-y.

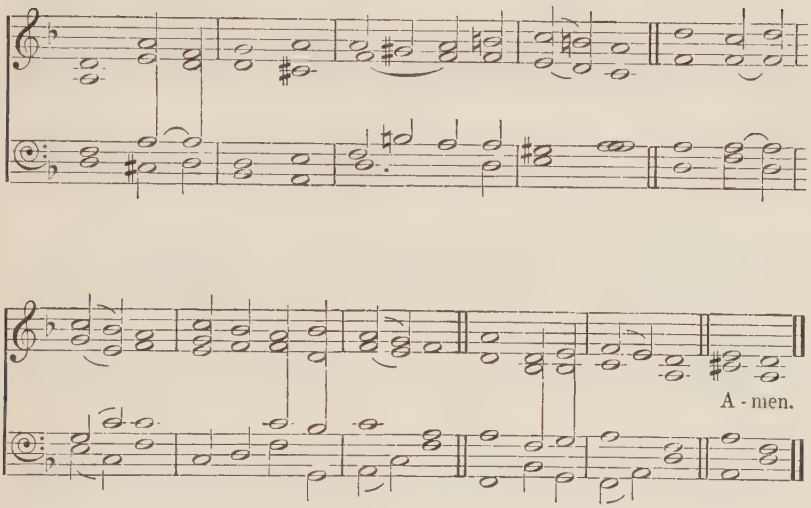


Lord God Al - might - y, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

ISTE CONFESSOR (*Second Tune*). *Gallican.*

UNISON. *Vivace.*






1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of ev'ry nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenom'd they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor Death nor Hell prevaileth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Grant us Thy help, till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy Heaven.

## AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ.

J. Crüger.
(Arr. by Eickhof).

*Vivace.*

♩=100.

1 My Father's Home Eternal,
Which all dear pleasures share,
Hath many divers mansions,
And each one passing fair;
They are the victors' guerdon,
Who, through the hard-won fight,
Have follow'd in My Footsteps,
And reign with Me in light.

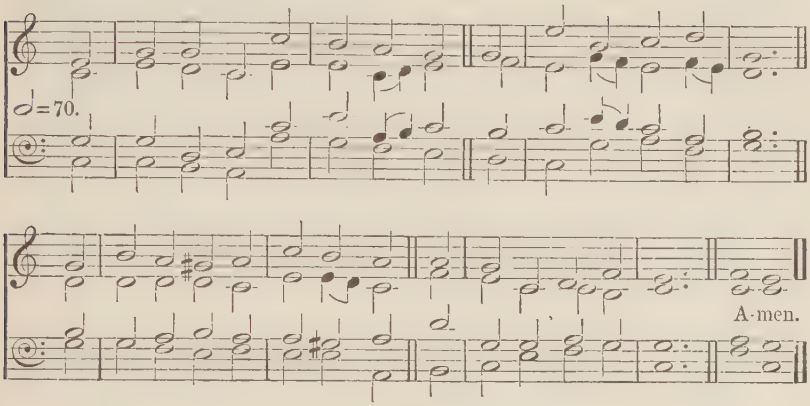
2 Amidst the happy number
The Virgins' Crown and Queen,
The Ever-Virgin Mother,
Is first and foremost seen;
The Patriarchs in triumph
My praises nobly sing,
The holy Prophets worship
Their long-expected King.

3 The Apostolic cohort,
My valiant and My Own,
As royal Co-assessors,
Are nearest to My Throne;
My Martyrs reign in glory
Who triumph'd as they fell,
And by a thousand tortures
Defeated Death and Hell.

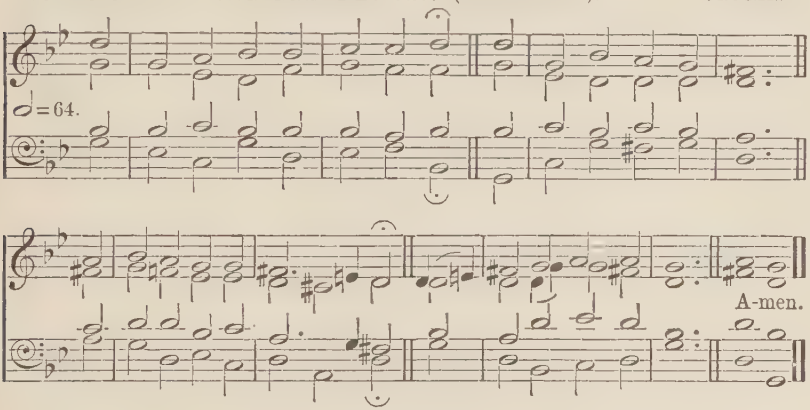
4 The brave and true Confessors
Put on their meet array,
Who bare the heat and burden
Of many a weary day;
The Virgins walk in beauty
Amidst their lily-bowers,
The coronals assuming
Of never-fading flowers.

5 And ev'ry faithful servant,
Made perfect in My grace,
Hath each his fitting station
Midst those that see My Face;
Victorious over sorrow,
From dread temptation free,
They sit with Me, and banquet,
And dwell for aye with Me.

WESTMINSTER (*First Tune*). TURLE.




NUN SICH DER TAG GEENDET HAT (*Second Tune*). CRÜGER.




1 My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine Eternal Years,
O Everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tend'rest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

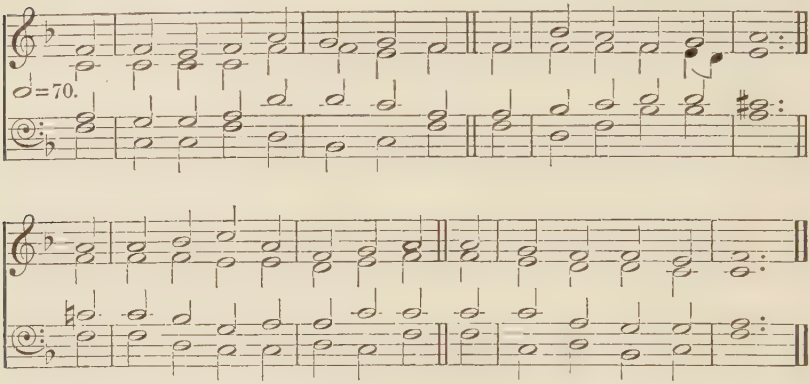
5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 O then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

7 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

## 766

S. FLAVIAN. BARBER'S *Psalm Tunes.*




1 My God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the Nails, and Spear,
And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And Sweat of Agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

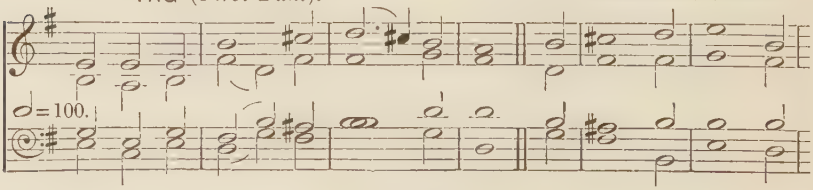
4 Then why, O Blesséd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning Heav'n,
Nor of escaping Hell;

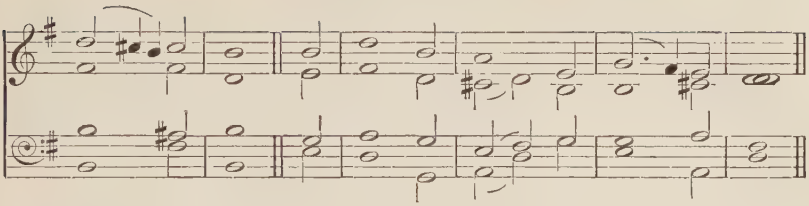
5 Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovéd me,
O Ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King.

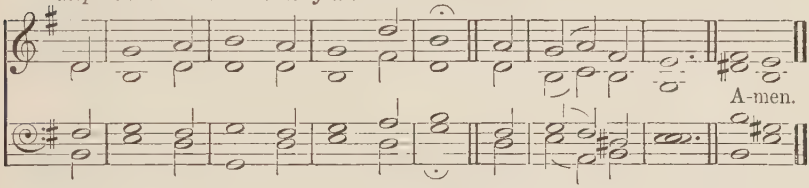
## 767

ERSCHIENEN IST DER HERRLICH TAG (*First Tune*). NICOLAS HERMANN (?), 1560.

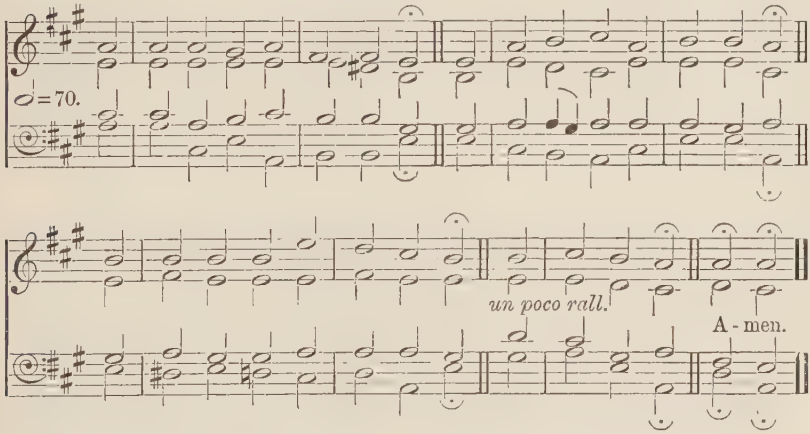




*Repeat here the third line of the words.*




THE RADIANT MORN (*Second Tune*). *Trier Gesangbuch*




1 My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
Thy will be done.

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

7 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

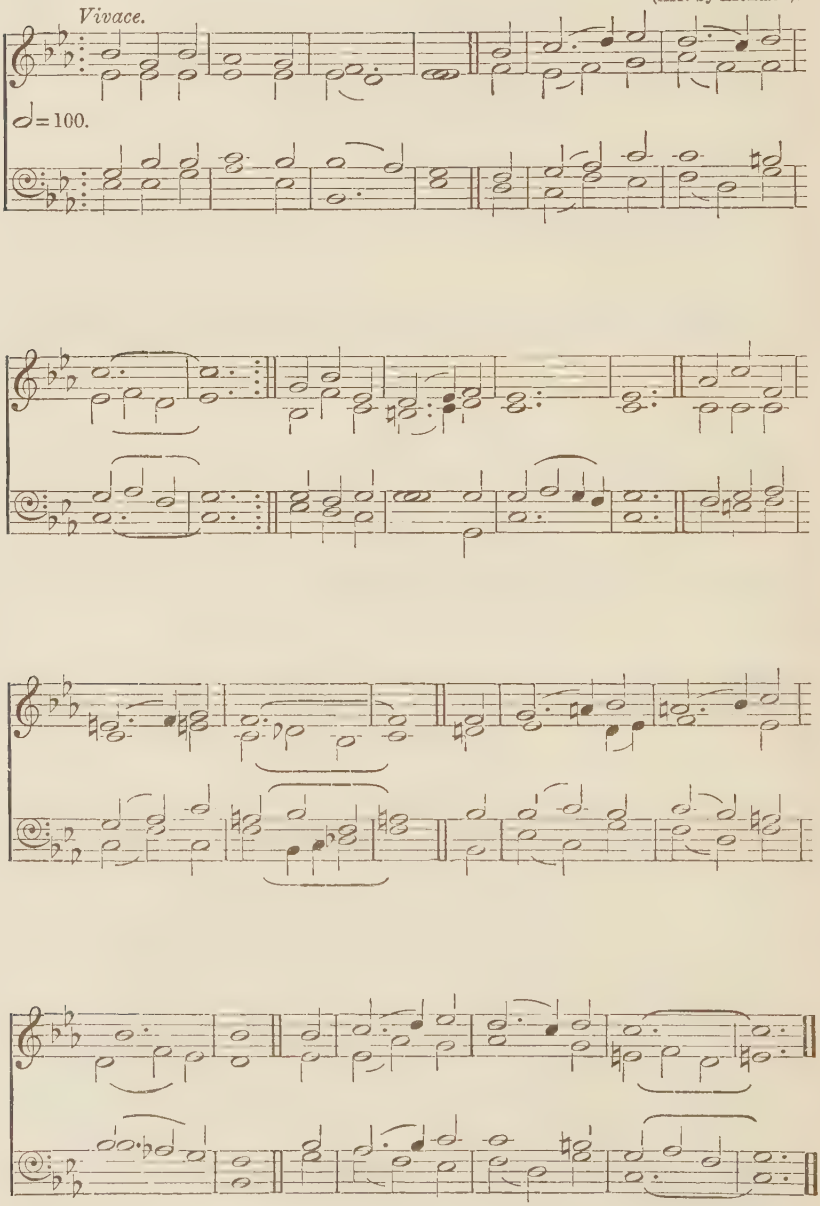
8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ.

J. CRÜGER.
(Arr. by EICKHOF).

*Vivace.*

♩=100.



1 My Lord in glory reigning
Upon the Glassy Sea,
By Angel Hosts surrounded,
Is thinking still on me:
My heart for joy is dancing,
My lamp is burning clear,
The Bridegroom bids me enter,
If I but persevere.

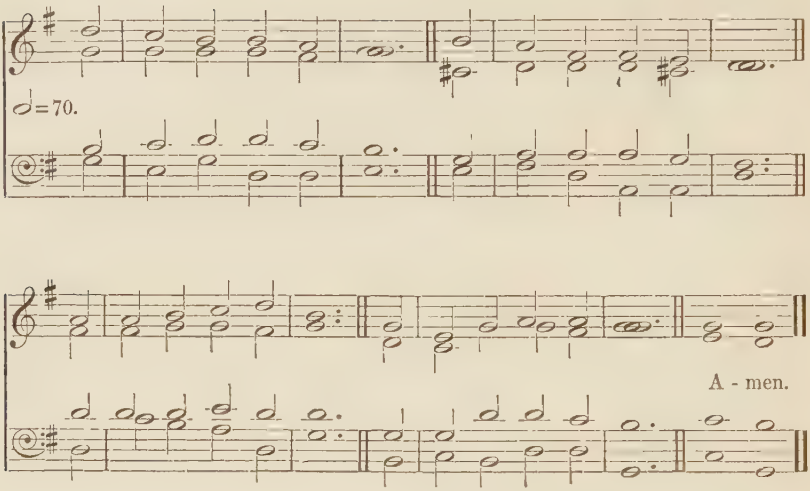
2 My Lord a Land is ruling,
The Land of pure delight,
Whence hate and night are banish'd,
And all is love and light:
What though my lot be lowly,
What though my way be drear,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that Kingdom,
If I but persevere.

3 My Lord a Home is building,
A Mansion passing fair,
Of orient pearl, and burnish'd gold,
Of jewels costly, rare:
A Home where naught is wanting;
Away with doubt and fear
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that Mansion.
If I but persevere.

4 My Lord a Song is teaching
The Angel Choirs on High,
They strike their harps and cymbals,
And sound the psaltery:
A Song to greet that wand'rer,
To Heav'n's Gate drawing near,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine, that welcome,
If I but persevere.

769

S. CECILIA. L. G. HAYNE.




1.

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest;

2.

Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee;

3.

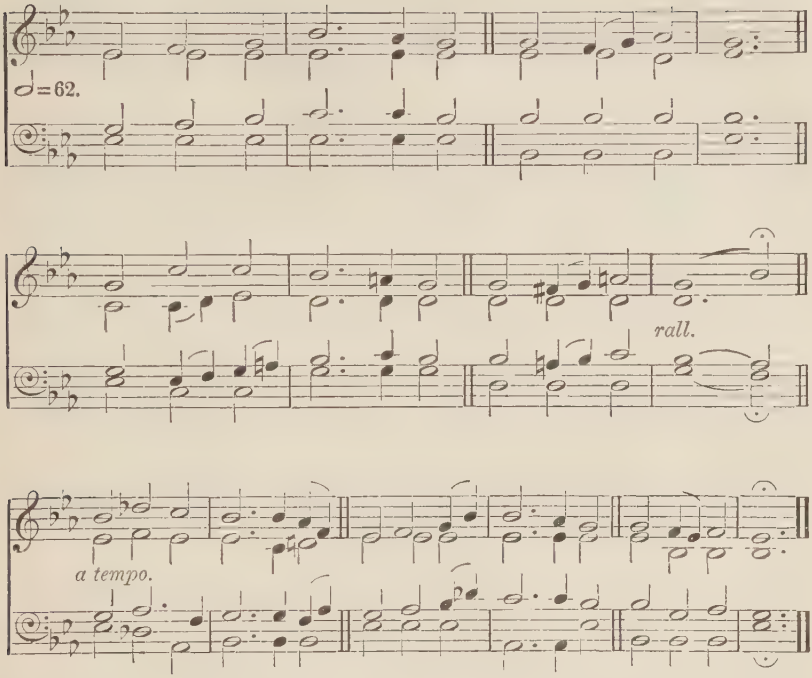
Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

4.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blesséd love;
Oh, let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from Above!

# 770

HORBURY. DYKES.



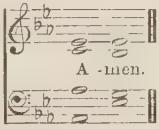

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

2 Though night steal over me,
My rest a stone,
As o'er the Patriarch
Weary and lone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, all my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Till in my Father's House
Perfectly blest,
After my journeyings
Safe and at rest,
All my delight shall be
Ever, my God, with Thee,
Ever with Thee.



771

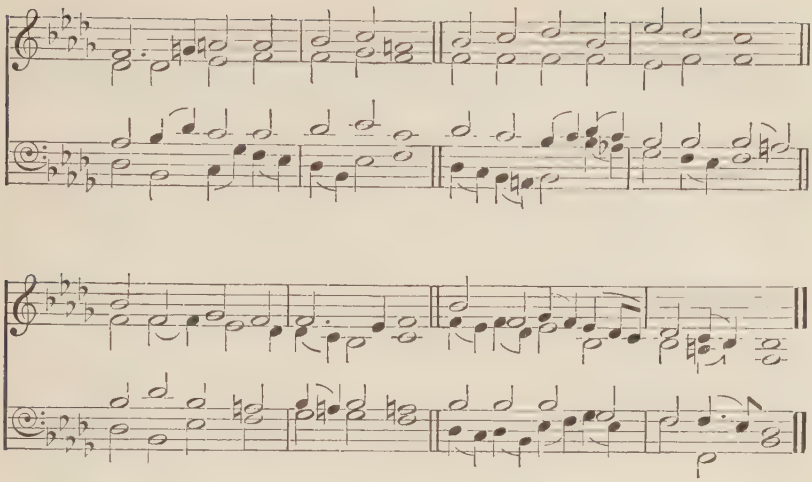
AUS DER TIEFEN RUFE ICH (*First Tune*). German.

♩=54.

A - men.

JESU, JESU, DU BIST MEIN (*Second Tune*). Harmonised by J. S. Bach.

♩=54.



1 Never further than Thy Cross,
Never higher than Thy Feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love which bore the Cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

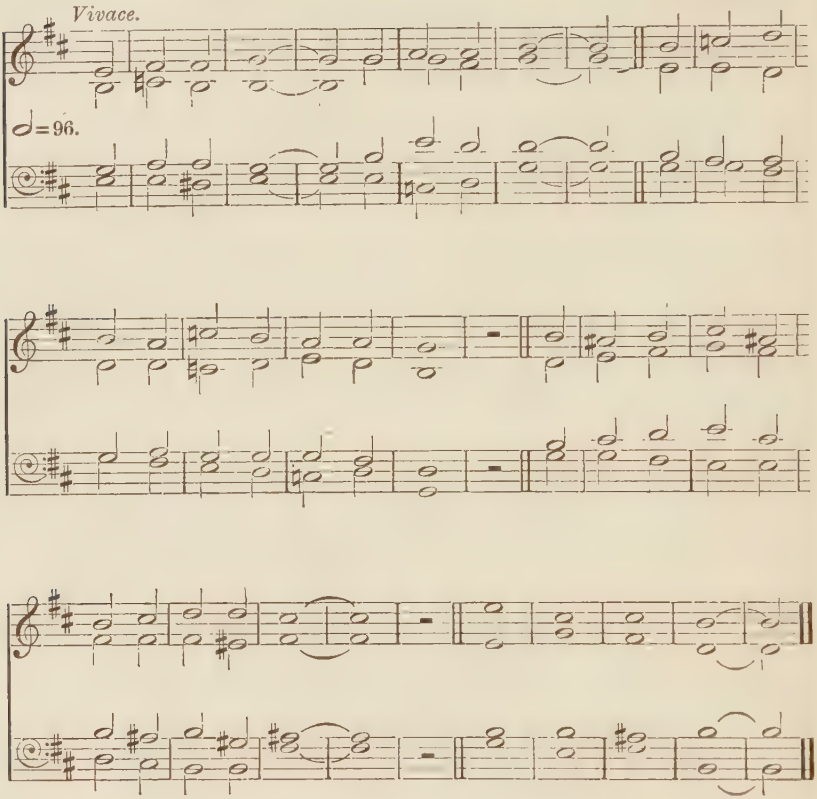
4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross, we fight.

5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
When our earliest hopes began,
Then our last aspirings end.

6 Till amid the Hosts of light
We in Thee redeem'd complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy Feet.

## 772

NONE OTHER LAMB. C. J. RIDSDALE.

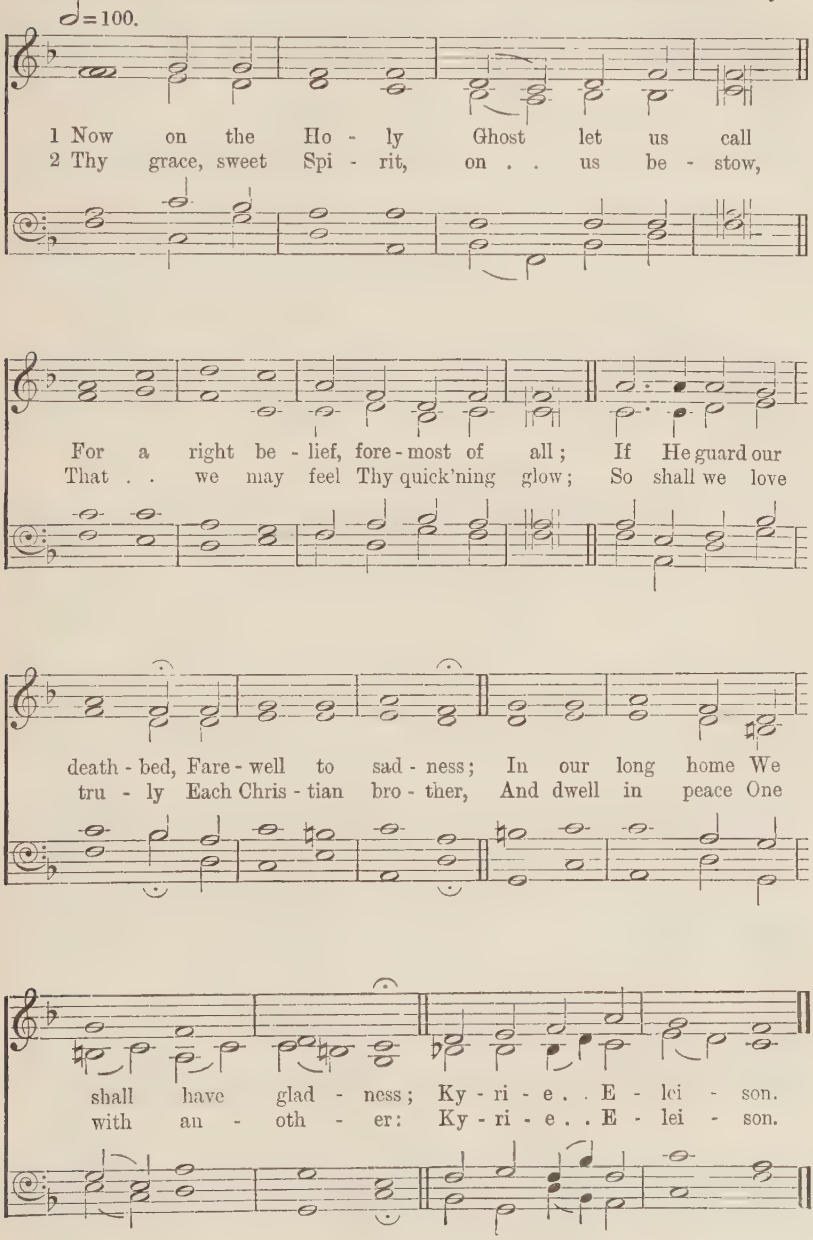



1 NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in Heav'n or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

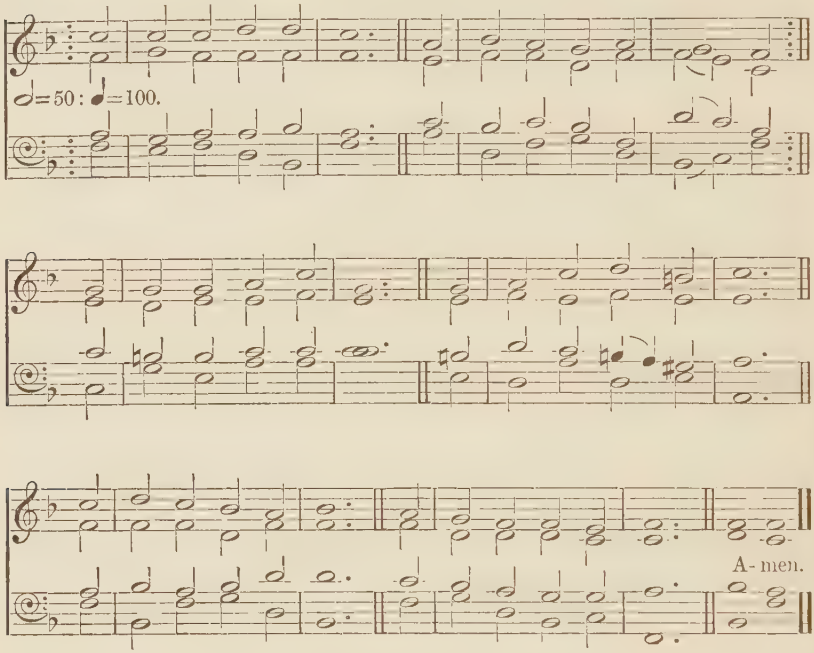
3 Lord, Thou art Life though I be dead,
Love's fire Thou art however cold I be;
Nor Heav'n have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

NUN BITTEN WIR DEN HEILIGEN GEIST. German, 13th Century.



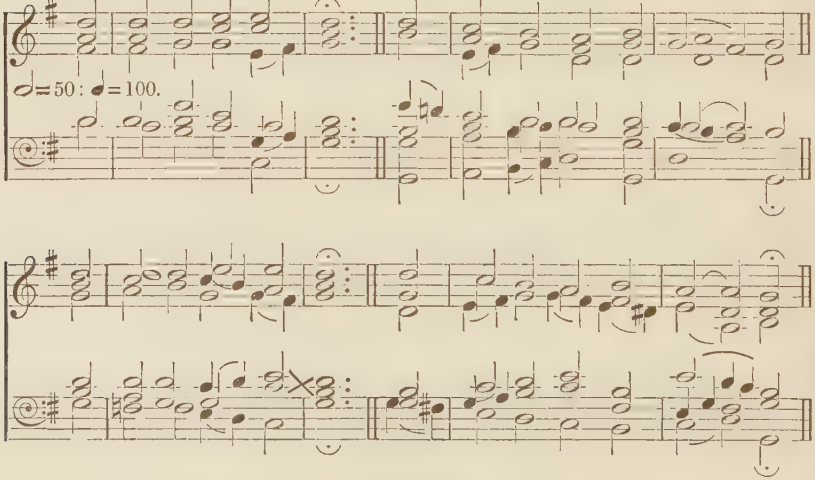
774

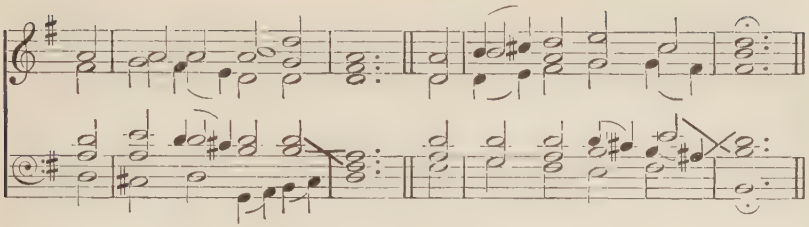
NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT (*First Tune*). J. CRÜGER.

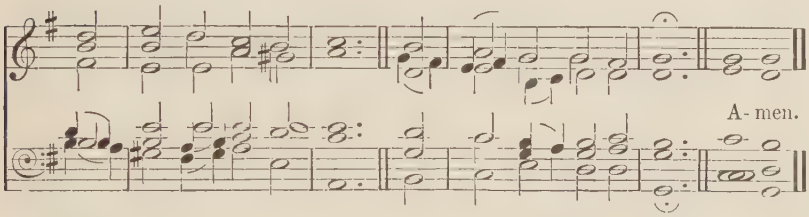



NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT (*Second Tune*).

Arranged for Two Trebles, Alto, Two Tenors and Bass by MENDELSSOHN.







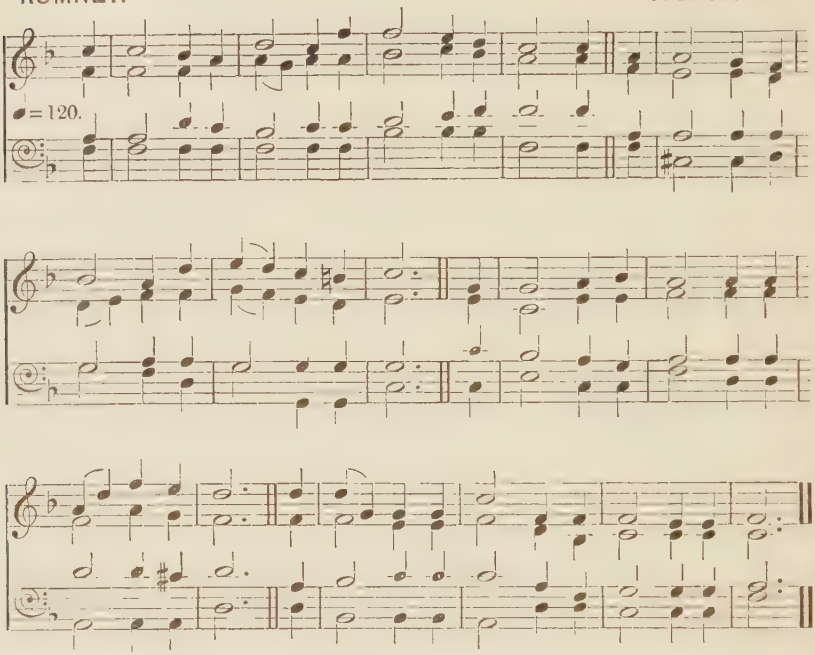

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh ! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blesséd peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in Highest Heav'n !
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heav'n adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

**775**

ROMNEY. J. T. Cooper.




*Or tune of* 343.

1 O come to the merciful Saviour that calls you,
O come to the Lord, Who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright Home above where the sun never sets.

2 O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace!
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face!

3 Have you sinn'd as none else in the world sinn'd before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
O fear not, and doubt not! the mother that bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour, Whose Blood you have spilt.

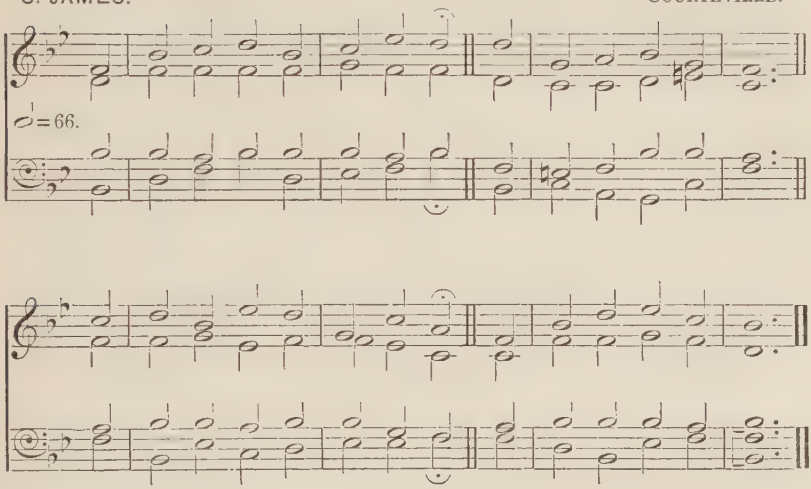
4 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His Feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

5 Then come to His Feet, and lay open your story
Of suff'ring and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His Name.

6 O come then to Jesus, and drink of His fountains!
Come now, for who needs not His mercy and love?
Believe me that earth's fairest valleys and mountains
Are dull to the bright Land that waits you above.

776

S. JAMES. COURTEVILLE.




1 O God of Hosts, the Mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy Face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the Living God.

3 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy Temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.

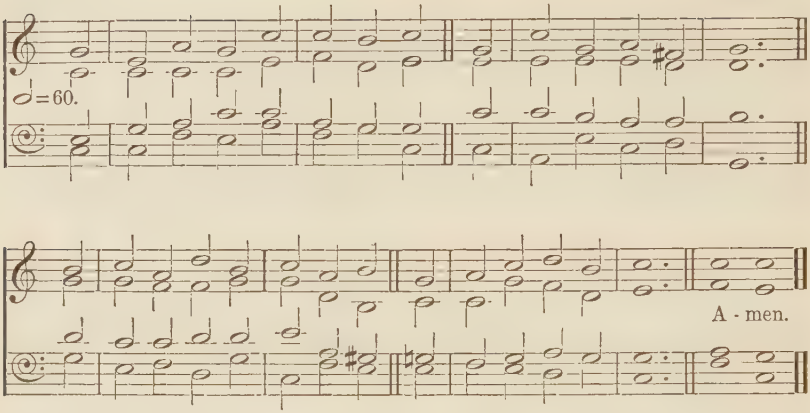
4 For in Thy Courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

5 For God, Who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

6 Thou God, Whom Heav'nly Hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on Thee!

## 777

S. ANN. CROFT.




1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home;

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

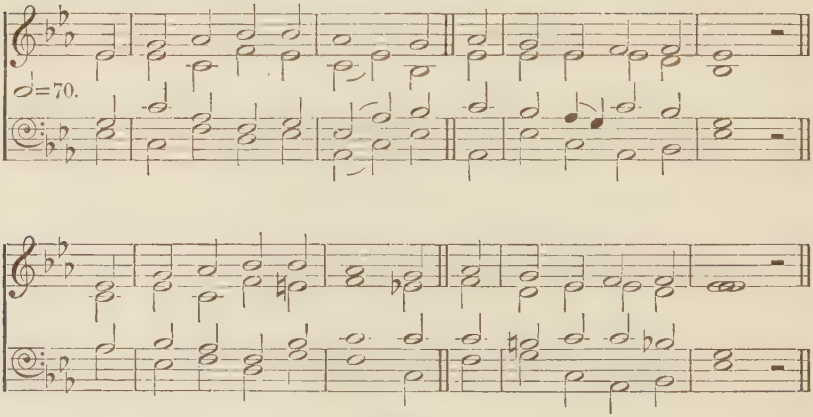
4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

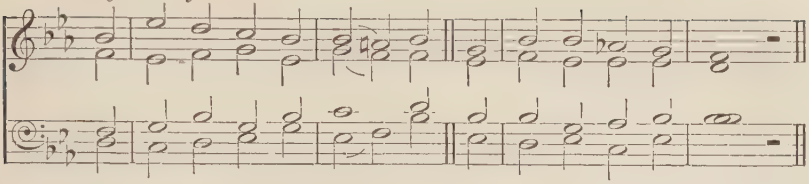
6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our Eternal Home.

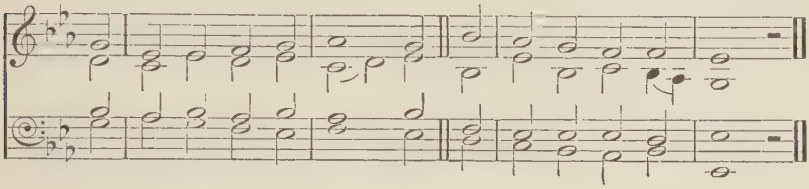
## 778

WIE SOLL ICH DICH EMPFANGEN (*First Tune*). J. CRÜGER.

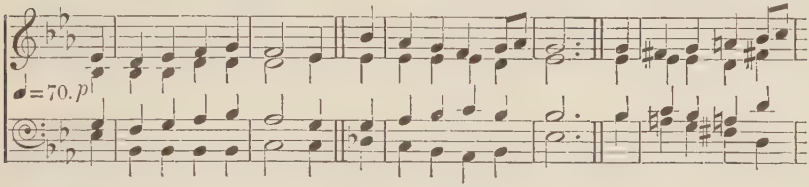


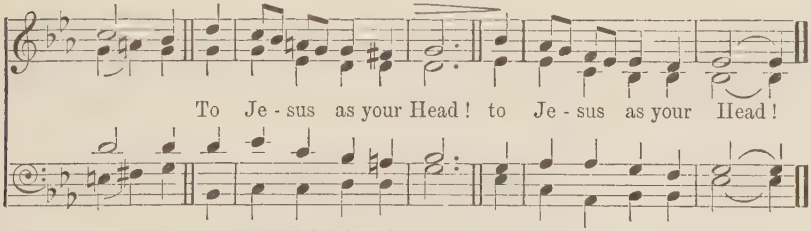
*Begin here for verse 7.*





GOUNOD (*Second Tune*). C. GOUNOD.

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1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then!

3 The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

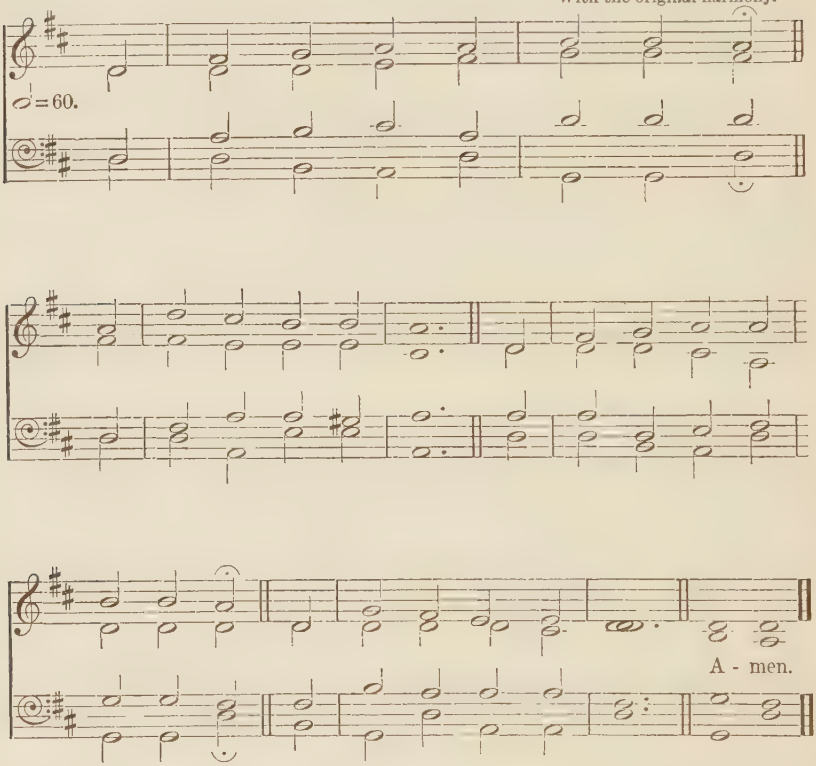
6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heav'n on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

779

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

TALLIS.
With the original harmony.




1 O HOLY Spirit, Lord of grace,
Eternal Fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from Heav'n above.

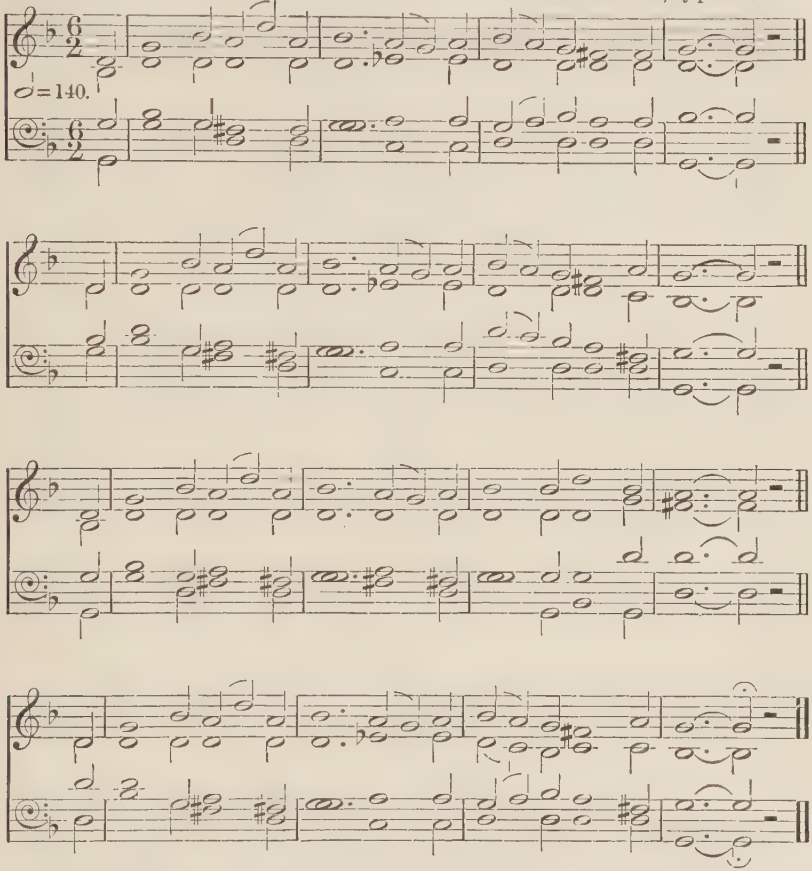
2 As Thou in bond of love dost join
The Father and the Son,
So fill us all with mutual love
And knit our hearts in one.

3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee.
While endless ages run.

PLIJADUR AN DEN.

Breton Air.

From Dr. BULLINGER'S Collection, by permission.




1 O JESU, Thou art standing,
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er,
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His Name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that Hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
And tears Thy Face have marr'd;
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

781

LEONI (*First Tune*).

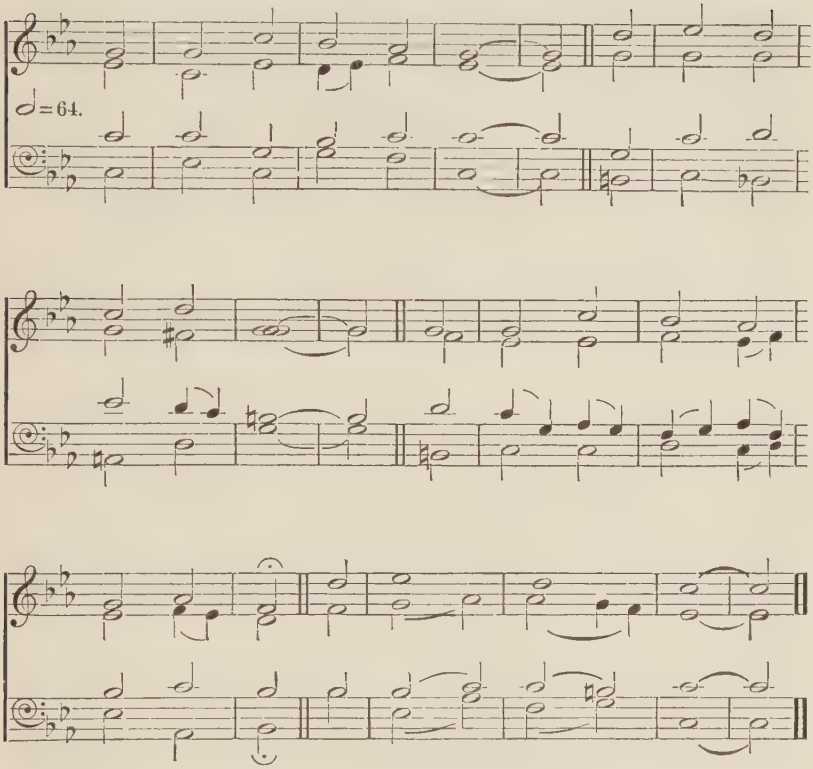
Hebrew Air.
(Said to be the most correct form of the melody.)

*Verses* 1 & 2.

♩=76.

*Verse* 3.

O JESUS! LAMB OF GOD (*Second Tune*).




1 O Jesus! Lamb of God,
Who, us to save from loss,
Didst taste the bitter cup of death
Upon the Cross.

2 Most merciful High Priest,
Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
'Tis in Thy love alone we trust,
Until the end.

3 Thou wilt our souls sustain,
Our Guide and Strength wilt be,
Until in glory, Lord, Above,
Thy Face we see.

## 782

O LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH AND SEA (*First Tune*). Anon.

*Vivace.*

♩=110.

A-men.

AR JOA (*Second Tune*). Breton Air.

From Dr. BULLINGER'S Collection, by permission, with added 4th line.

*Vivace.*

♩=120.

A-men.

1 O LORD of Heav'n and earth and sea
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee
Giver of all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings Earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His Sev'nfold Graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heav'n,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all.

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all!

## VATER UNSER IN HIMMELREICH.

MENDELSSOHN'S Setting.
Reduced to Four Parts.

*Slow.*

♩=50.

1 O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The Image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wand'rings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

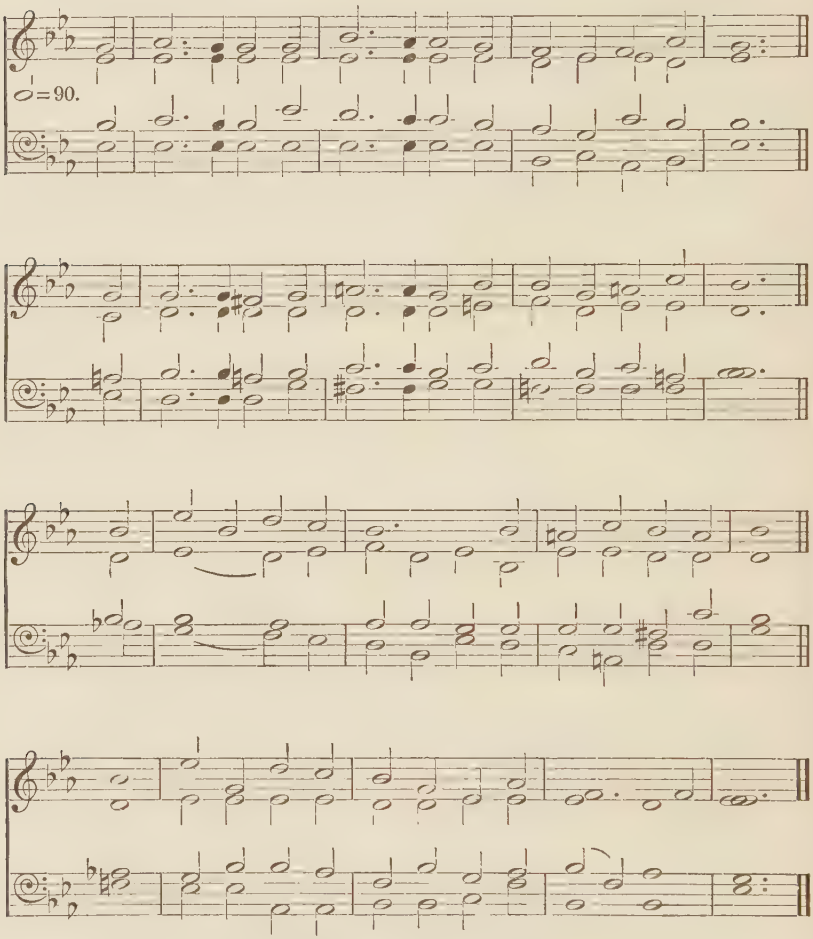
2 O Love, Who, ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierc'd through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we Eternal Joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead,
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Who once above yon skies,
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O PARADISE (*First Tune*). BARNBY.

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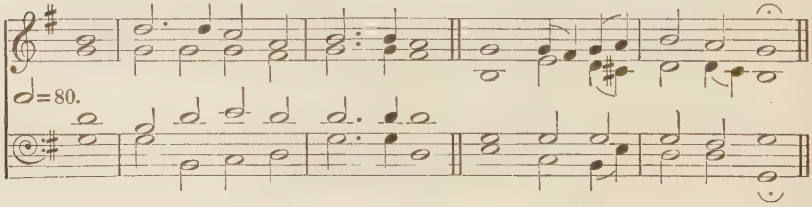
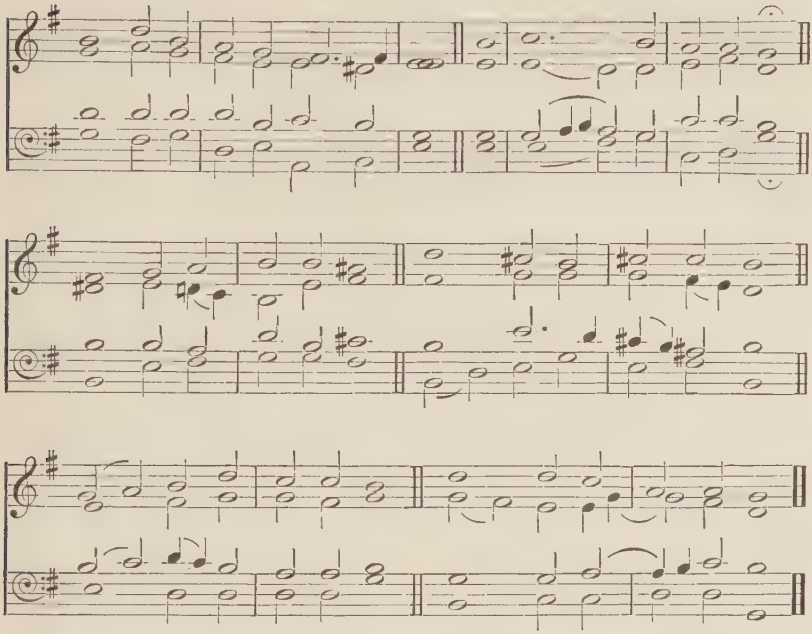
WELT ADE, ICH BIN DEIN MÜDE (*Second Tune*). ROSENMÜLLER, 1610.





1 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the Happy Land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

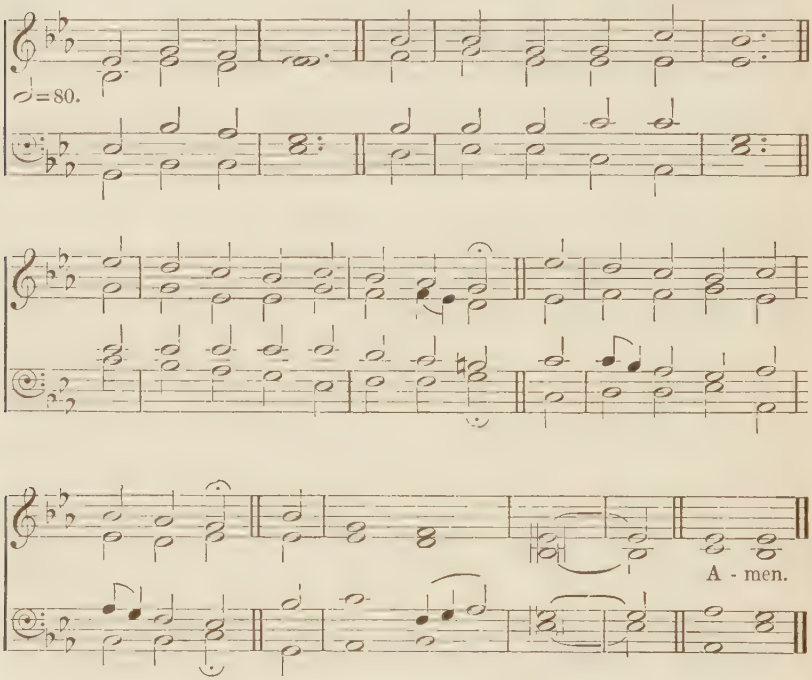
4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is furnishing for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I know 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

785

O SACRED HEART.

C. J. Ridsdale.




1 O Sacred Heart,
Our home lies deep in thee;
On earth thou art an exile's rest,
In Heav'n the glory of the Blest,
O Sacred Heart.

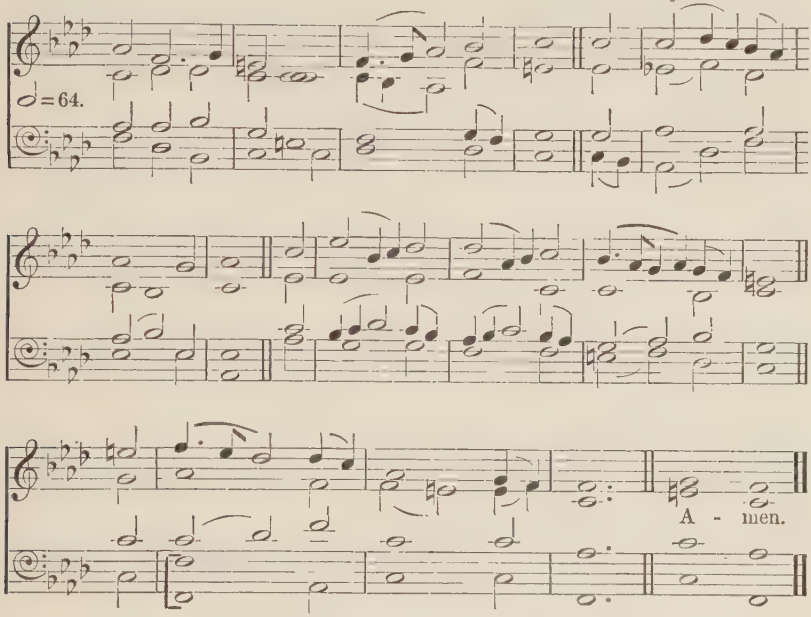
2 O Sacred Heart,
Our trust is all in thee;
For though earth's night be dark and drear,
Thou breathest rest where thou art near,
O Sacred Heart.

3 O Sacred Heart,
When shades of death shall fall,
Receive us 'neath thy gentle care,
And save us from the Tempter's snare,
O Sacred Heart.

4 O Sacred Heart,
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near thee,
In peace and joy Eternally,
O Sacred Heart.

**786**

KING'S NORTON. JER. CLARK'S Melody and Bass.




1 O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 And, oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

6 And when before Thy Throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then with the Saints at Thy Right Hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

## 787

AINSI QUE LA BICHE RÉE.

BOURGEOIS.
(GOUDIMEL'S Harmony.)

♩=110.

A-men.

NOTE.—In the last line Bourgeois has the slur not as here, but between the two G's.

1 O THOU sweetest Source of gladness,
Faith and Hope, and Heav'nly Light,
Who in joy, as in our sadness,
Dost convince us of Thy Might;
Holy Spirit, God of Peace,
Great Distributor of grace,
Life and joy of all Creation,
Hear, O hear, our supplication.

2 O Thou Best of all Donations
God can give or we implore!
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We can wish for nothing more;
Come, Thou Lord of Love and Pow'r,
On our hearts Thy graces show'r;
Work in us a new Creation
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

3 From the Height that knows no measure
As a show'r Thou dost descend;
Bringing down the richest Treasure
Man can wish, or God can send;
O Thou Glory shining down
From the Father and the Son!
Grant us Thy communication,
Which makes all a new Creation.

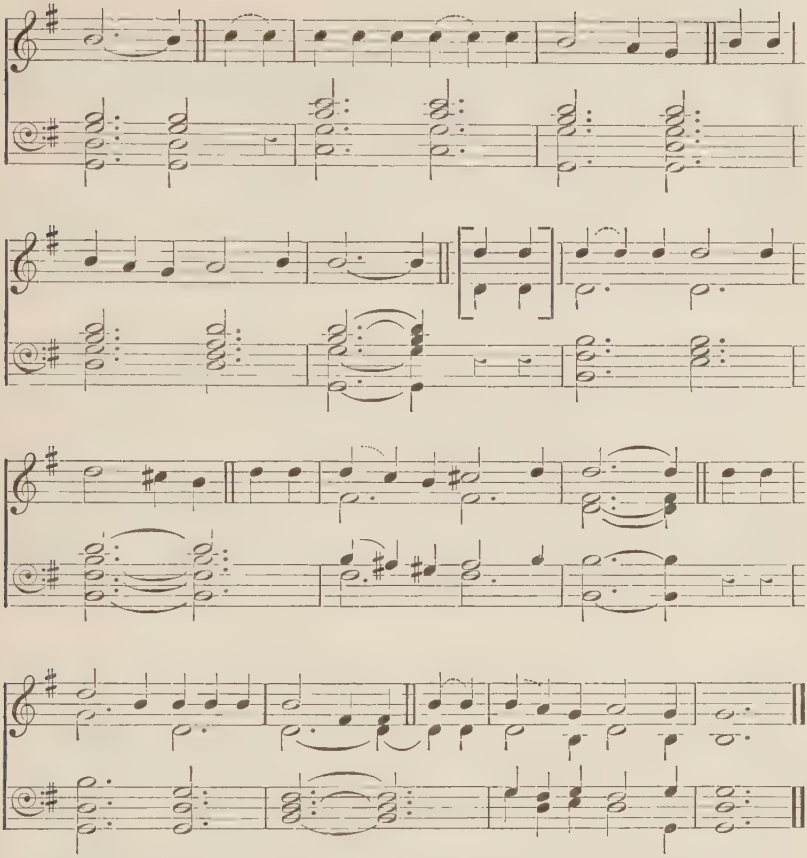
4 Be our Friend on each occasion,
God Omnipotent to save!
When we die be our Salvation,
When we're buried, be our grave!
And when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with Thy Saints in Glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

## 788

O TO HAVE DWELT IN BETHLEHEM.

*Pastorale.* UNISON.

♩=140.



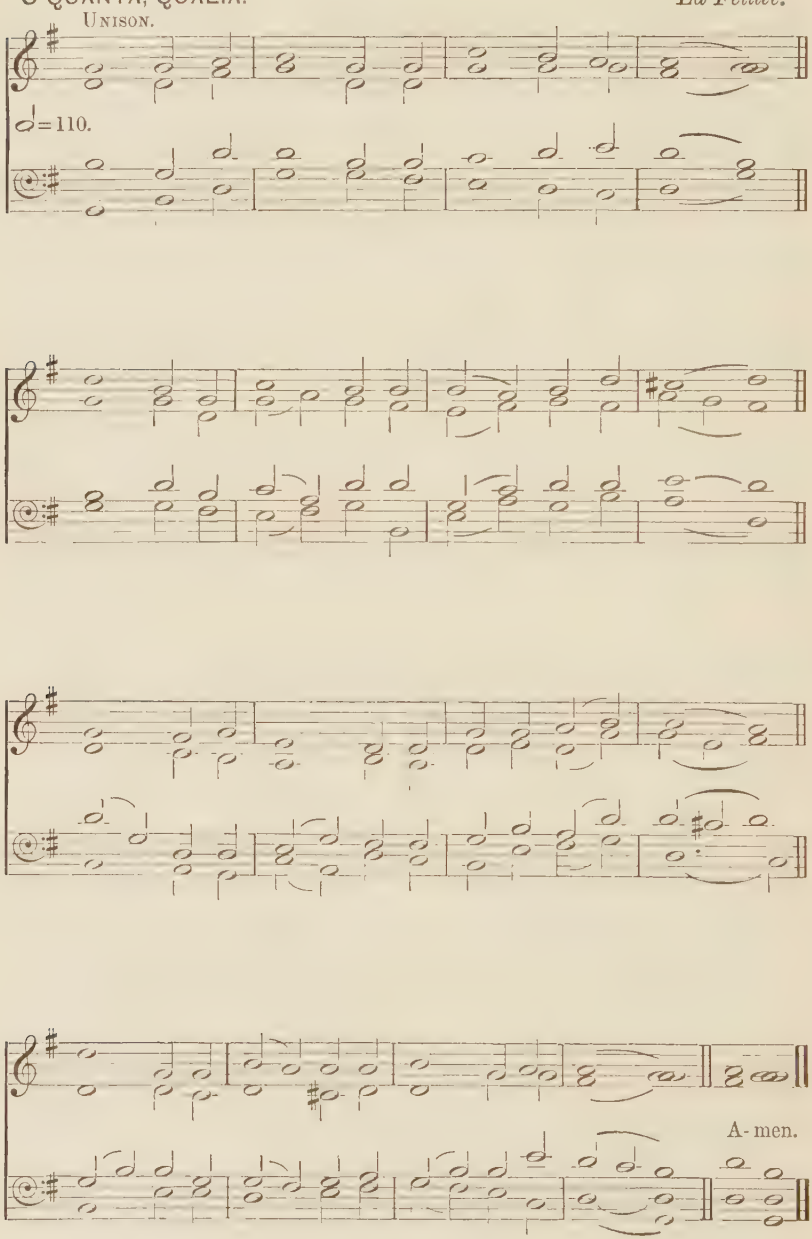
1 O to have dwelt in Bethlehem,
When the Star of the Lord shone bright!
To have shelter'd the holy Wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night,
To have kiss'd the tender way-worn feet,
Of the Mother Undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child.

2 Hush! such a glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child Divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
Are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

3 O to have knelt at Jesu's Feet,
And have learnt His Heav'nly lore!
To have listen'd the gentle lessons He taught,
On mountain and sea and shore!
While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,
To have meekly done His will!
Hush! for the world rejects Him, yet
You can serve and love Him still.

4 O to have seen what we now adore,
And, though veil'd to faithless sight,
To have known in the Form that Jesus bore
The Lord of Life and Light!
Hush! for He dwells among us still,
For His Word can ne'er deceive;
Go where His lowly Altars rise,
And worship and believe.

O QUANTA, QUALIA. *La Feillée.*



1 Oh, what their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blesséd ones see;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest
God shall be All, and in all ever Blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and His Throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, who in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can sever'd be ne'er,
Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the prayer.

4 We, where no troubles distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blesséd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

6 Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear Native Land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and through Whom, and in Whom are all,
Of Whom, the Father; and through Whom, the Son;
In Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN (*First Tune*).

Older form of the tune "Innsbruck," as in *Musæ Sioniæ of M. Prætorius.*

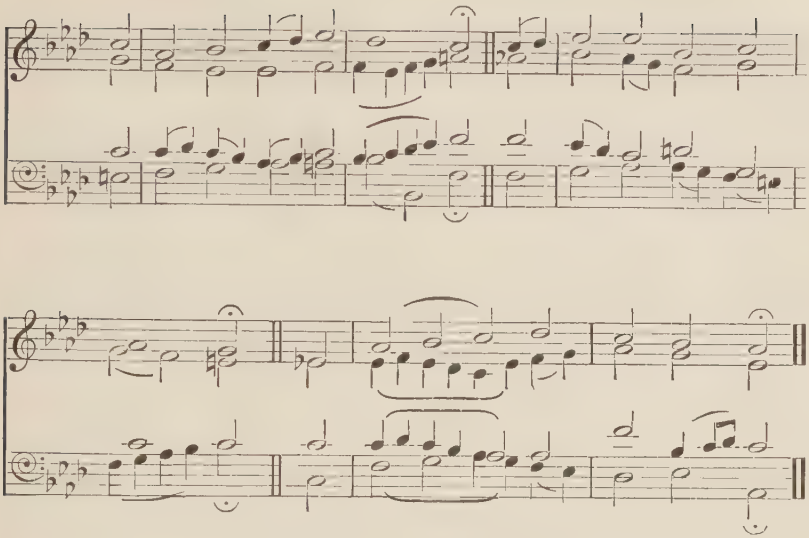
♩=110.

1 Earth's joys for me, for me are o'er.
2 For else I am, I am most poor.
3 My heart asks on - ly, . . on - ly Thee.

INNSBRUCK (O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN) (*Second Tune*).

Set by J. S. Bach.

𝅗𝅥=46 : ♩=92.

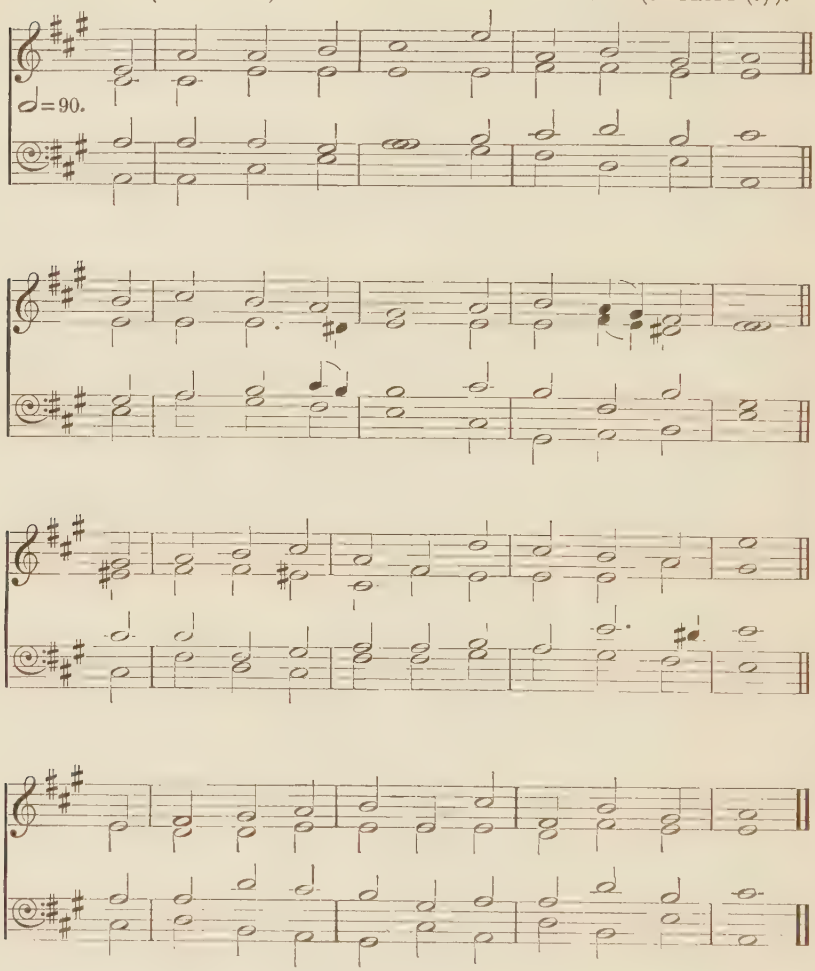


1 O WORLD, I must forsake thee,
And far away betake me
To seek my Native Shore;
So long I've dwelt in sadness,
I wish not now for gladness,
Earth's joys for me are o'er.

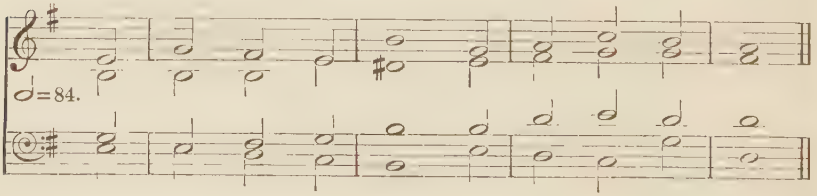
2 Sore is my grief and lonely,
And I can tell it only
To Thee, my Friend most sure!
God, let Thy Hand uphold me,
Thy pitying Heart enfold me,
For else I am most poor.

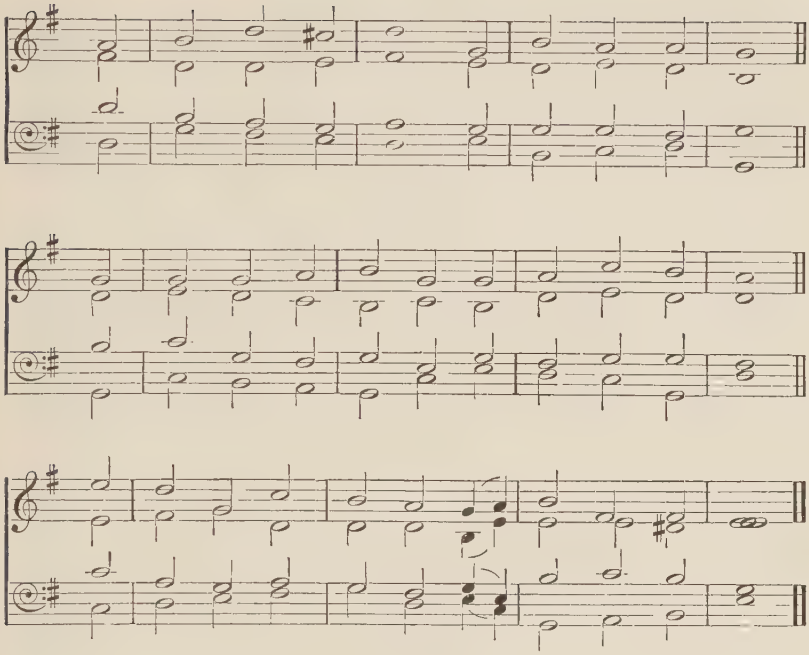
3 My Refuge, where I hide me,
From Thee shall nought divide me,
No pain, no poverty;
Nought is too hard to bear it,
If Thou be there to share it;
My heart asks only Thee.

HANOVER (*First Tune*). HANDEL (or CROFT (?)).




OLD 104TH (*Second Tune*).





1 O WORSHIP the King
All Glorious Above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilion'd in splendour
And girded with praise!

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form.
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

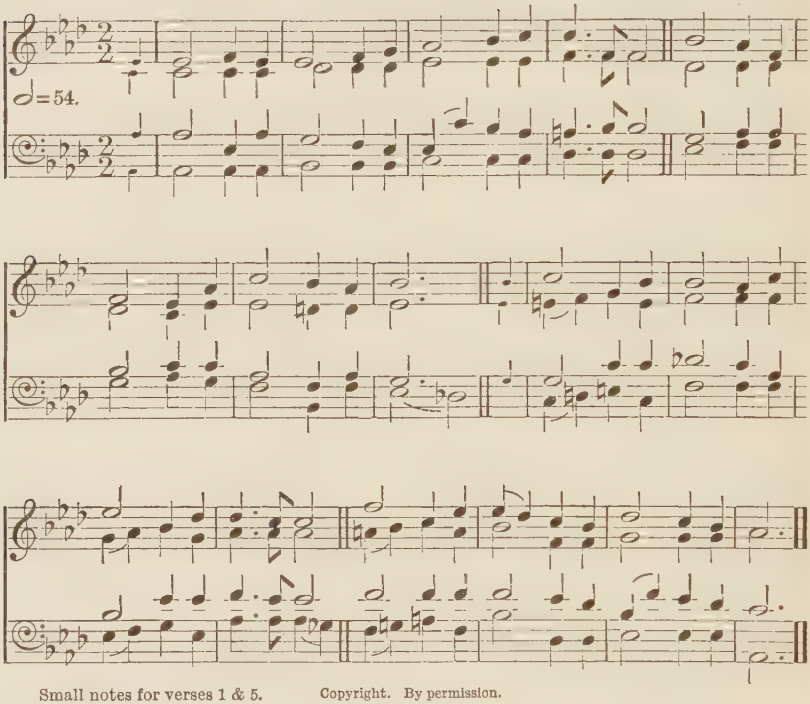
3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air;
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

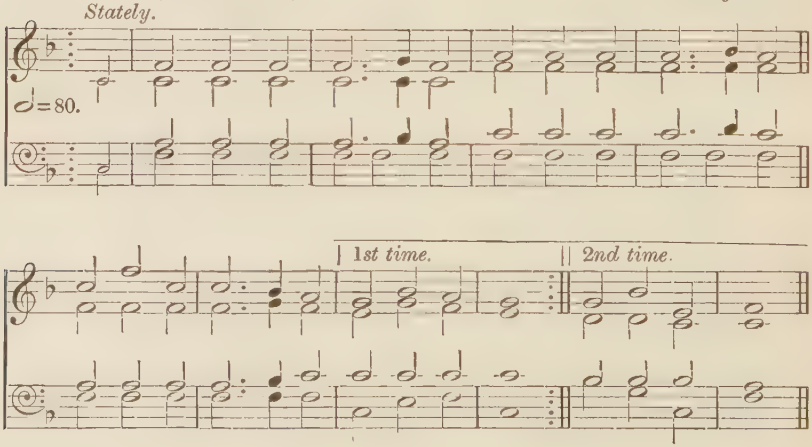
6 O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While Angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransom'd creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.

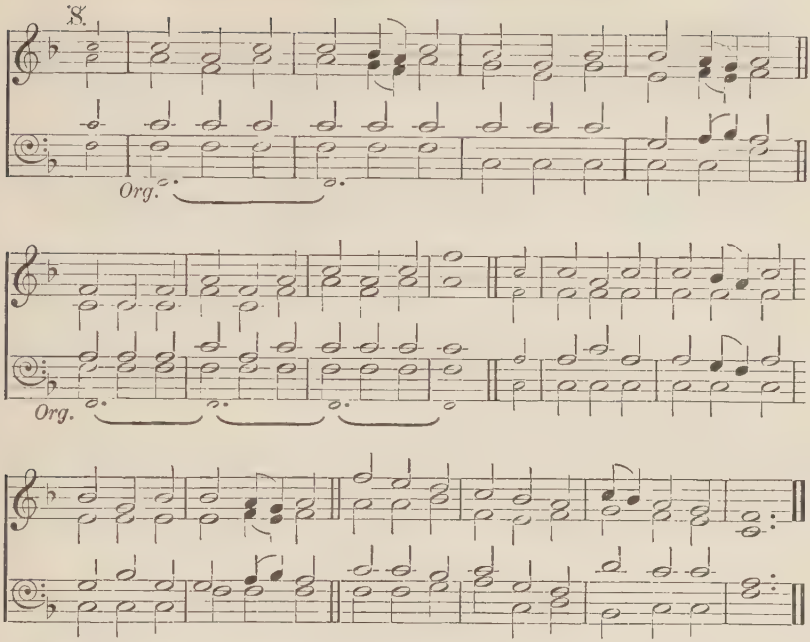
O WORSHIP THE LORD (*First Tune*). H. Elliot Button.




Small notes for verses 1 & 5. Copyright. By permission.

GERMANIA (*Second Tune*). *Trier Gesangbuch.*






NOTE.—For verses 1 and 5 add the chords printed in small notes. For verse 5 begin at 𝔖

1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name!

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His Heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

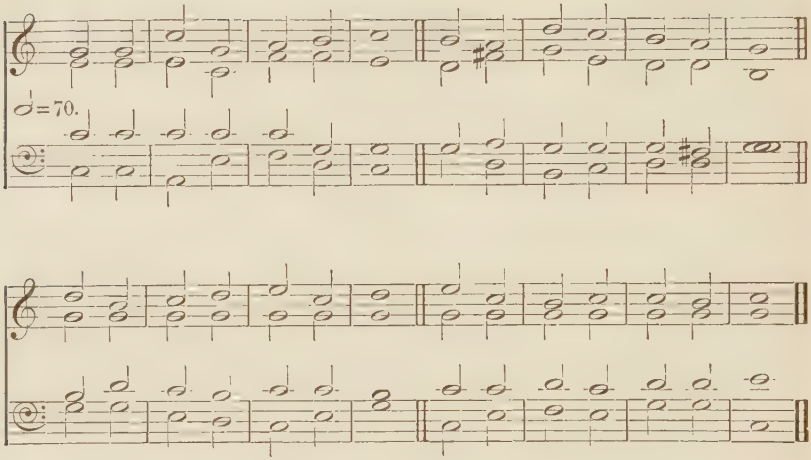
3 Fear not to enter His Courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou would'st reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the off'rings to lay on His Shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim,
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name!

**793**

S. WOLFGANG. German.




1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life!

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! Much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

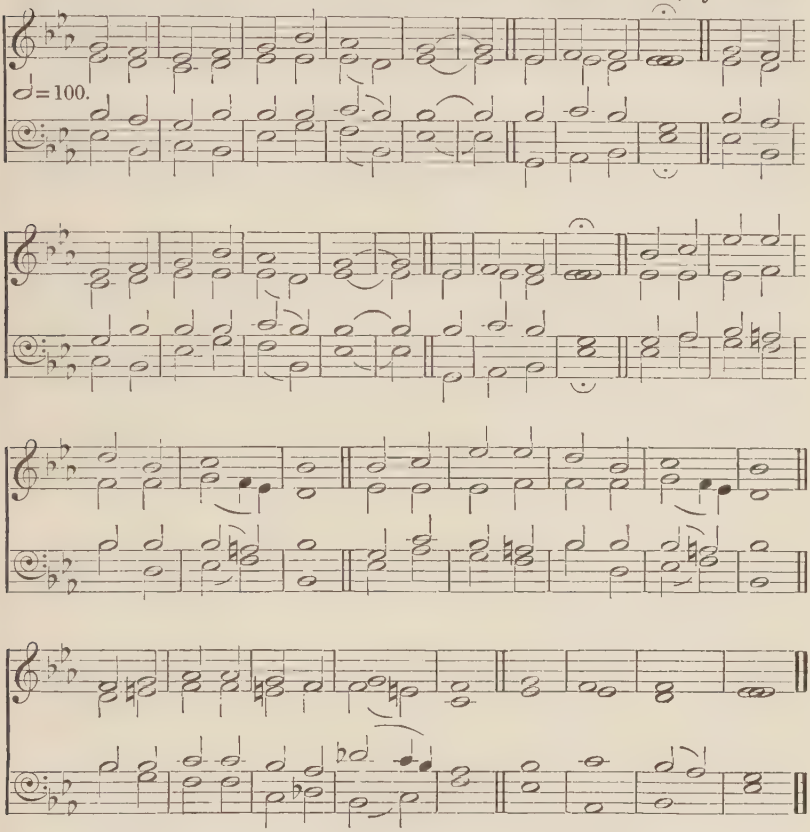
3 Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in Heav'nly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN. Founded on the Melody *Schmücke dich*, by CRÜGER.




1 ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

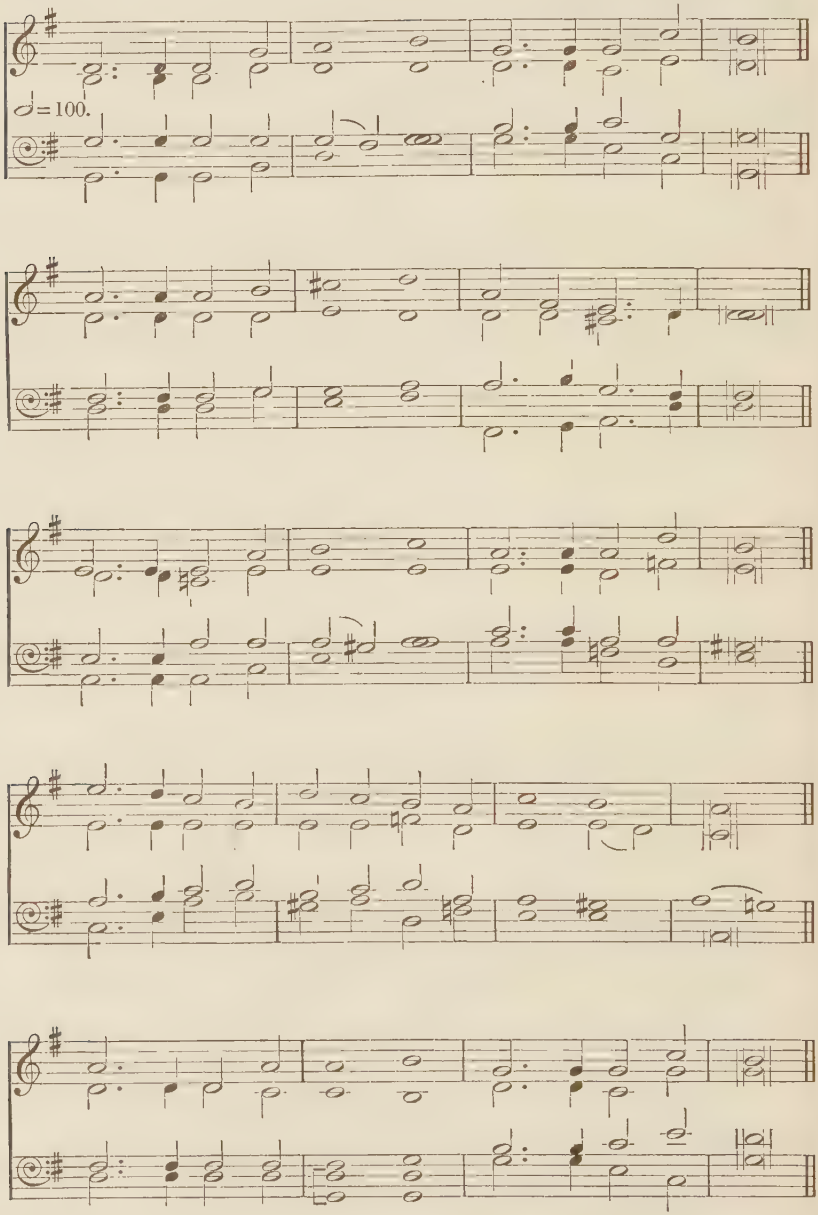
2 'Tis Eternal Life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
With His Precious Blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

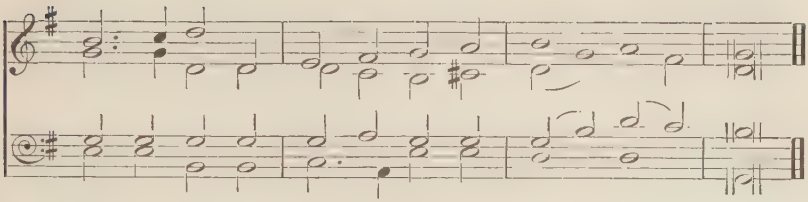
3 We have found a Friend in Jesus,
Oh, how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to please us,
Oh, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him;
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

4 Through His Name we are forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to Glory He will guide us,
Oh, how He loves!

## 795

DOMUS SANCTORUM. From *The Children's Service Book.*





*Or tune* 701.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before;
Christ the Royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the Sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory;
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

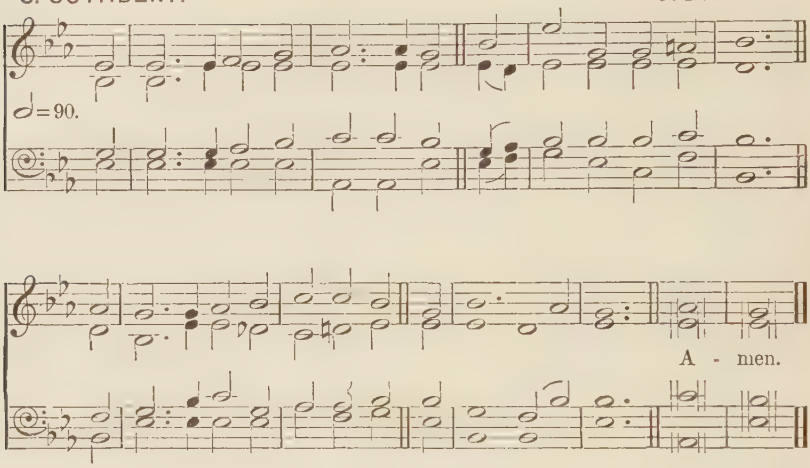
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

796

S. CUTHBERT. J. B. DYKES.




1 OUR Blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle Voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heav'n.

4 And ev'ry virtue we possess,
And ev'ry conquest won,
And ev'ry thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

## OUR MASTER.

THIJM.
SEDDING'S *Carols.*

*Andante.* ♩ = 100.

1. Our Master hath a Garden which fair flowers a - dorn, There will I go and gather both at eve . . and . . morn; Nought's heard therein but Angel hymns with harp and lute, Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle soothing flute. Loud trump - ets . . . and bright clar - ions, and the gen - tle sooth-ing flute.

2 The Lily white that bloometh there is Purity,
The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility;
Nought's heard therein, &c.

3 The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience,
The rich and cheerful Marygold Obedience;
Nought's heard therein, &c.

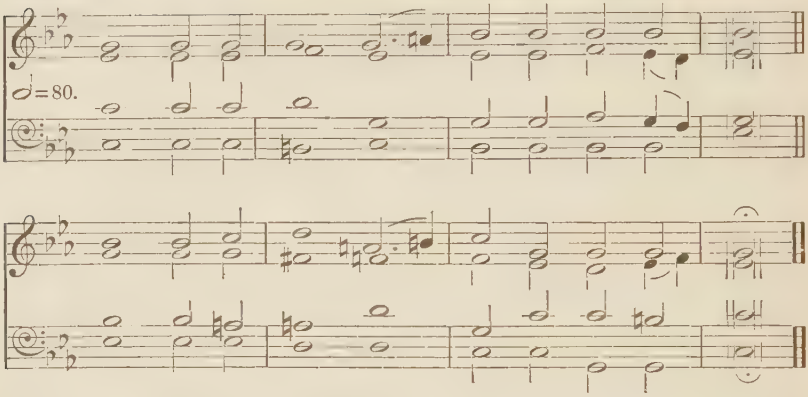
4 One plant is there with crown bedight, the rest above,
With crown imperial, and this plant is Holy Love;
Nought's heard therein, &c.

5 But still of all the flowers, the Fairest and the Best,
Is Jesus Christ, the Lord Himself, His Name be blest;
Nought's heard therein, &c.

6 O Jesus, my chief Good and sole Felicity,
Thy little garden make my ready heart to be;
So may I once hear Angel hymns with harp and lute,
Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle soothing flute.

## 798

PEACE. From Beethoven's Symphony No. 7.




1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' Bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

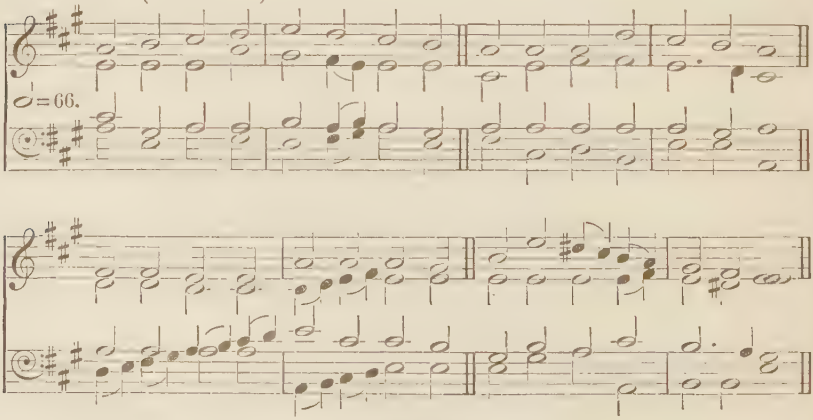
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

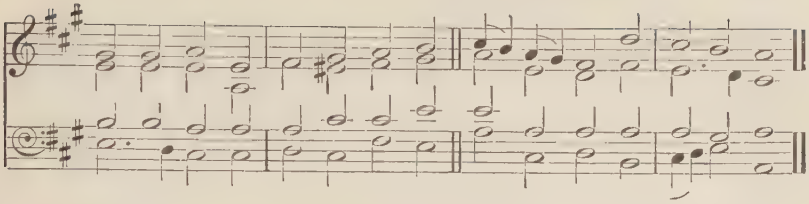
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heav'n's perfect peace.

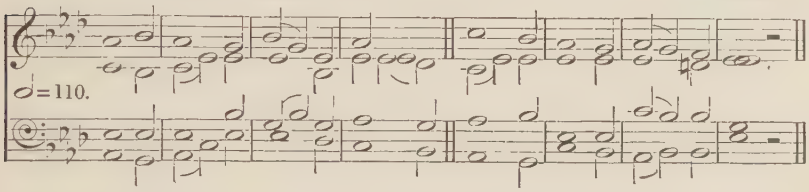
## 799

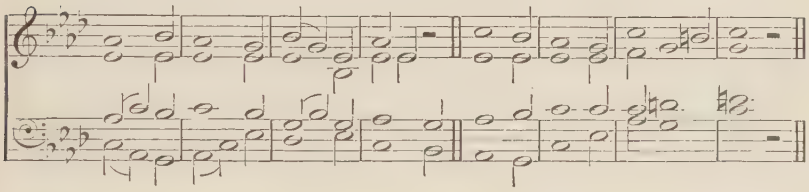
CORINTH (*First Tune*).

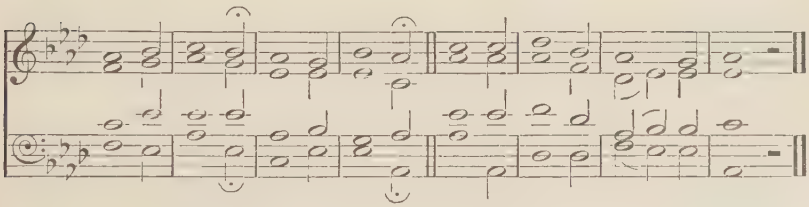




LOOK, YE SAINTS (*Second Tune*). German.





1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise the Everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Widely yet His mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from ev'ry race;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise with us the God of grace!

LIEBSTER GOTT (*First Tune*). J. S. BACH.

1 Praise the Lord! ye Heav'ns a - dore . . Him; Praise Him,
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore . . Him, Praise Him

♩=64.

1 Praise the Lord! ye Heav'ns a - dore Him;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him,

An - gels, in . . the Height;
all ye stars . . and light:

1. 2.

Praise Him, An- gels, in the Height;
Praise Him all ye stars and light:

Praise the Lord! for Praise the

1. 2.

Praise Him, light: Praise the Lord! for He hath

Laws, which

He hath spo- ken;
Lord! for He hath spoken;

Worlds His Mighty Voice o - bey'd;

spo - ken; Worlds His Might - y . . Voice o - bey'd; . .

nev - er shall be bro - - ken, For their

Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guid - - guid - ance

Laws, which nev - er . . shall be bro - ken, For their

guid-ance He . . . . hath . . made.

- - ance He . . . . hath . . made.

*rall. al fine.* A - men.

He . . . . . hath . . made.

guid-ance He . . . . . hath made.

1 Praise the Lord! ye Heav'ns adore Him;
Praise Him, Angels, in the Height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His Mighty Voice obey'd;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail;
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on High, His power proclaim:
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

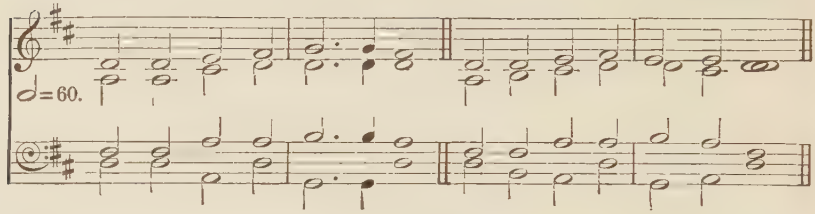
ALLA TRINITA BEATA (*Second Tune*). From *Laudi Spirituali.*

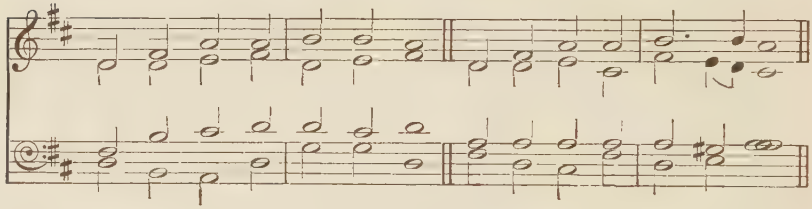
♩=110.

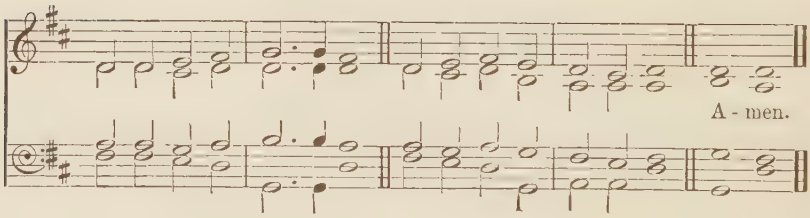
A - men.

## 801

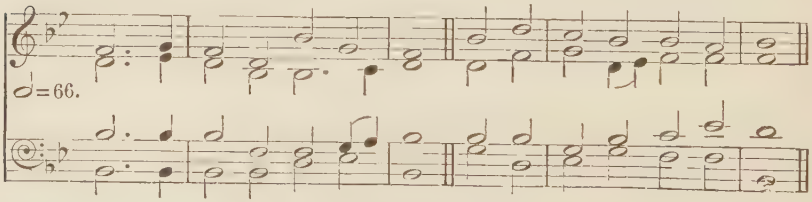
REDHEAD No. 76 (*First Tune*). R. Redhead.

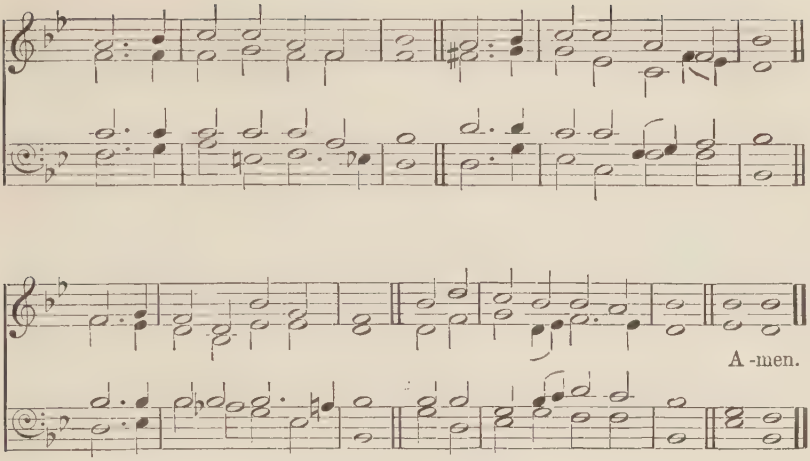





NORWICH (*Second Tune*). Dr. Buck of Norwich (?).






*Or tune of* 443 *or* 528.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy Riven Side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

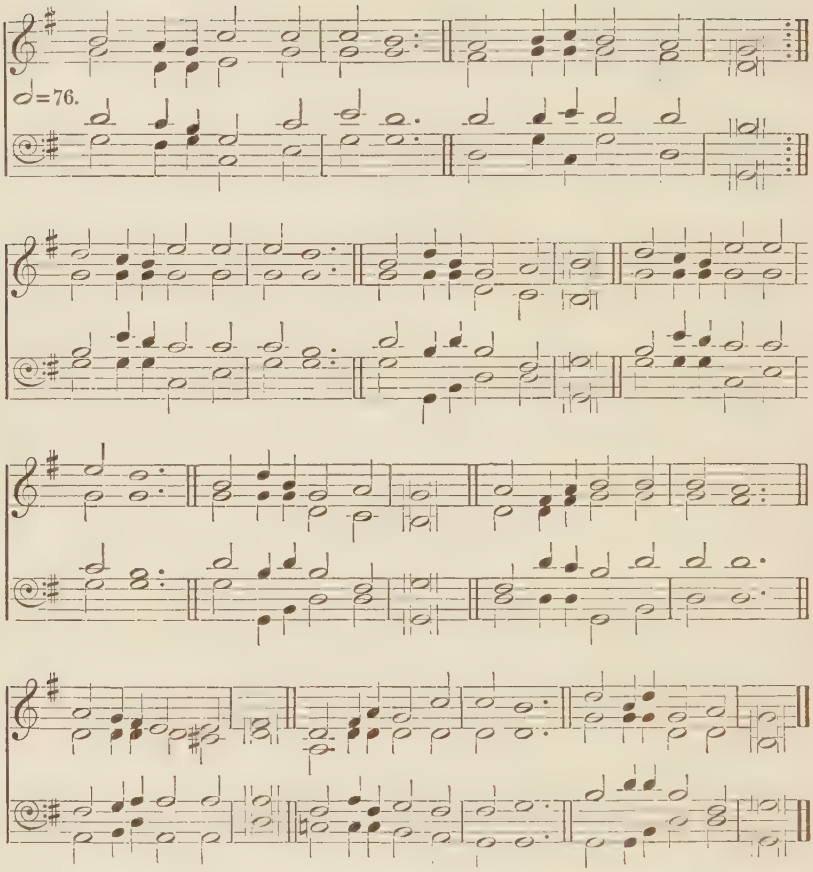
2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgement-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 802

SECURITY.

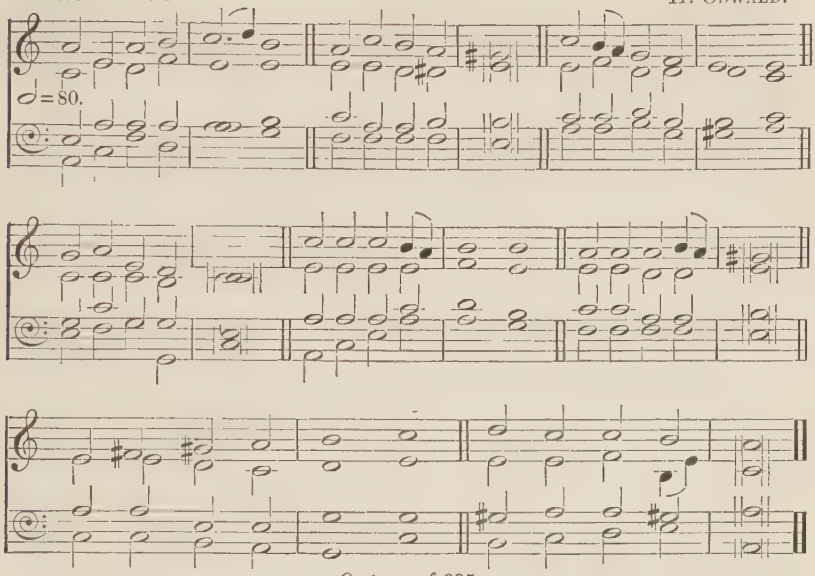



1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle Breast,
There by His love o'ershadow'd,
Sweetly my soul shall rest:
Hark! 'tis the voice of Angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the Crystal Sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus!
Safe on His gentle Breast!
There, by His love o'ershadow'd,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sins cannot harm me there;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms of Jesus!
Safe on His gentle Breast!
There, by His love o'ershadow'd,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me!
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be:
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus!
Safe on His gentle Breast!
There, by His love o'ershadow'd,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

EXAUDI NOS. H. OSWALD.




*Or tune of* 395.

1 SAVIOUR, Blesséd Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on High.

3 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care, is known;
Where the Angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

4 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past;
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Ev'ry day that passeth,
Ev'ry hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeignéd,
Love that never dies.

5 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from Heav'n,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

6 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that 's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blesséd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

7 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by Saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

8 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransom'd soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

## 804

### SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

*Vivace.*

♩=100.

UNISON.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beautiful riv - er,

Gather with the Saints at the riv - - er, That flows by the Throne of God.

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright Angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever,
Flowing by the Throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the Saints at the river,
That flows by the Throne of God.

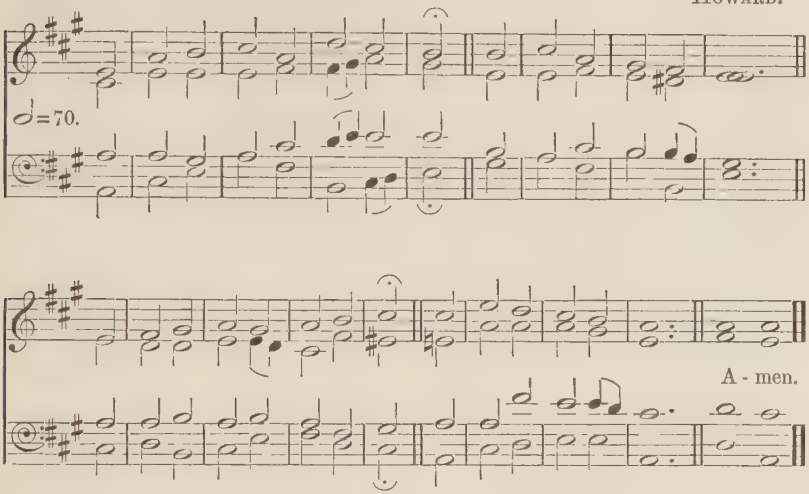
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk, and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace,
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the Saints at the river,
That flows by the Throne of God.

## 805

LANCASTER. HOWARD.




*Or tune of* 472 *or* 714 *or* 640.

1.

SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine!
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

2.

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself can give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3.

With Thee let ev'ry day begin,
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by Thee is lent.

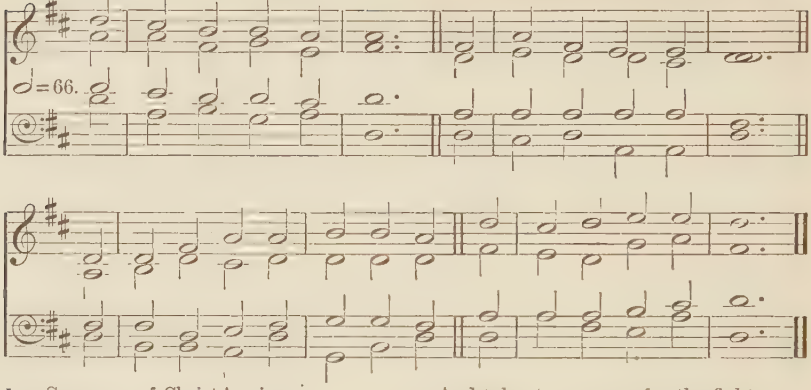
4.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And Heav'n refresh our weary souls
With Everlasting Peace.

## 806

OPTATUS VOTIS OMNIUM.

By permission of
Rev. G. R. Woodward, from *Songs of Syon.*




1 Soldiers of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror!

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

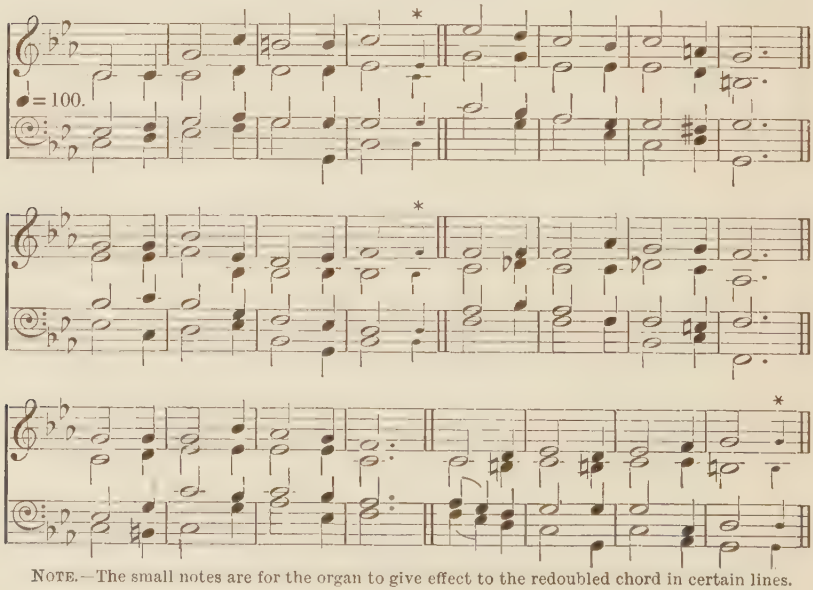
4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And victor stand at last.

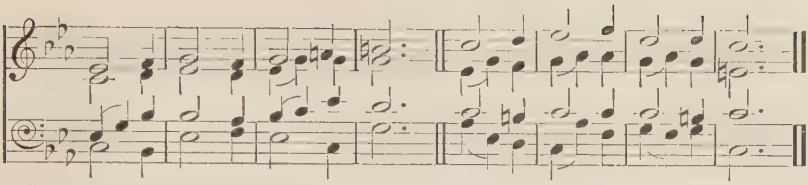
## 807

LASSET UNS DEN HERREN PREISEN.

J. Schop, 1641.




Note.—The small notes are for the organ to give effect to the redoubled chord in certain lines.



1 Songs of praise the Angels sang,
Heav'n with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heav'ns, new Earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

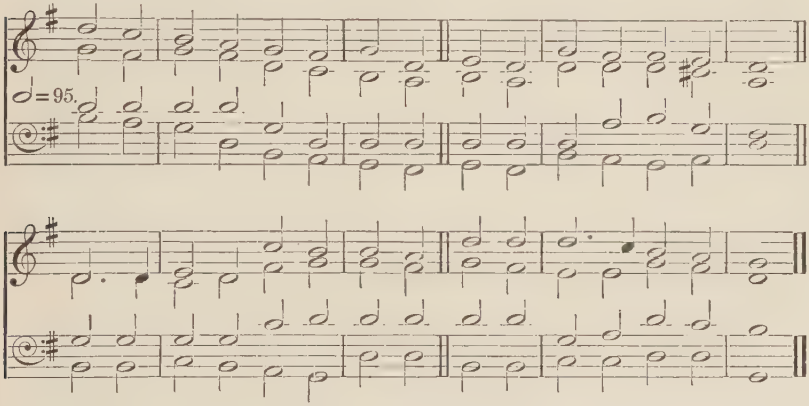
4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above:

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst Eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

## 808

SOULS OF MEN.




1 Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heav'n;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.

5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His Blood.

7 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## 809

### SUNSET AND EVENING STAR.

*For Solo or Men's voices only.* C. J. Ridsdale.

*Quasi recitativo.*

1 Sun- set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me, And may there be no moan- ing of the bar, When I put out to sea, But such a tide as mov- ing seems a - sleep, Too

2 Twilight and eve-ning bell, And af - ter that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of fare- well, When I em - bark; For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The

*p*

*mf* *rall.*

full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless
flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pi - lot face to

*rall.*

*1st Stanza.* *2nd Stanza.*

deep Turns a- gain home. face When I have crost the bar.

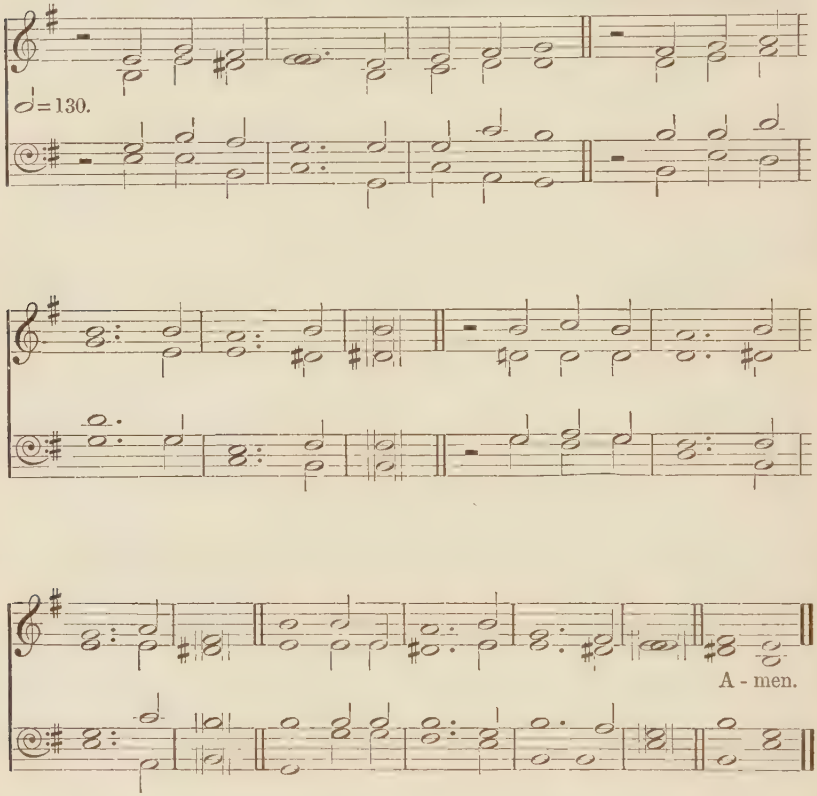
1 Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

2 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

## 810

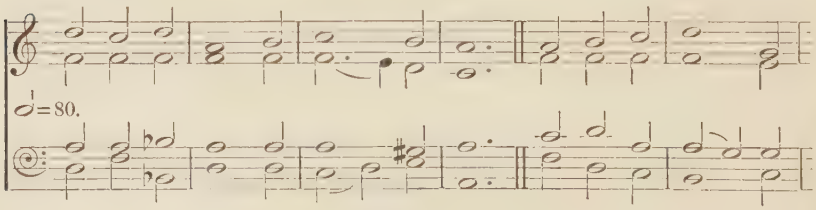
GRAS JESUS (*First Tune*).

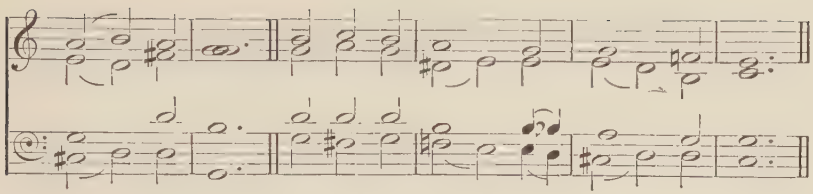
Breton Air.
From Dr. BULLINGER'S Collection, by permission.

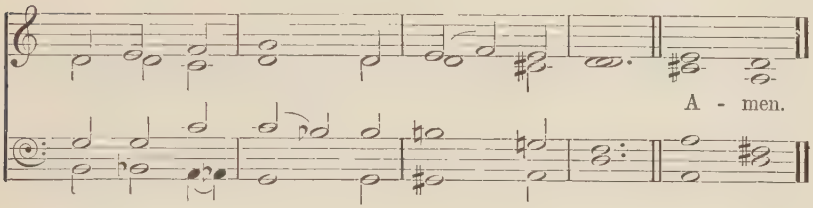



TAKE UP THY CROSS (*Second Tune*).

ALLAN COATES.








1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My Disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and Hell.

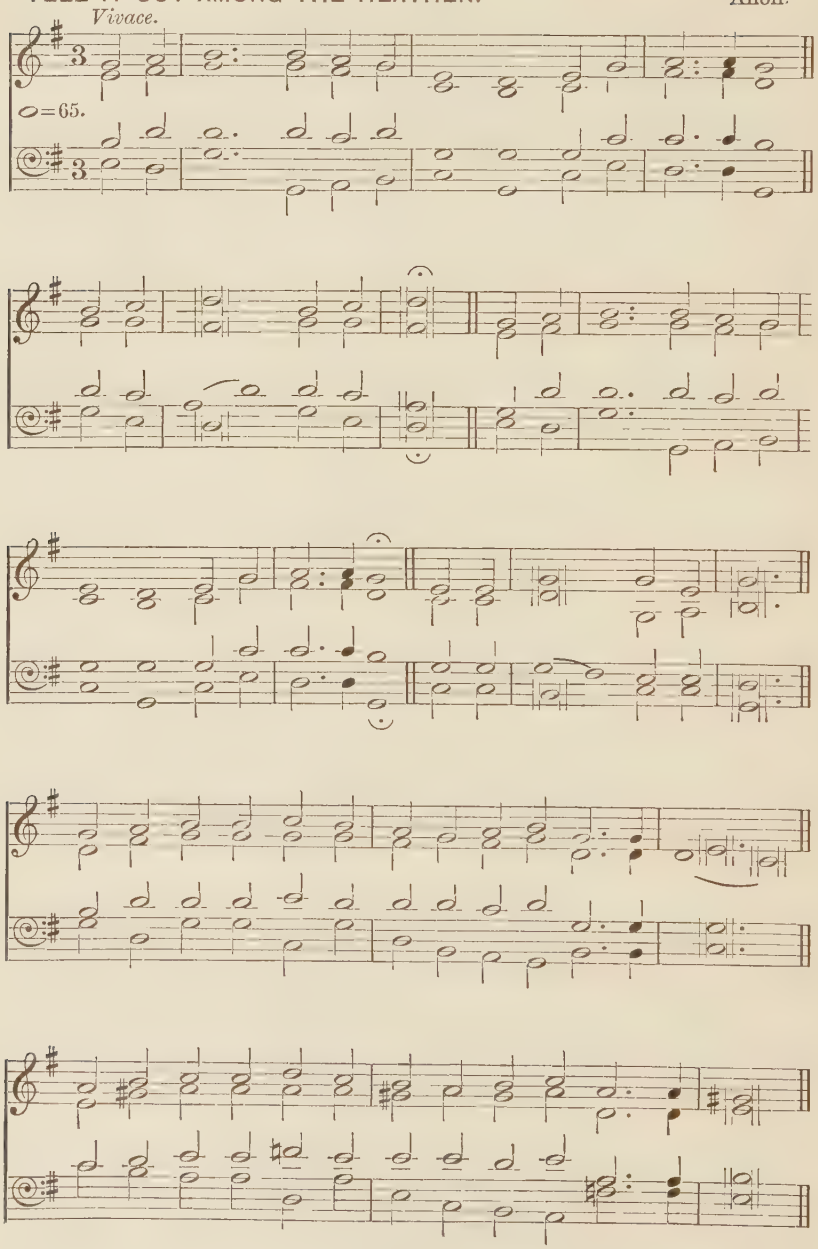
4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
And calmly sin's temptations brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

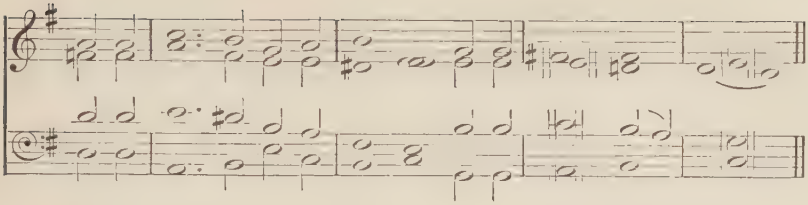
5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he, who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious Crown.

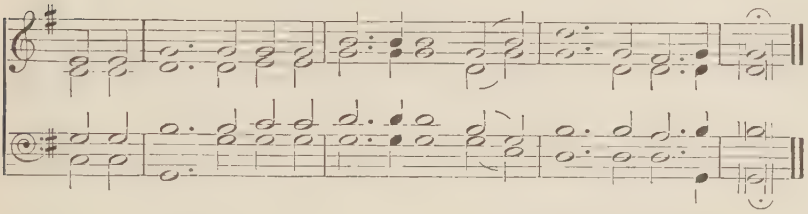
6 To Thee, Great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend;
O grant us in our Home to see
The Heav'nly life that knows no end.

## 811

TELL IT OUT AMONG THE HEATHEN. Anon.







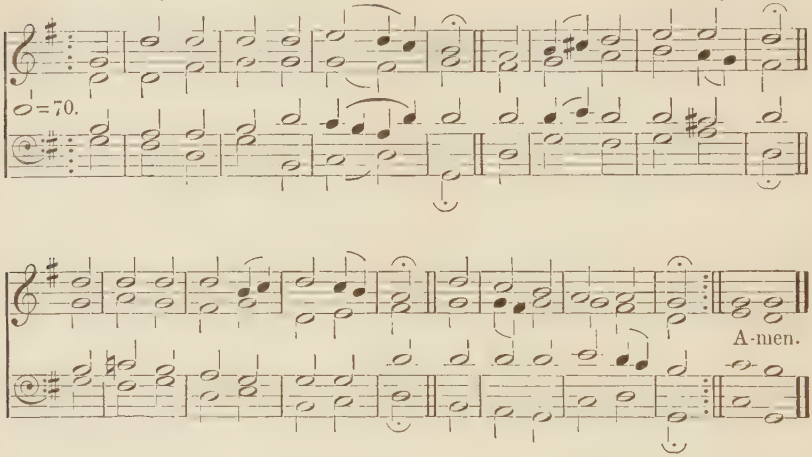
1 Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore.

2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumph'd o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns Above,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the Islands of the sea.

812

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN. N. HERMANN, 1561.




1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd Saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finish'd! all is finish'd,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

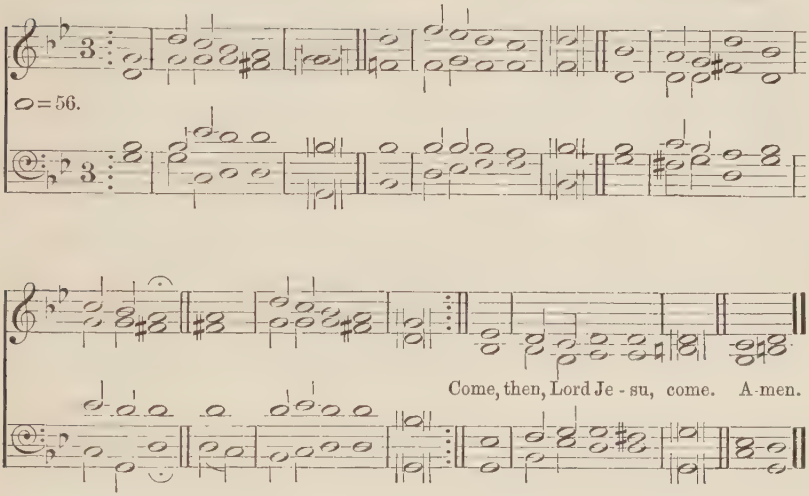
2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O Day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all our former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great Salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the Heav'ns Thy promised Sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

## 813

WIRKSWORTH. E. Green.




1.

The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she:
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet;
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

2.

Saint after Saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn;
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

3.

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of Hell grow bold;
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold:
How long, O Lord, our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

4.

We long to hear Thy Voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy Crown and Glory then,
As now we share Thy grace:
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again;
Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

UNICUM FUNDAMENTUM. *Aachen Gesangbuch.* 17th Century.

♩=80.

A - men.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word;
From Heav'n He came and sought her
To be His Holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from ev'ry nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With ev'ry grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of the war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

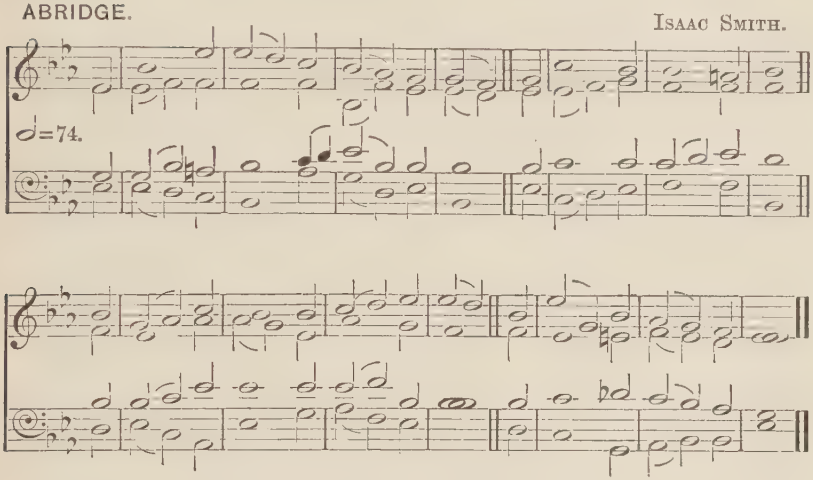
5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won,
With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's Hand
Led through the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden-land.

6 O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On High may dwell with Thee:
There past the border mountains,
Where, in sweet vales, the Bride
With Thee, by living fountains,
For ever shall abide.

## 815

ABRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.




1 THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now;
A Royal Diadem adorns
The Mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that Heav'n affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And Heav'n's Eternal Light.

3 The Joy of all who dwell Above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an Everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heav'n.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him Above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their Everlasting Theme.

## THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

C. J. Ridsdale.

*Allegro.*

♩=90.

When shall we

When shall we come

come to thee, Calm . . Land be - yond the Sea?

to Thee.

1 The Land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and [roar!
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea?

2 The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems, [gleams;
When flush'd with evening's peaceful
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait,
It longs to fly to thee, [and dreams!
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

3 The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear, [mere;
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike
We seem half way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

4 The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretch'd to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

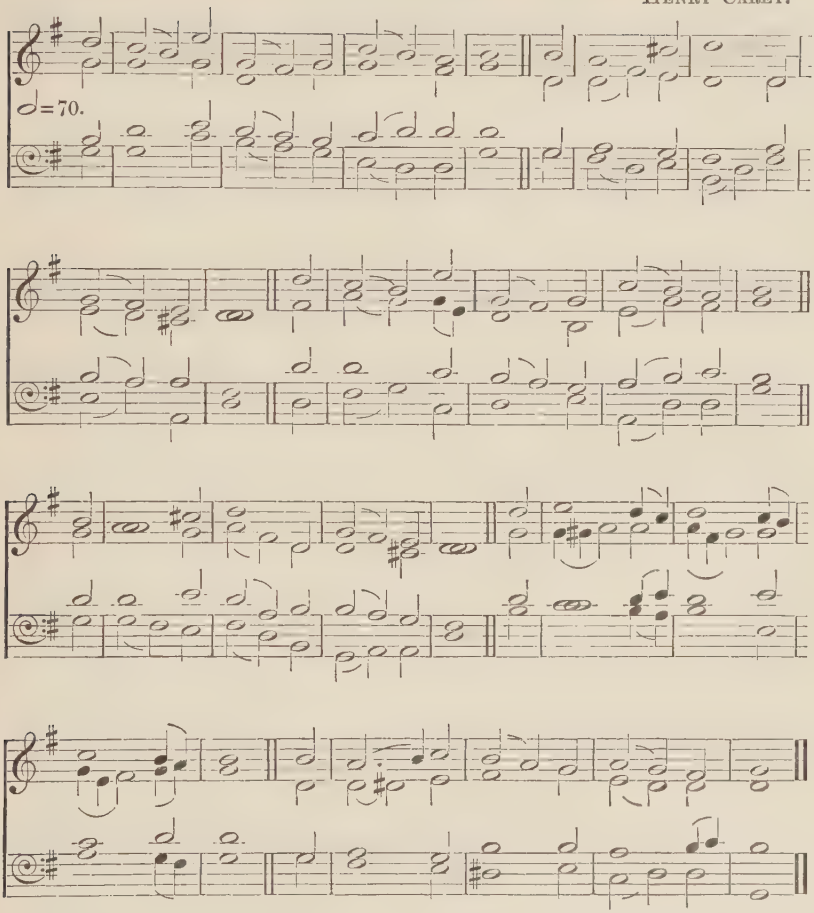
5 The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land! look always plain, look always [bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea!

6 The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest;
But sweeter far that Father's Breast
Upon thy shores eternally possess'd;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

**817**

CAREY'S.

HENRY CAREY.



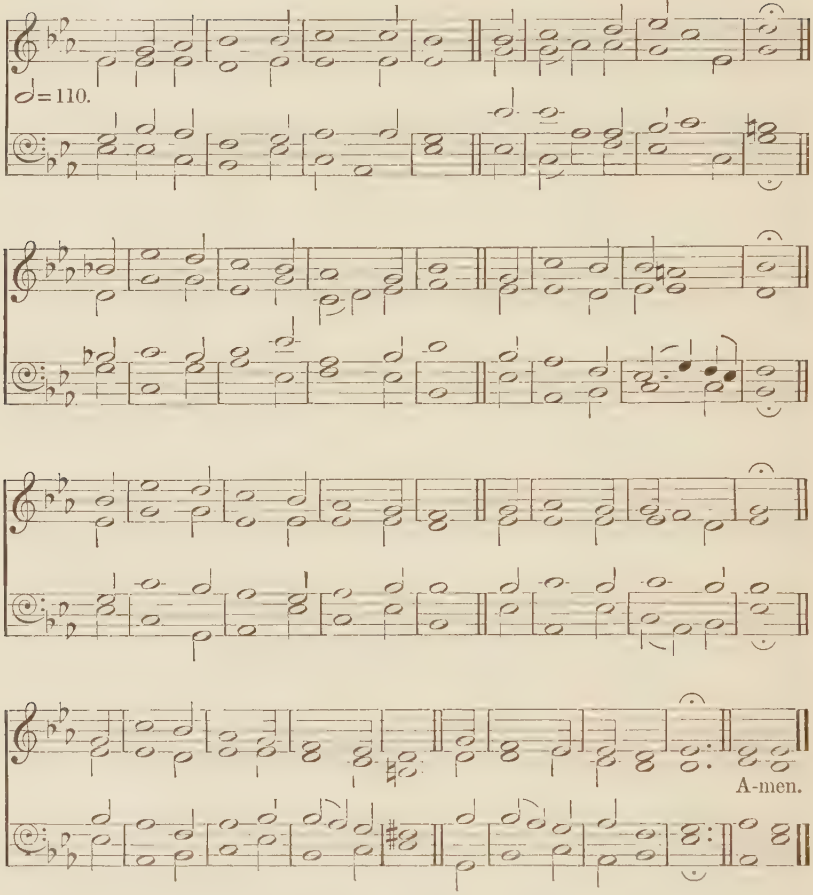

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His Presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

OLD 77TH.

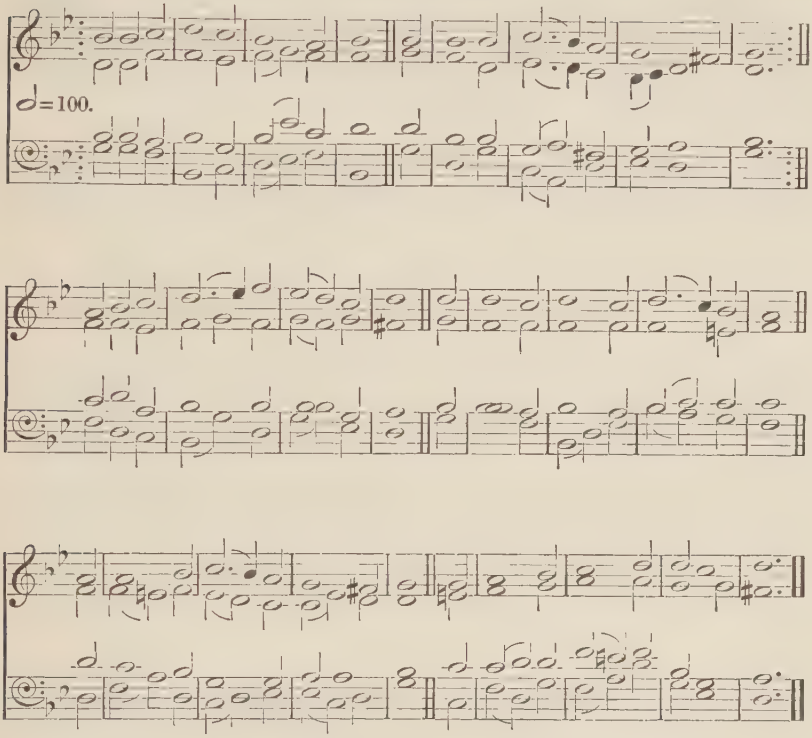



1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of Heav'n,
Oh! for the golden floor,
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh! for a heart that never sins,
Oh! for a soul wash'd white,
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

3 Here faith is ours, and Heav'nly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire:
Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
Oh! by Thy life laid down,
Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

HEUT TRIUMPHIERET GOTTES SOHN. A.D. 1601.



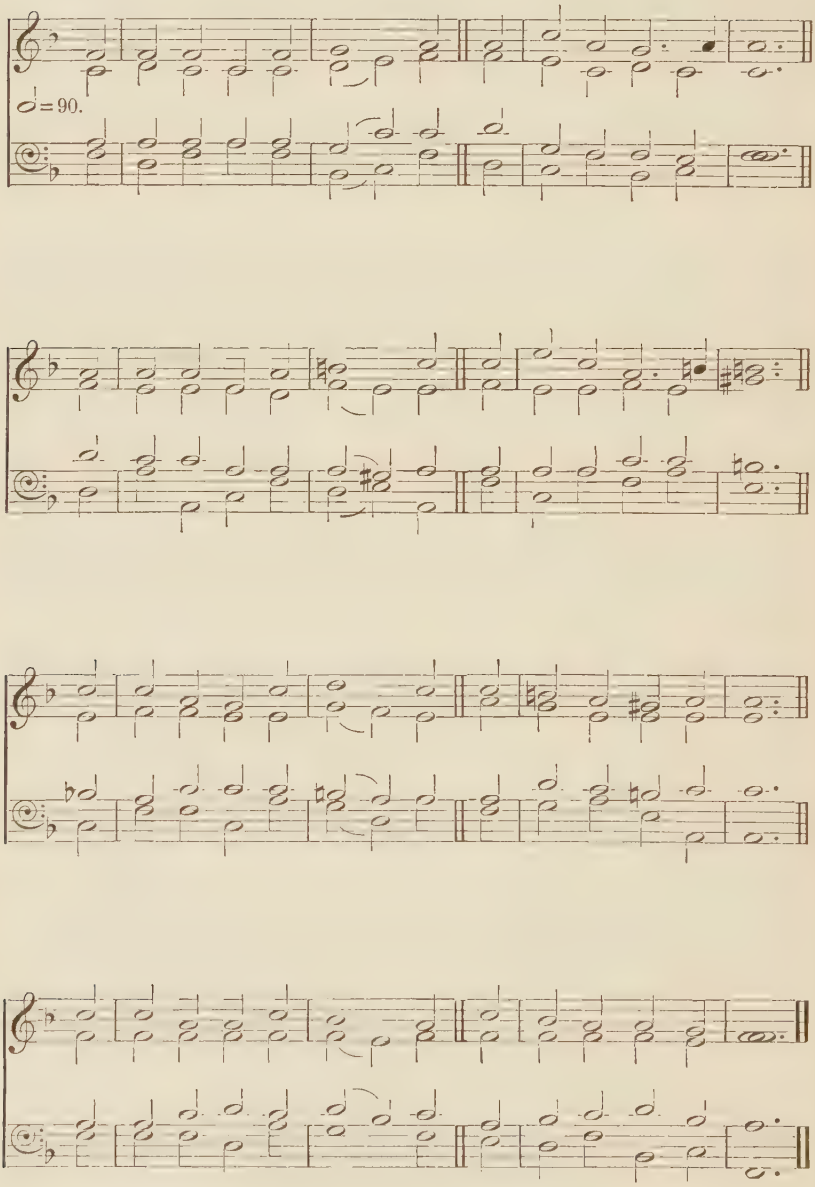

1 The spacious firmament on High,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

## 820

VIGILATE (Part I.) Anon.



1 The world is very evil;
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;

2 The Judge That comes in mercy,
The Judge That comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

3 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To Heav'nly gladness lead;

4 To light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

5 O Home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn;

6 'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around.

7 The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best:

8 Yes, peace, for war is needless,
Yes, calm, for storm is past,
And goal from finish'd labour,
And anchorage at last.

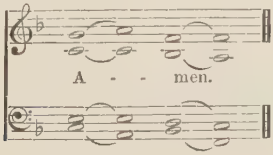
9 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!

10 Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight;

11 Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
Th' insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still;

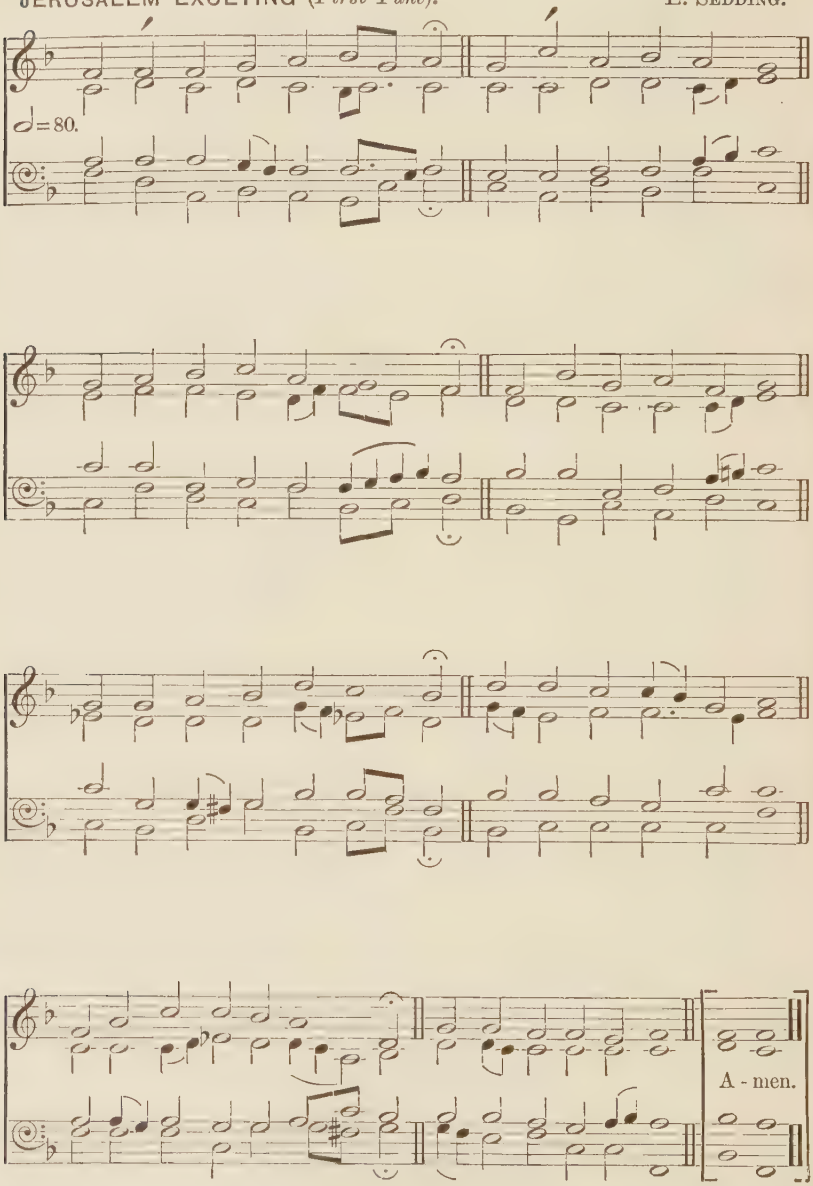
12 That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst Heav'nly citizens,
A Home like theirs shall gain.

*If followed by verse* 10
*of Part* IV.

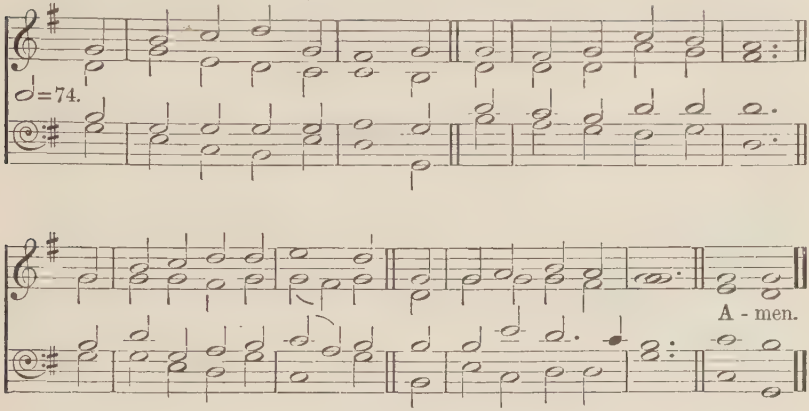


**820** (Part II.)

JERUSALEM EXULTING (*First Tune*). E. Sedding.



S. ALPHEGE (*Second Tune*). GAUNTLETT.




PART II.

1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The Life that knows no ending,
The tearless Life, is *there*.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, Eternal Rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 There grief is turn'd to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;

4 And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And, after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

5 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the Crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

6 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

7 But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own;

8 Yes! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face

URBS SYON AUREA. C. J. Ridsdale.

♩=120.

*This tune is set in A♭ at 531.*

Part III.

1 For thee, O dear, dear Country
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;

2 The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

3 O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;

4 Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.

5 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

6 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.

7 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise;

8 Jesus, the Crown of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing;
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring.

9 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

10 Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

11 And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;

12 Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
For, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

EWING. A. Ewing.

♩=90.

A - men.

Part IV.

1 Jerusalem the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd;

2 I know not, O! I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

3 They stand, those halls of Syon,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng;

4 The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

5 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;

6 And they, who, with their Leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

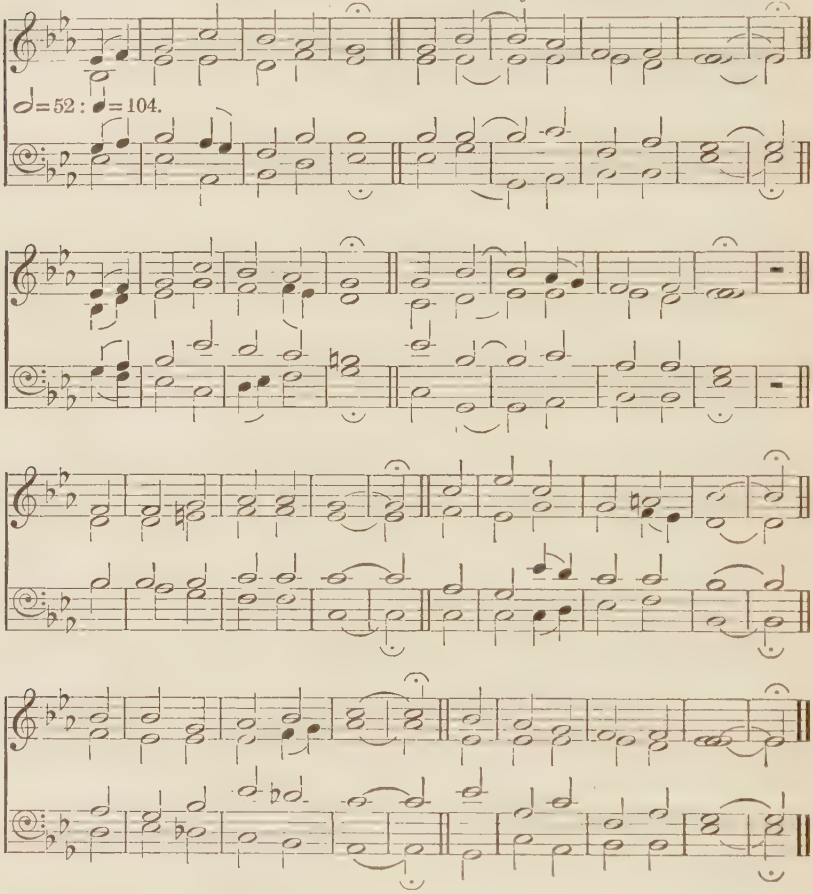
7 Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of th' elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect;

8 E'en now, by faith I see thee;
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

9 O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold;

10 In mercy, Jesu, bring us
To that dear Land of Rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever Blest.

O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT. Mostly MENDELSSOHN'S Version.




*Or tune of* 719.

1 THERE is a blesséd Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crown'd,
And Everlasting Light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a Land of peace,
Good Angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred Wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;
To give to Him the praise
Of ev'ry triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you Above.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND (*First Tune*). Old Air.

*Unison.*

♩=64.

DESIRE (*Second Tune*). H. SMART.

♩=88.

*p* *mf*

*Or Tune of* 836.

1 THERE is a happy Land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye!

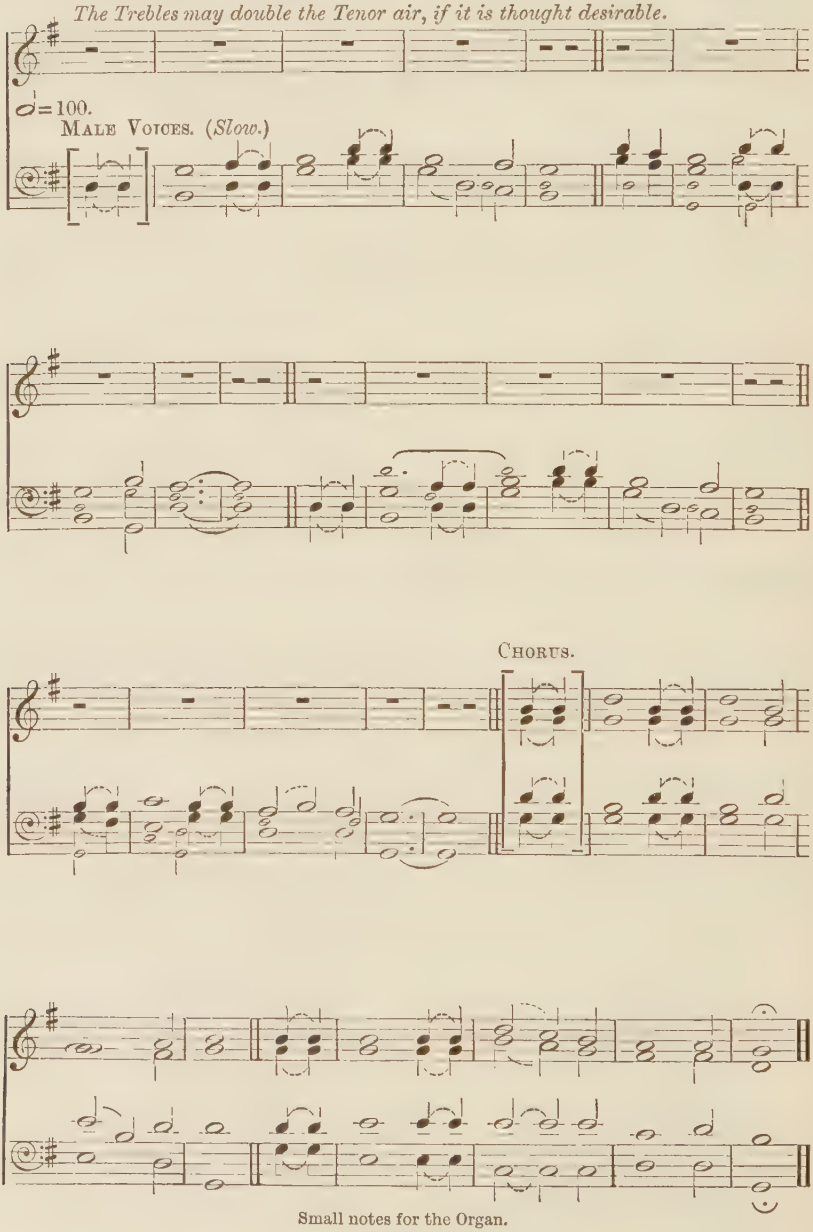
2 Come to this happy Land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy Land
Beams ev'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
On then to glory run,
Be a Crown and Kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

## 823

THE WANDERING SHEEP. Anon.

*The Trebles may double the Tenor air, if it is thought desirable.*




Small notes for the Organ.

1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lórd, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wander'd away from Me;
And altho' the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

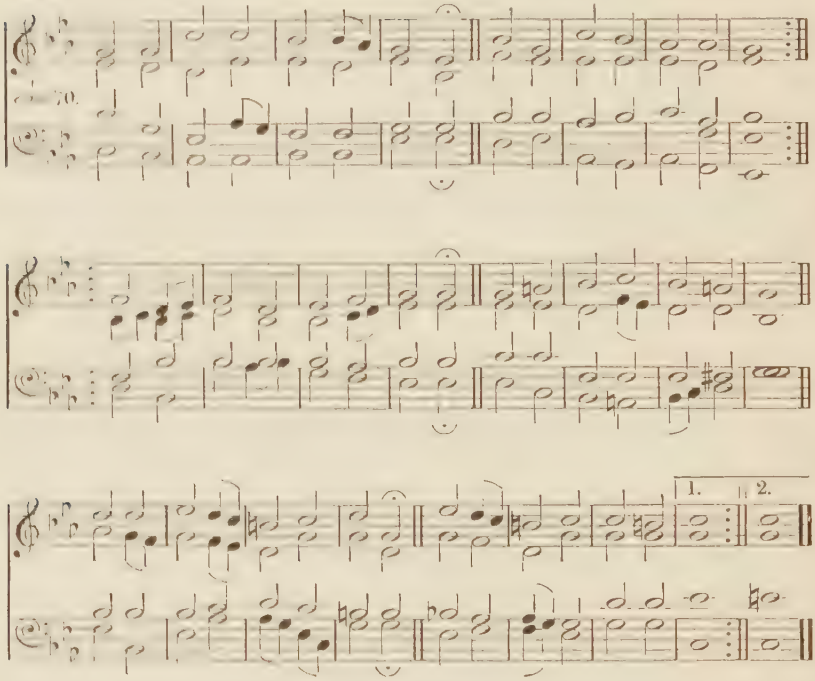
3 But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
Oút in the desert He heard its cry,
Síck, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those Blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"
"Lord, whence are Thy Hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierc'd to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of Heav'n,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the Angels echo'd around the Throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

## 824

SIEH, HIER BIN ICH. *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698.




1 They are waiting for our coming,
Angels on the other shore;
Waiting to receive the ransom'd
When the storms of life are o'er:
Watching at the shining portals
Of our Father's Mansion fair;
They will strike their harps of glory,
They will bid us welcome there.

They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
Angels on the other shore,
Waiting to receive the ransom'd,
When the storms of life are o'er.

2 They are waiting for the aged,
Those who long the way have trod;
Waiting for the poor in spirit,
Rich in faith and love to God;
For the young and valiant soldiers,
Who have nobly borne their part;
For the self-denying Christian,
For the meek, the pure in heart.

They are waiting, &c.

3 They are waiting for the heralds,
Who in distant lands proclaim
Life Eternal with salvation
Through a dying Saviour's Name;
Waiting for the silent mourner,
For the weary and oppress'd,
Who have borne their cross with patience,
And are going home to rest.

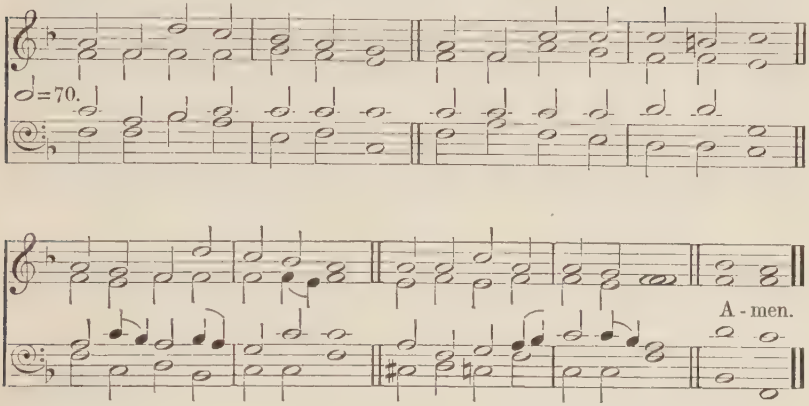
They are waiting, &c.

4 In the sunny vales of Eden,
By the river clear and bright,
Where the Tree of Life is planted,
And our faith is lost in sight,
We shall join the Church triumphant,
Free from sorrow, toil, and care;
Ev'ry tie again united,
There will be no parting there.

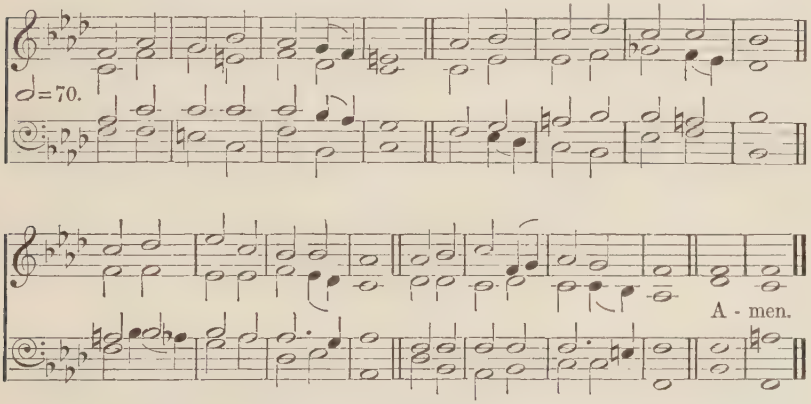
They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
Angels on the other shore,
Waiting to receive the ransom'd,
When the storms of life are o'er.

825

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (*First Tune*). GAUNTLETT.




NICHT SO TRAURIG (*B*) (*Second Tune*). From HILLER'S *Choralbuch*.




1 THEY whom many a land divides,
Many a mighty sea besides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?

2 Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lot be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong and one be weak.

3 Doubt it not; the living share
Each with each in praise and prayer;
Share in Sacraments and sigh,
And in far-spread litany.

PART II.

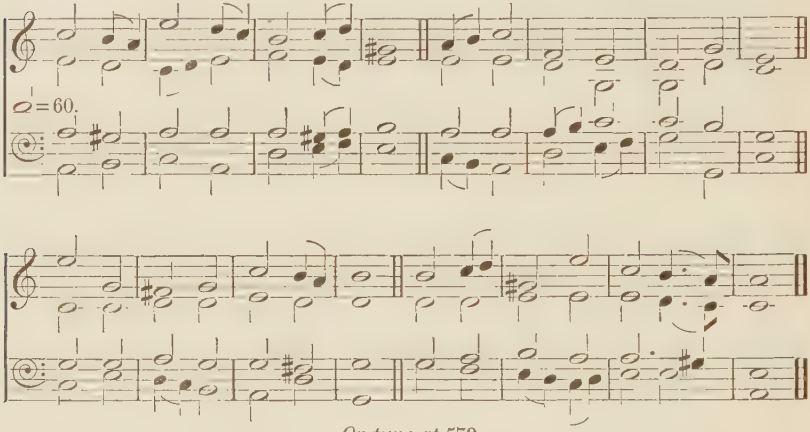
4 They whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the Throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

5 We, by enemies distrest,
They, in Paradise at rest;
We, in battle sharp and sore,
They, at peace for evermore.

6 Doubt it not; the Saints Above
Bend on earth the eye of love;
By their prayer and living word,
Help us, guide us, Blessed Lord!

## 826

NICHT SO TRAURIG (*A*). J. S. Bach's Arrangement.




*Or tune at 579.*

1 Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in Eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest:
Saviour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

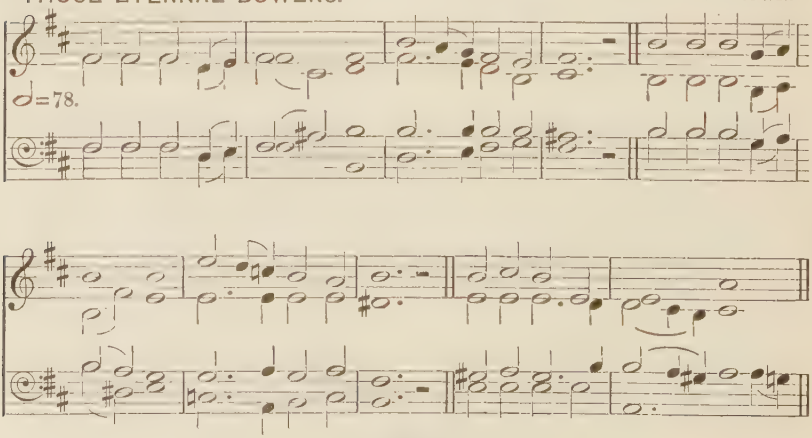
3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the Realms of Day.

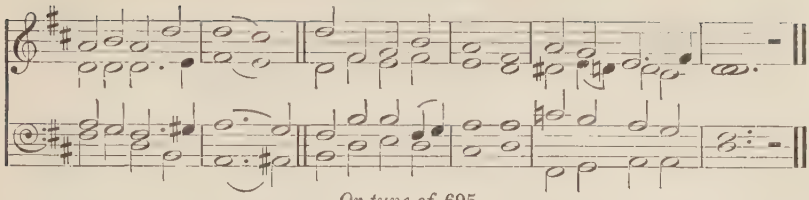
4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to Heav'n.

## 827

THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS. A. H. Brown.





*Or tune of* 695.

1 Those Eternal Bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the Throne of God;
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them
Clad in robes of white?

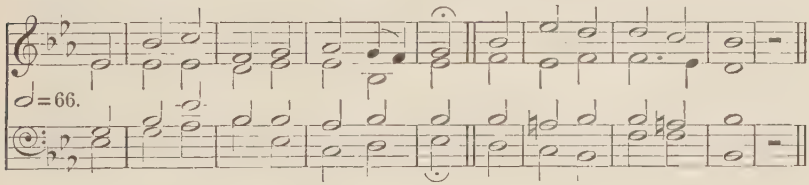
2 He, who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He, who, like the Martyrs,
Says, "I *will* be crown'd":
He, whose one oblation
Is a life of love;
Clinging to the nation
Of the Blest above.

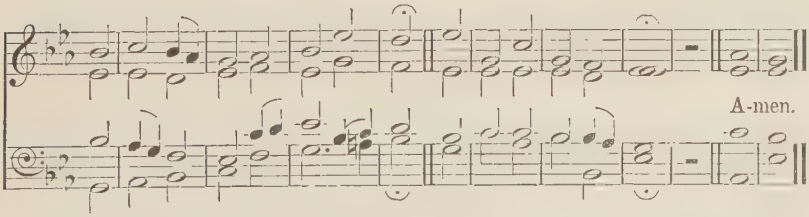
3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the Heav'nly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with lute and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, "Fight."

4 While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side:
Tell who will the story
Of our *now* distress;
Oh, the future glory!
Oh, the loveliness!

## 828

ALDERMARY. W. Russell.




1 Thou art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor Hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose Joys Eternal flow.

829

## THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

Anon.

*The Trebles may double the Tenor air, if it is thought desirable.*

♩=100.

TENORS AND BASSES.

CHORUS.

Small notes for the Organ.

1 THOU didst leave Thy Throne and Thy kingly Crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy Holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

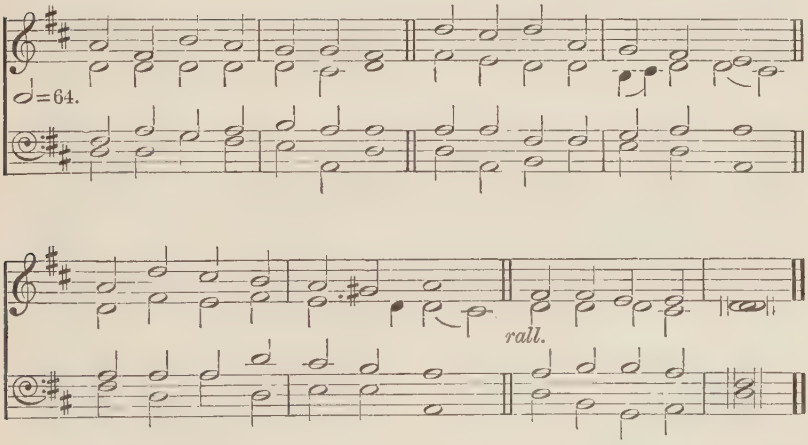
3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy Cross is my only plea.

5 When Heav'n's arches shall ring, and her Choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy Voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

## 830

**CAPETOWN.** German.



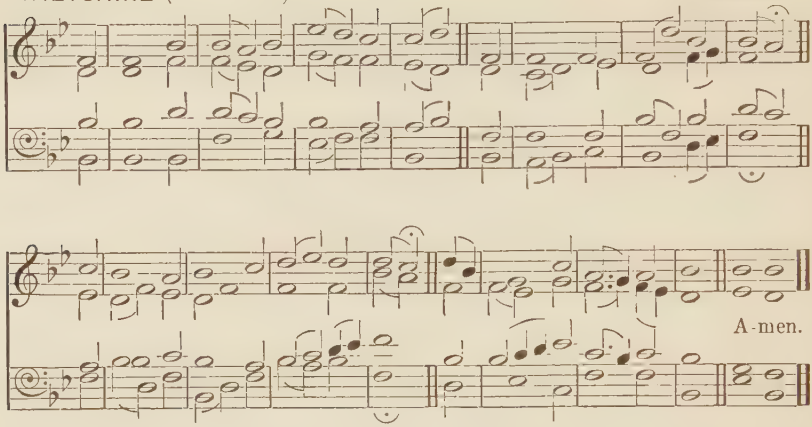

1 Three in One and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning-shine
Lift on us Thy Light Divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

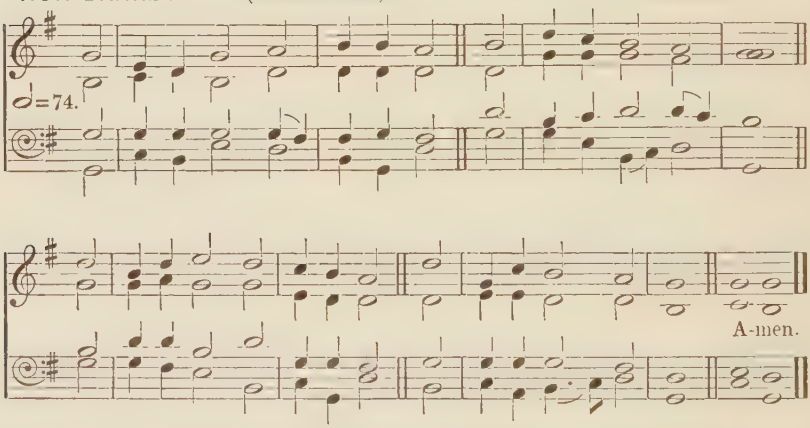
3 Light of lights! when falls the even
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heav'n,
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

WILTSHIRE (*First Tune*). G. Smart.




NUN DANKET ALL (*Second Tune*). Crüger, 1653.




1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

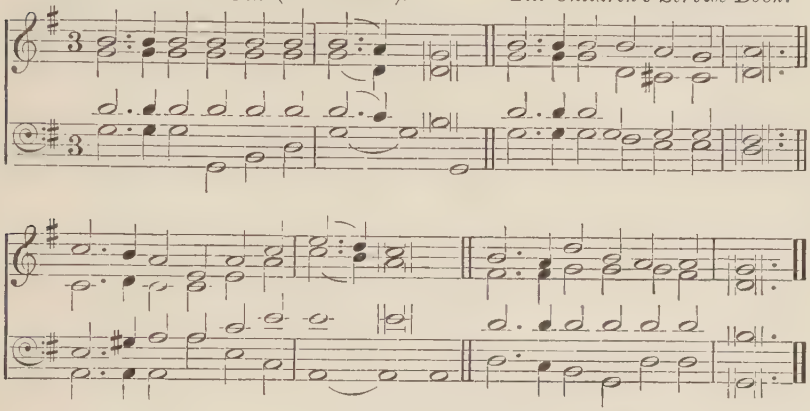
3 The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

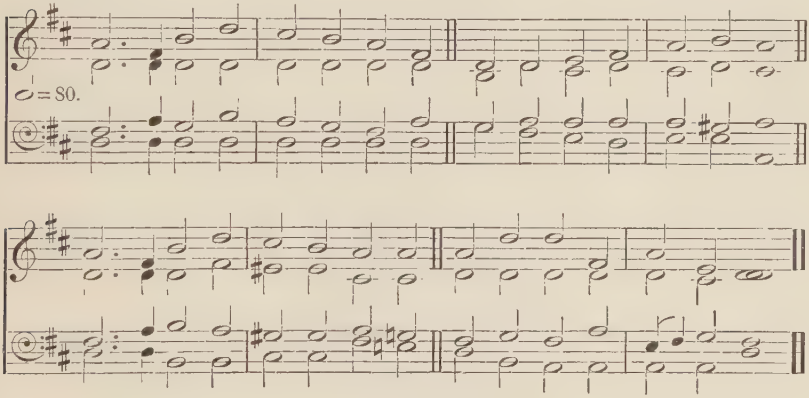
5 Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MATER SANCTORUM (*First Tune*). *The Children's Service Book.*



S. OSWALD (*Second Tune*). J. B. DYKES.




*Or Tune of* 716.

1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

2 Clear before us, through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransom'd people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Bright'ning all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;

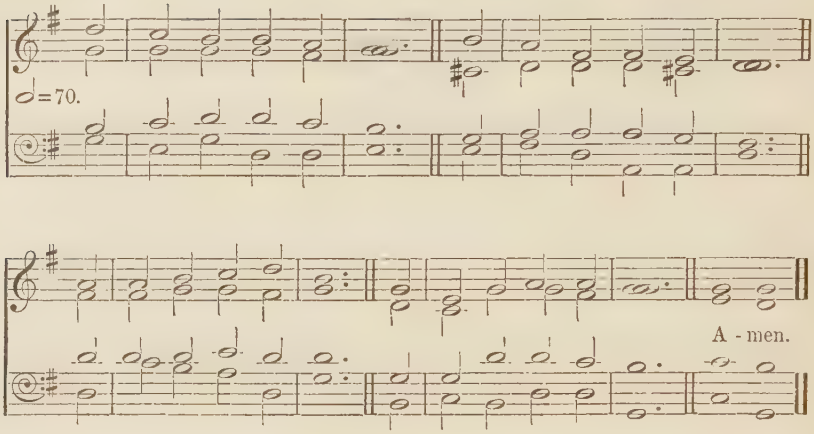
6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far Eternal Shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

8 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scatt'ring of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

833

S. CECILIA. L. G. HAYNE.




1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own Hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

4 The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

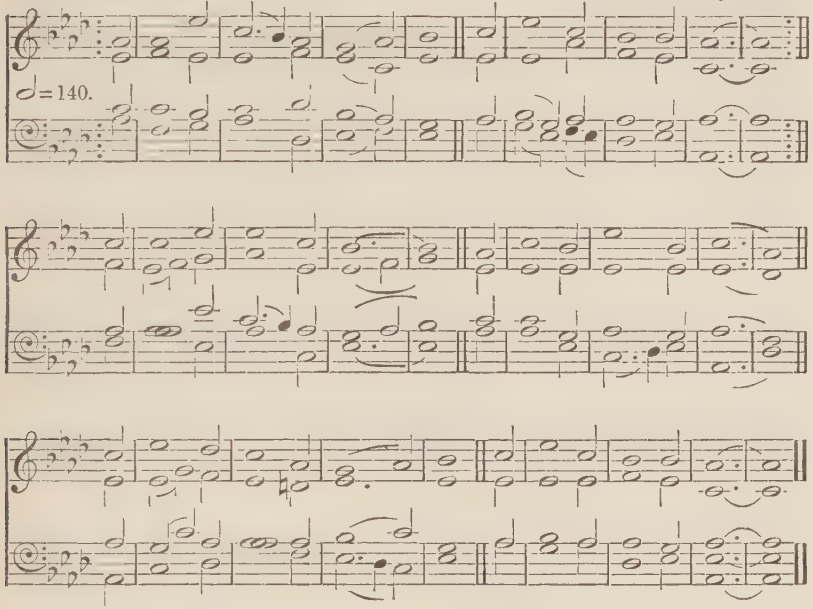
6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

8 To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal Glory be.

AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE.

An Old Melody.
Remodelled by SCHEIN.




1 To Jesus' Heart all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.
While Ages course along,
Blest be, with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus,
By ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 O Heart for sinners riven
By sheer excess of love,
The spear through thee was driven,
'Twas sin of mine that drove.
While Ages course along, &c.

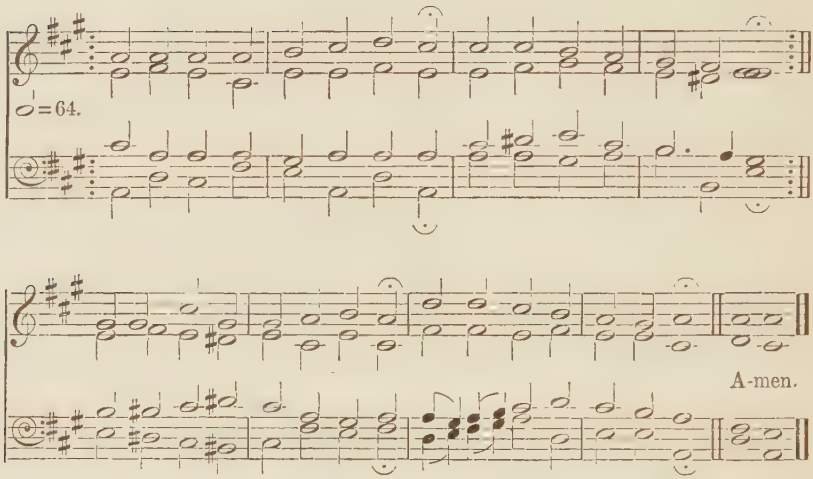
3 Too true I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin;
Yet let me now be taken
Back to my home again.
While Ages course along, &c.

4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.
While Ages course along, &c.

5 When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all thine own.
While Ages course along, &c.

## 835

ORIEL. ESTE.




1.

To the Name that brings Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But to ev'ry tongue and nation
Holy Church proclaims to-day.

2.

Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and Hell.

3.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the Citizens on High.

4.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Finds it music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heav'nly joy possesseth here.

5.

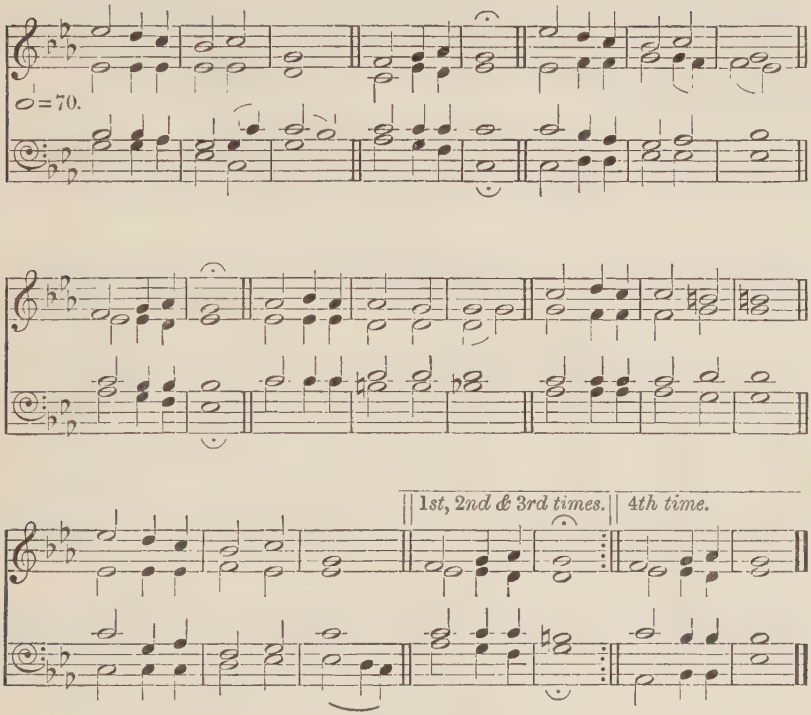
'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over ev'ry other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6.

Jesu, we, Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That, hereafter, upward soaring,
We with Angels may have part.

## 836

WE ARE BUT STRANGERS HERE. J. Karl.




*Or tune of* 822.

1 We are but strangers here,
Heav'n is our Home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is our Home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on ev'ry hand,
Heav'n is our Fatherland,
Heav'n is our Home.

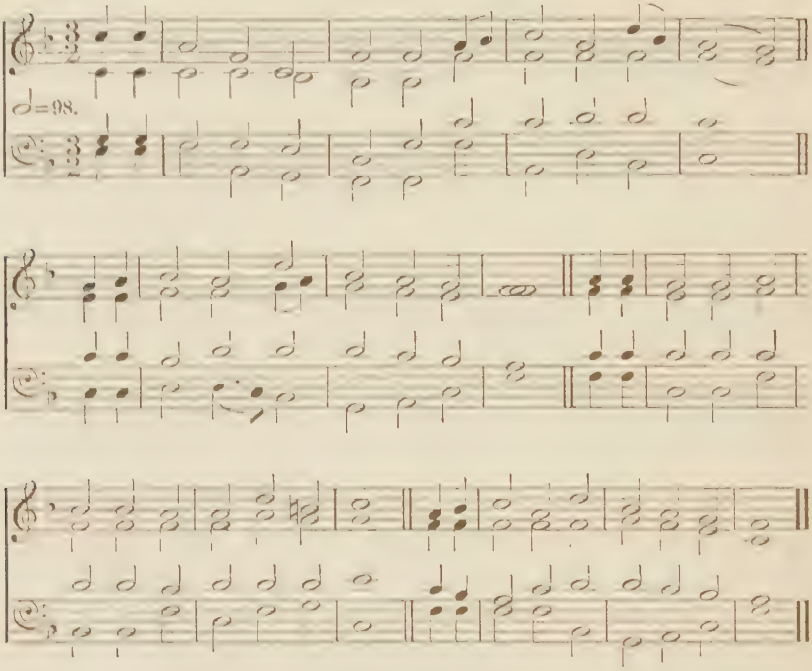
2 What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is our Home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heav'n is our Home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
Heav'n is our Home.

3 There at our Saviour's Side,
Heav'n is our Home;
May we be glorified;
Heav'n is our Home;
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heav'n is our Home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,
Heav'n is our Home;
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heav'n is our Home;
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own Right Hand,
Jesu, in Fatherland;
Heav'n is our Home.

## 837

IF WE COME TO OUR LORD. *Trier Gesangbuch.*




1 We are soldiers of Christ, Who is mighty to save,
And His Banner the Cross is unfurl'd;
We are pledged to be faithful, and steadfast, and brave,
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

2 We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,
And our faith and our hope are the same;
And we think of the Cross on which Jesus has died,
When we bear the reproach of His Name.

3 At the font we were mark'd with the Cross on our brow,
Of our grace and our calling the Sign;
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,
For the armour we wear is Divine.

4 We will watch ready arm'd, if the Tempter draw near,
If he come with a frown or a smile;
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

5 We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,
And our spirits their freedom shall win.

6 For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,
And we will not be led by the throng;
We'll be true to ourselves, to our Father on High.
And the Bright World to which we belong.

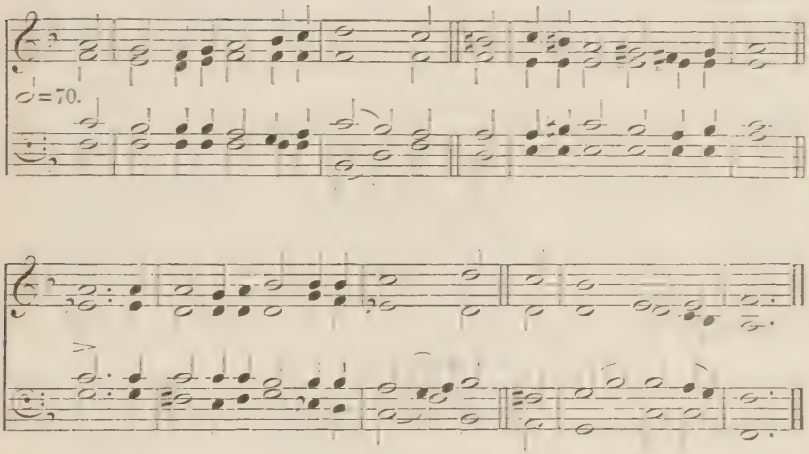
PART II.

7 Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,
While we follow where Christ leads the way;
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

8 Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the Might of our God we will stand;
Oh! what joy to be crown'd, and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland.

## 838

BRADFIELD. S. J. ROWTON.




1 WE know not a voice of that River,
If vocal or silent it be,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows to no sea.

2 More deep than the seas is that River,
More full than their manifold tides,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and abides.

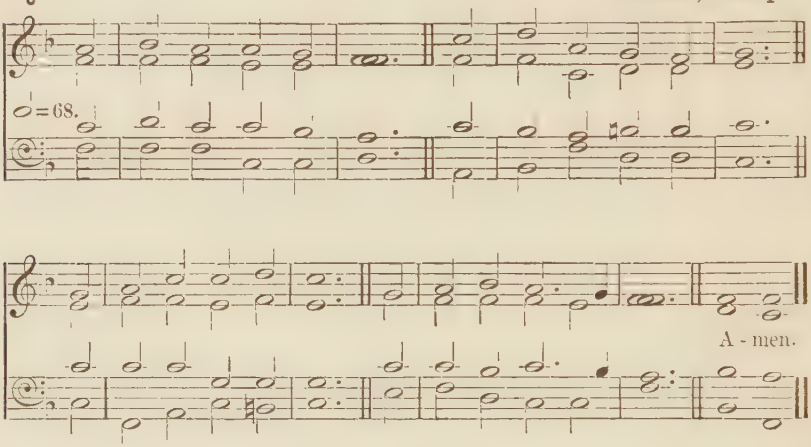
3 Pure gold is the bed of that River,—
The gold of that land is the best—
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows on at rest.

4 Oh goodly the banks of that River,
Oh goodly the fruits that they bear,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows, and is fair.

5 For lo! on each bank of that River
The Tree of Life life-giving grows,
Where for ever and ever and ever
The pure River flows.

839

QUAM DILECTA. H. L. JENNER, Bishop.




1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All other joy excels;

2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred Font;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessings from above.

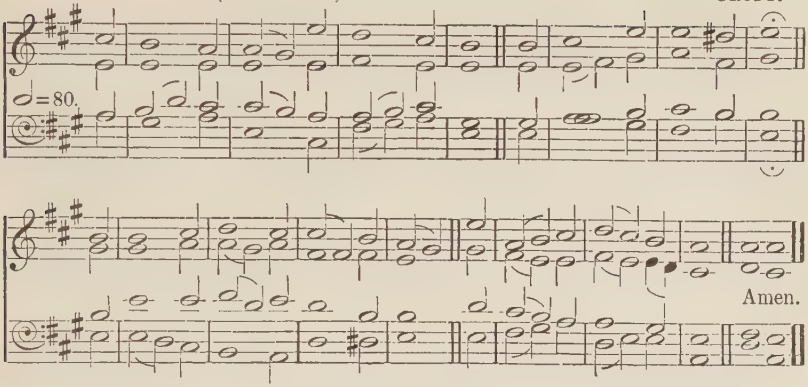
4 We love Thine Altar, Lord;
Its Mysteries revere;
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy Presence near.

5 We love the Word of life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

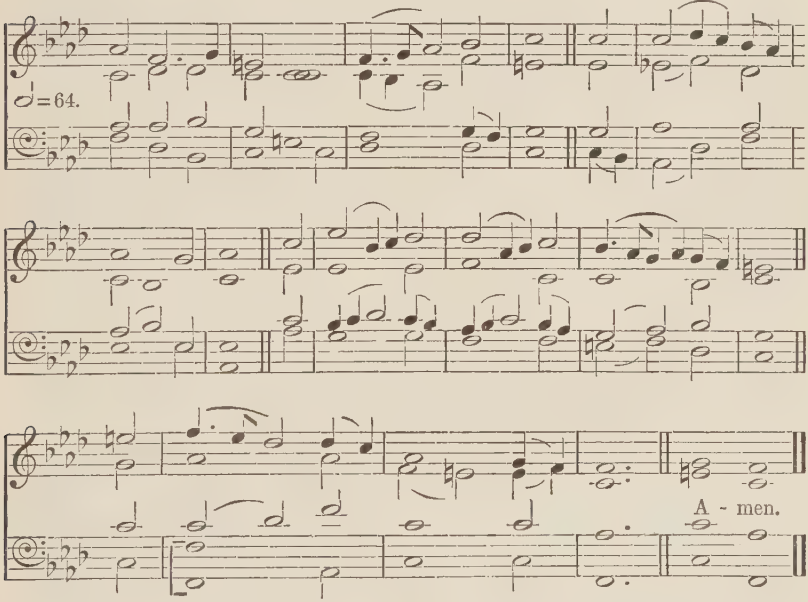
6 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of Heav'n.

7 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heav'n to see Thy Face,
And with Thy Saints adore.

NORTHAMPTON (*First Tune*). CROFT.




KING'S NORTON (*Second Tune*). JER. CLARK'S Melody and Bass.




1 WE praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry soul
That leaves this world in peace;
Haste the full number of Thy Saints,
That all may find release.

2 We thank Thee for the struggle past,
For grace so richly given;
We know Thy blessing still shall last,
We watch the op'ning Heav'n.

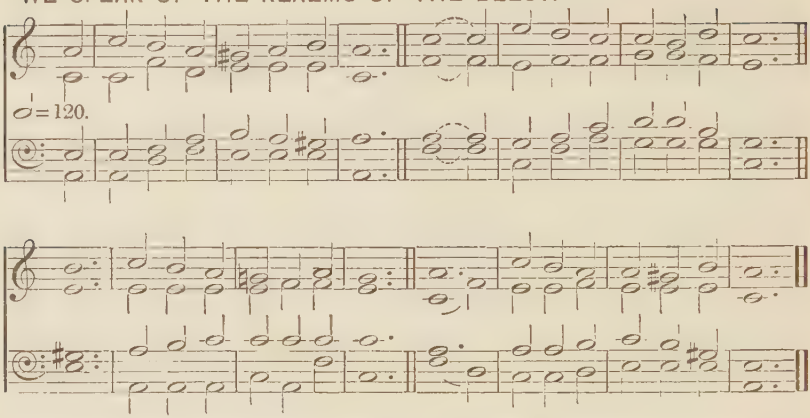
3 As, one by one, the souls we love
Are taken from our sight,
Our hearts rise up to praise the care
Which claims the spirit's flight.

4 Here in the dust the form is left
Which felt the touch of sin;
But Jesu! Thine indwelling grace
Shall life and glory win.

5 O Lord, how long shall death prevail
To check Thy Triumph Day?
O speed the trumpet's glorious call,
Which earth and Heav'n obey.

## 841

WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.




1 We speak of the Realms of the Blest,
Of that Country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
But what must it be to be there?

5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the Ransom'd above;
But what must it be to be there?

6 Let us then amidst pleasures or woe
Still for Heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

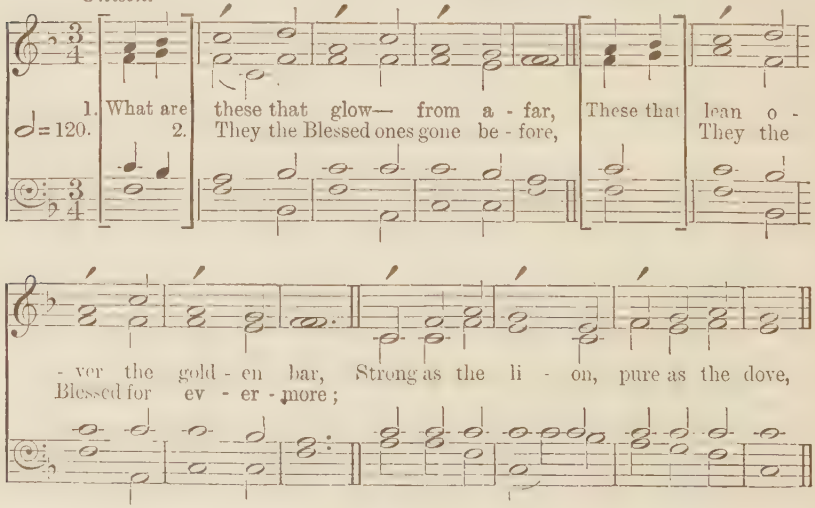
## 842

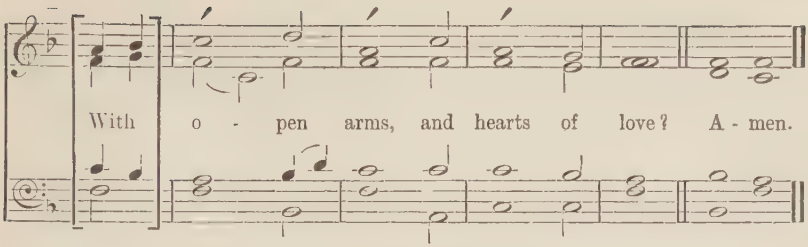
GOAD JESUS.

*Unison.*

Breton Air.

From the Collection by Dr. BULLINGER, by permission.






The accents are for a guide through the irregularities of the metre.

1.

WHAT are thése that glŏw fróm afar,
These that léan ovér the gólden bar,
Stróng as the líon, púre as the dove,
With ópen árms, and héarts of love?

2.

Théy the Bléssèd ones góne before,
Théy the Bléssed for évermore;
Oút of great tríbulátion they went
Home tó their hóme of Héav'n-content.

3.

What are thése that flȳ ás a cloud,
With fláshing héads and faces bow'd;
Ĭn their móuths a victórious psalm,
In their hánds a rŏbe ánd a palm?

4.

Wélcoming Ángels thése that shine,
Yoúr own Ángel, and yóurs, and mine;
Whŏ have hédged us, both dáy and night,
Ón the left hánd and ón the right.

5.

Líght above light, and blíss beyond blíss,
Whom wórds cannot útter, lo, Whó is this?
Ás a King with mány crówns He stands,
And our námes are gráven upón His Hands.

6.

As a Príest, with Gód-uplífted eyes,
Hë óffers for ús His Sácrifice,
Ás the Lamb of Gód, for sínners slain,
That wé too may líve, He líves again.

7.

Gód the Fáther gíve us grace
To wálk in the light of Jésu's Face;
Gŏd the Són give ús a part
In the híding-pláce of Jésu's Heart.

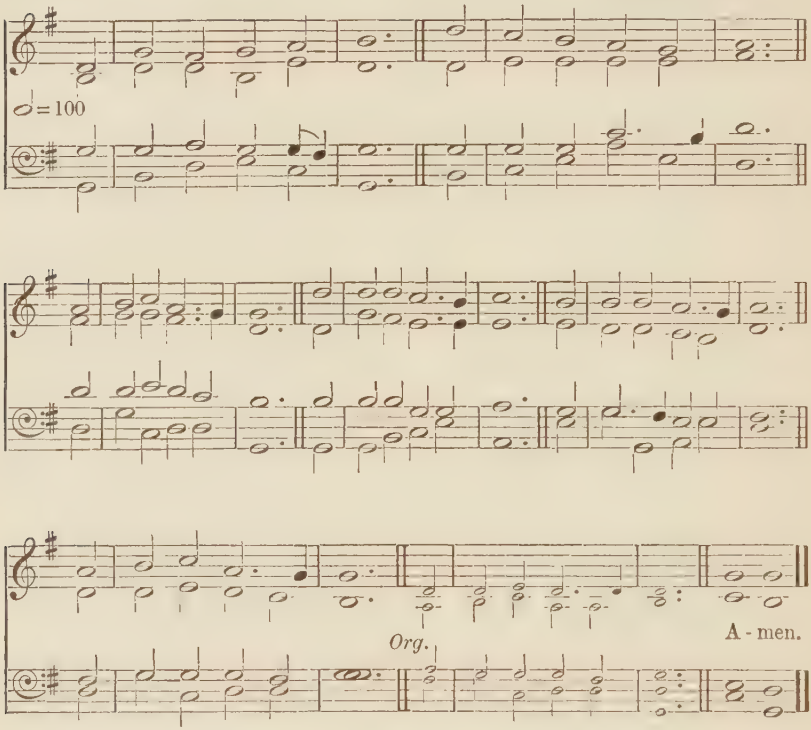
8.

Gód the Spírit so hóld us up,
That wé may drínk of Jésu's Cup,
Gŏd Almíghty, Gód Three in One,
Gód Almíghty, True Gód alone.

# 843

S. BIRINUS.

German.
From *The Children's Service Book.*



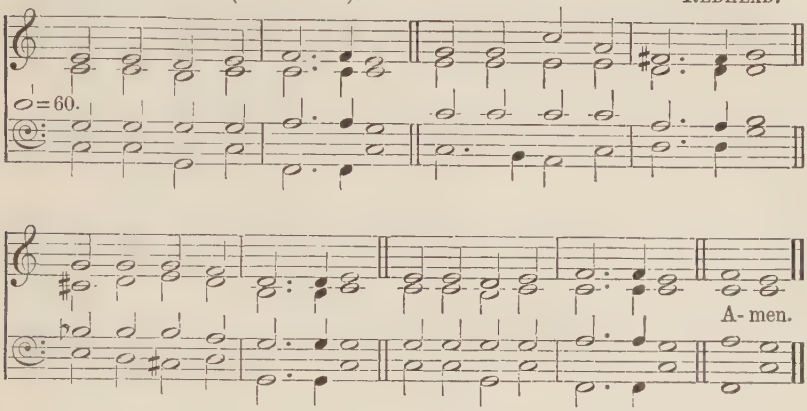

1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Oh! hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

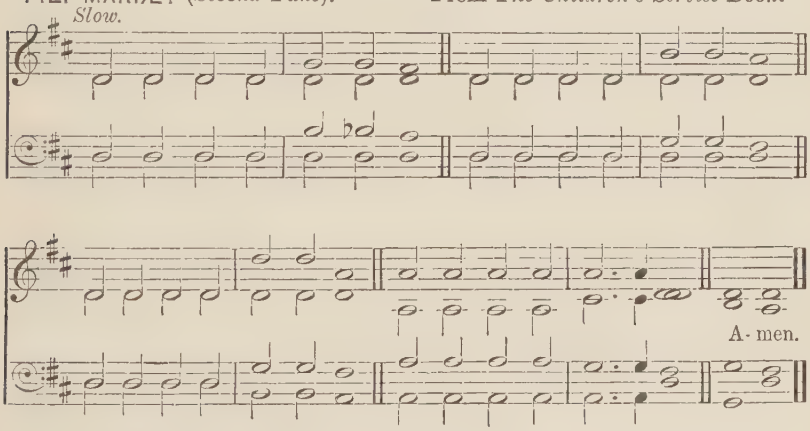
3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My Canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this th' Eternal Song,
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

REDHEAD No. 47 (*First Tune*). REDHEAD.




FILI MARIÆ! (*Second Tune*). From *The Children's Service Book.*




1 WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When the bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou, O Lord, our flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

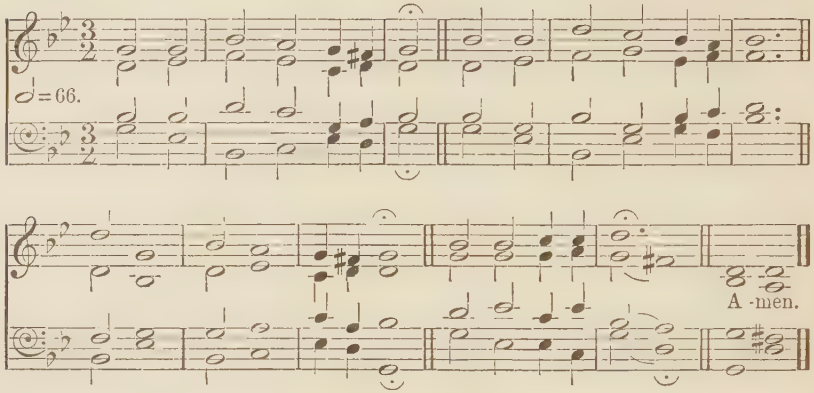
4 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine Own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls;
When our final doom is near,
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear.

## 845

LORD OF MERCY. C. J. RIDSDALE.




*Or Tune of* 653.

1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is still'd,
When the foe within is kill'd,
Be Thy gracious word fulfill'd,
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy Day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore.

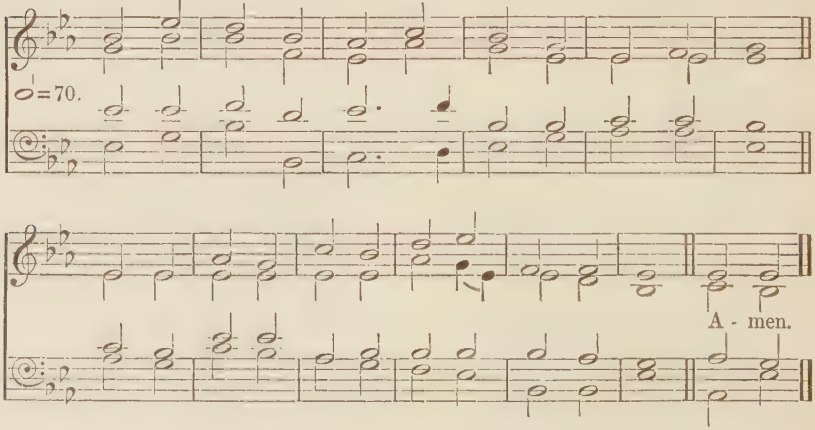
4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels a length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

4 When for vanish'd days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours the Crown—
Life for evermore.

## 846

DURLOCKS. *The Children's Service Book.*




1 WHERE the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

2 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

3 Raise thine eyes to Heaven,
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

4 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

5 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in Heav'n shall know.

6 Jesu, Gracious Saviour,
In the Realms Above
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

## 847

### WHILE THE CROSS IS GLEAMING.

C. T. Bowen.

*Vivace.*

♩ = 96.

By permission of W. Clowes & Sons, from Chope's Carols.

1 While the Cross is gleaming,
Sign of vict'ry gain'd,
Banners o'er us streaming
Tell of war maintain'd:
Christ His strife hath ended
With the Powers of ill,
By His might defended,
We are striving still.

3 Through exceeding sorrow
Christ the battle won,
Ere a brighten'd morrow
Was for man begun;
Though we work in sadness,
We must work His will,
Till the morn of gladness
Break o'er Zion's hill.

3 On His Body feeding,
We are strong to fight,
'Neath His Church's leading,
We shall strive aright:
For the Faith of ages,
Given once for all,
Each true soldier wages
Warfare at her call.

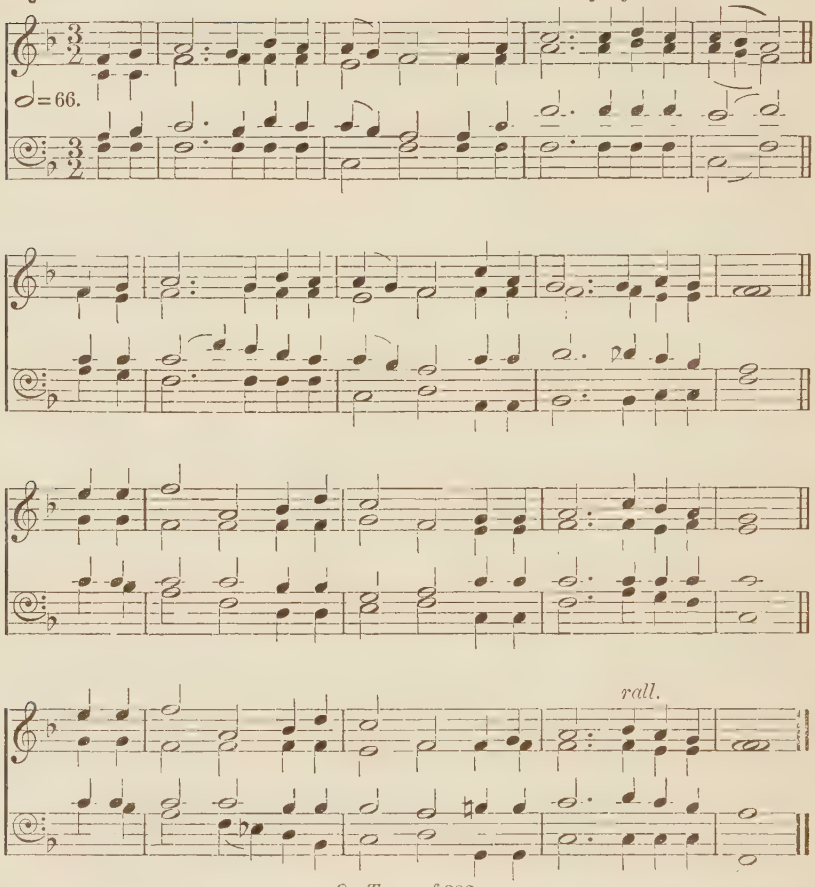
4 With His Cross before us,
Foes in vain assail;
With His banner o'er us,
We through love prevail;
He came forth victorious
From the mortal strife;
He will make us glorious,
Crown'd with Crowns of Life.

5 Happy then the meeting,
When we see His Face,
Welcome then the greeting
From the Throne of grace:
"Good and faithful servants
Of My Father Blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest."

**848**

QUIS ADEST?

Harmony by G. H. Palmer.




*Or Tune of* 382.

1 Who is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from Everlasting,
And to Everlasting God.

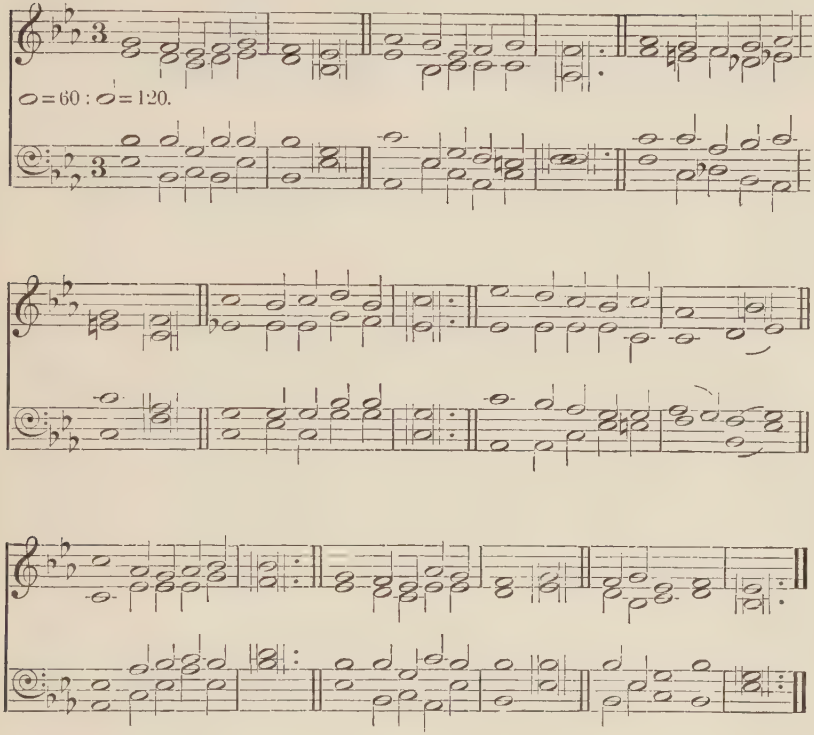
2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His Throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Number'd with the malefactors,
Pierc'd by nails, and crown'd with thorns?
'Tis the God Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on High,
In the glorious golden City
Reigning everlastingly!

## 849

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. J. KARL.



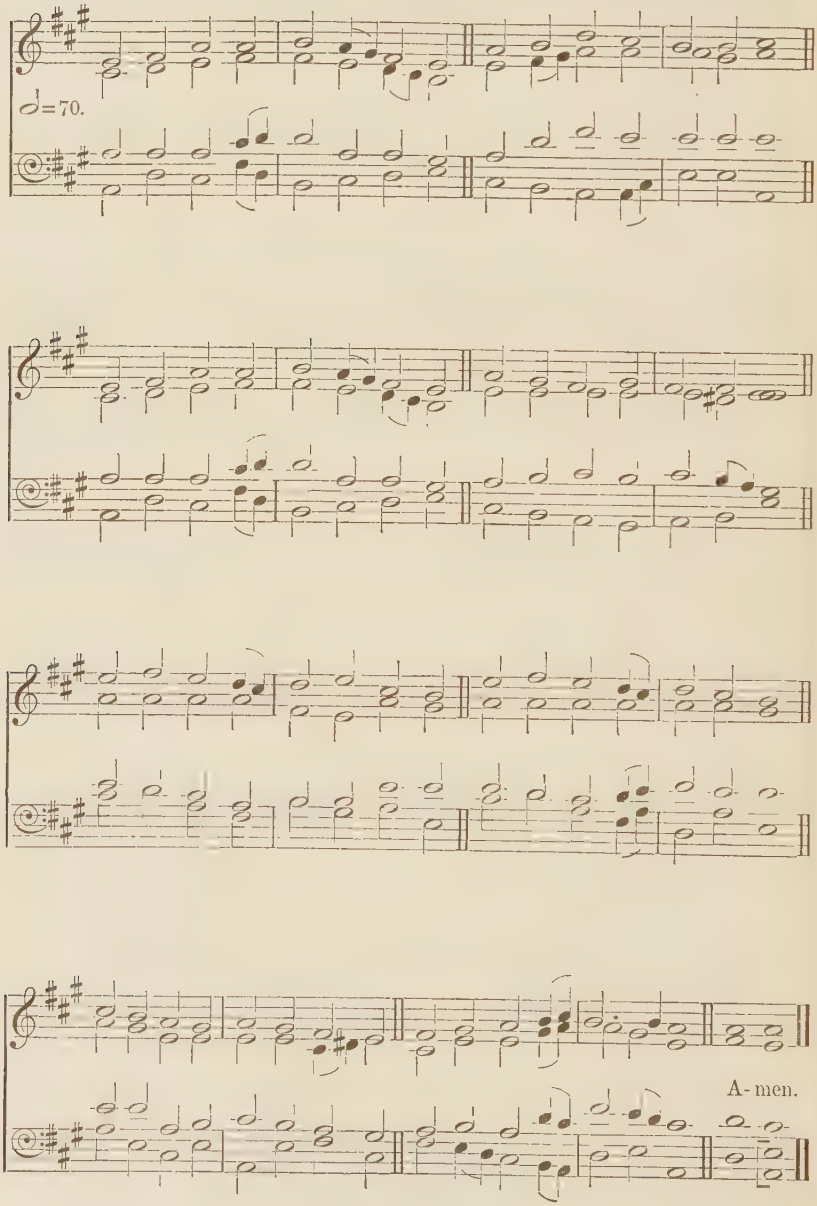

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work amid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labour,
Rest cometh sure and soon:
Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

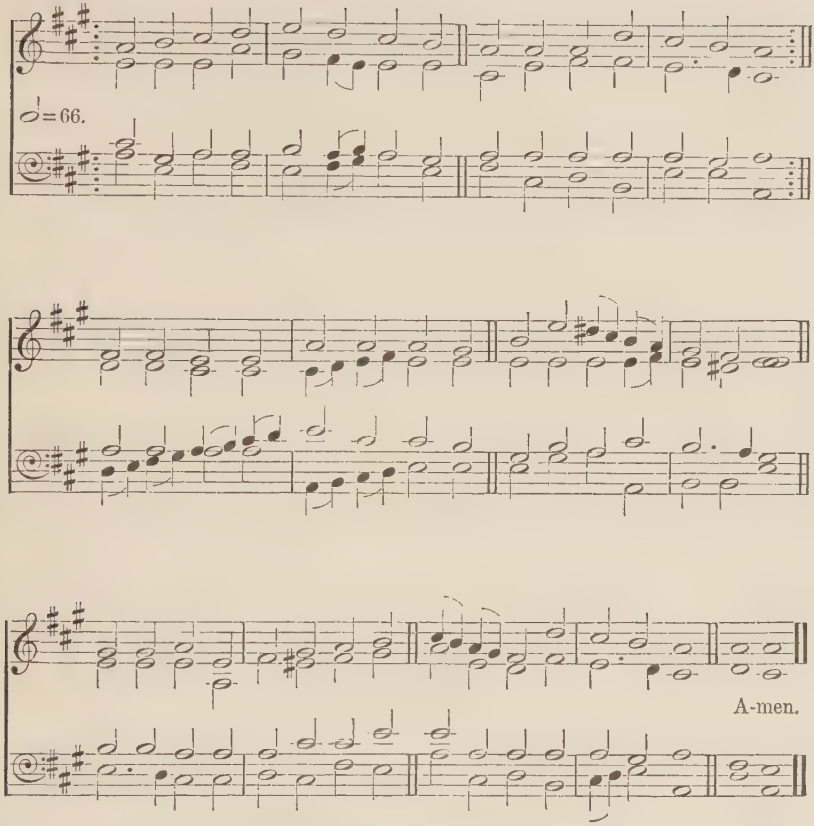
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

## 850

WORSHIP, HONOUR, GLORY, BLESSING (*First Tune*). C. J. RIDSDALE.



CORINTH (*Second Tune*).




Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name;
Young and old, their thanks expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim:
As the Saints in Heav'n adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy Throne;
As Thine Angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

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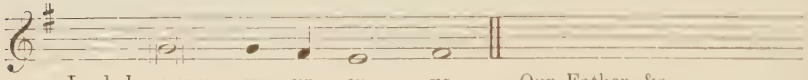
End of Part III.

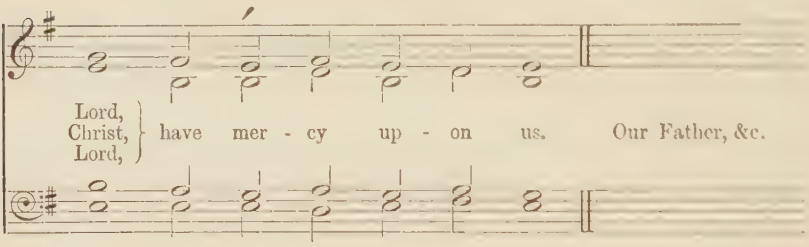
# PART IV.

## Litanies.

Music of the Versicles, &c., which may be transposed to any key in relation to the Litany just sung.



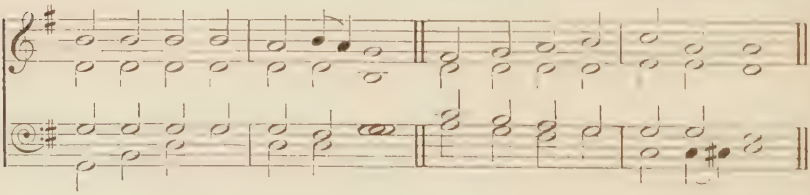

*Or this—*

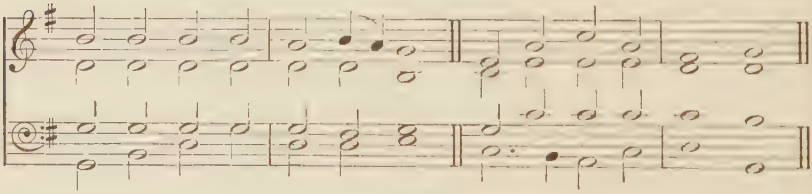


NOTE.—When Alleluia is added (as at Eastertide), the inflection must be delayed till the penultimate of Alleluia.

**851**

LITANY OF PENITENCE. From *The Children's Service Book.*





# Litany of Penitence.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Father, hear Thy children's call;
Humbly at Thy Feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent we breathe Thy Name;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the Tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Part II.

6 We Thy call have disobey'd,
Into paths of sin have stray'd,
And repentance have delay'd;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stain'd, we pray for sanctity;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn,
Truly contrite we may mourn;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Part III.

11 By Thy gracious saving call,
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on High:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy Judgement fear,
And through trial persevere;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised Heav'nly prize;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore;
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
℣. Wash me throughly from my | wickedness.
℟. And cleanse me | from my | sin.

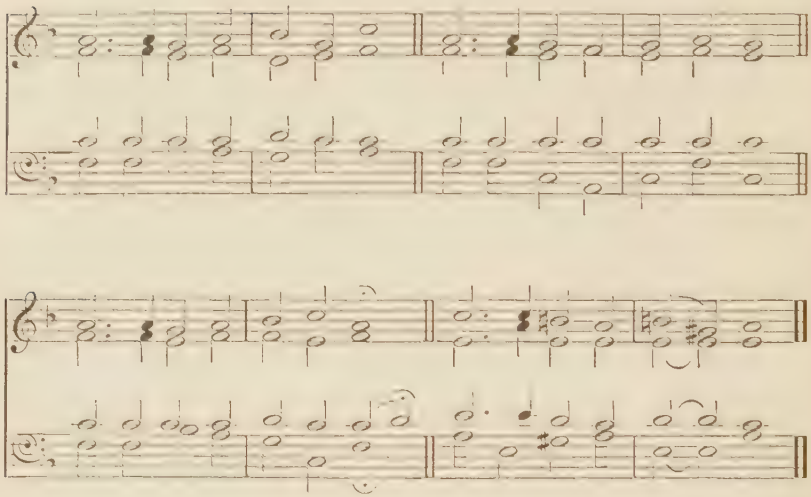
Let us pray.

Almighty and Everlasting God, Who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

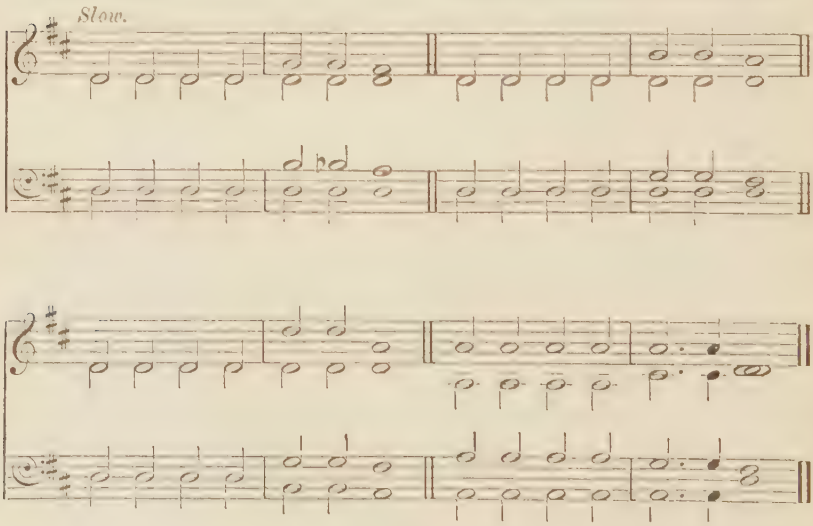
## LITANY OF THE PASSION.

852

(*First Tune.*) From *The Children's Service Book.*



(*Second Tune.*) From *The Children's Service Book.*



# Litany of the Passion.

1 God the Father, seen of none,
God the Sole-begotten Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part II.

3 By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumber'd in Gethsemane,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 By the kiss of treachery,
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 By the words of Caiaphas,
Dooming Thee for all Thy race,
By the spitting on Thy Face,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 By those sad rebuking eyes,
Moving Peter's tears and sighs,
When he had denied Thee thrice,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 By Thy being bound in thrall,
When they led Thee, one and all,
Unto Pilate's Judgement-hall,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and Crown of Thorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 By the insult of the Jews
When Barabbas they would choose,
And would Christ, their King, refuse,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised their wicked cry,
"Crucify Him, Crucify!"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 By the Cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy nailing to the Tree,
By the Title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy Seven Words then said,
By the bowing of Thy Head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 By the piercing of Thy Side,
By the stream of double tide,
Blood and Water thence supplied,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Part III.

16 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

17 Cleansing us from outward sin,
And from evil thoughts within,
That we may true pureness win,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

18 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss,
But Thee only on Thy Cross,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

19 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past,
We may see Thy Face at last!
Save us, Holy Jesu.

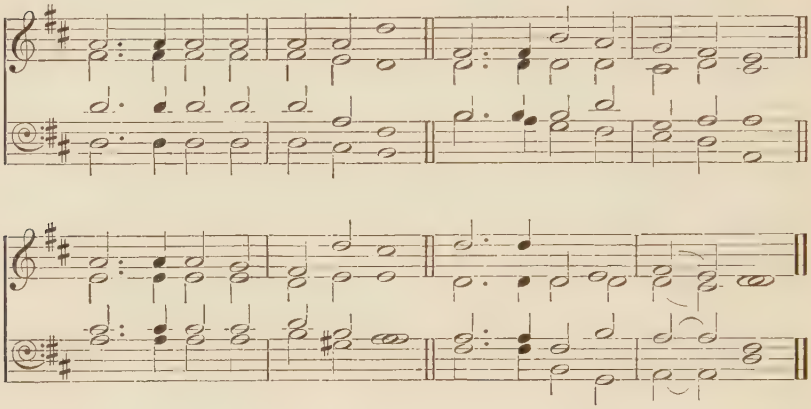
Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
℣. The chastisement of our peace was up- | -on Him.
℟. And with His stripes we are | healed.

Let us pray.

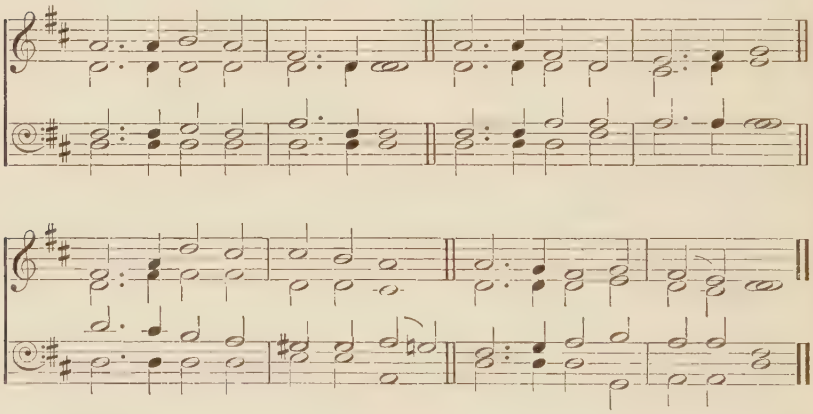
Almighty God, we beseech Thee graciously to behold this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was content to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the Cross. Who now liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever One God, world without end. *Amen.*

## 853 *LITANY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.*

(*First Tune.*) R. Woodward.



(*Second Tune.*) French Litany.



1 God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Ever Blesséd Three in One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Word Eternal, Uncreate,
Maker of the Universe,
God of God, and Light of Light,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Bruiser of the serpent's head,
Promised seed of Abraham,
Lion of Judah, Shiloh blest,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Star of Jacob, Morning Star,
Healing Sun of Righteousness,
Glorious Day-spring from on High,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Of our brethren, Prophet true,
Spoken of by Moses,
Angel of the Covenant,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Rose of Sharon, spotless Flower,
Lily of the Valley,
Vine of Israel, Tree of Life,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Stem of Jesse, Righteous Branch,
David's Root and Offspring,
David's Son, and David's Lord,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Seed of the woman, Virgin-born,
Son of blessed Mary,
Royal Babe of Bethlehem,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Messiah, Prophet, Priest and King,
God with us Immanuel,
Very God and Very Man,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Long-expected Prince of Peace,
Desire of many nations,
Great Physician of our souls,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 Guide of the wanderer, sinner's Friend,
Rest of the heavy-laden,
Spouse of Virgins, Crown of Saints,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

12 From all sin and fleshly lusts,
From the assaults of the Devil,
From the world's deceitful pomp,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

13 From all envy and pride of heart,
Hatred and maliciousness,
From all evil and deadly sin,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

14 From the vengeance of Thy wrath,
Sword, or fire, or pestilence,
Pining hunger, or sudden death,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

15 From all heresy and unbelief,
Hardness and impenitence,
From all doubt or distrust in Thee,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

PART III.

16 By Thy Virgin Mother pure,
Giving birth to Thee, her God,
Maiden-Mother, Mother-Maid,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

17 By Thy suffering Infancy,
By Thy manger-cradle,
Swaddling bands, and bed of straw,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

18 By Thy journey, long and drear,
Flying from King Herod's wrath,
Outcast Exile from Thy Home,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

19 By Thy foster-father's care,
By Thy holy Childhood,
By Thy meek humility,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

20 Child of labour, by Thy toil
In the shop of Nazareth,
Working for Thy daily bread,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

21 By Thy pain and hunger keen,
Fasting in the wilderness,
By Thy thirst at Jacob's well,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

22 By Thy weary walk of love,
Seeking Thy lost sheep to save,
Saviour, Redeemer, Shepherd true,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

23 By Thy crying, grief, and tears,
Bloody sweat and agony,
By the kiss of treachery,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

24 By Thy look on Peter turn'd
In the dreadful Judgement-hall,
Look of pardon, look of love,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

25 By the reed in mockery given,
By the purple robe of shame,
Cruel scourge and Crown of Thorns,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

26 By Thy precious Death and Burial,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Mighty God, Ascended Lord,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

27 When the Archangel's trump shall
And the dead again shall rise, [sound,
Oh in that dread Judgement Day,
Good Lord, remember me.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.

℣. The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt a- | mong us. (Alle- | -luia.)
℟. And we have seen His | glory. (Alle- | -luia.)

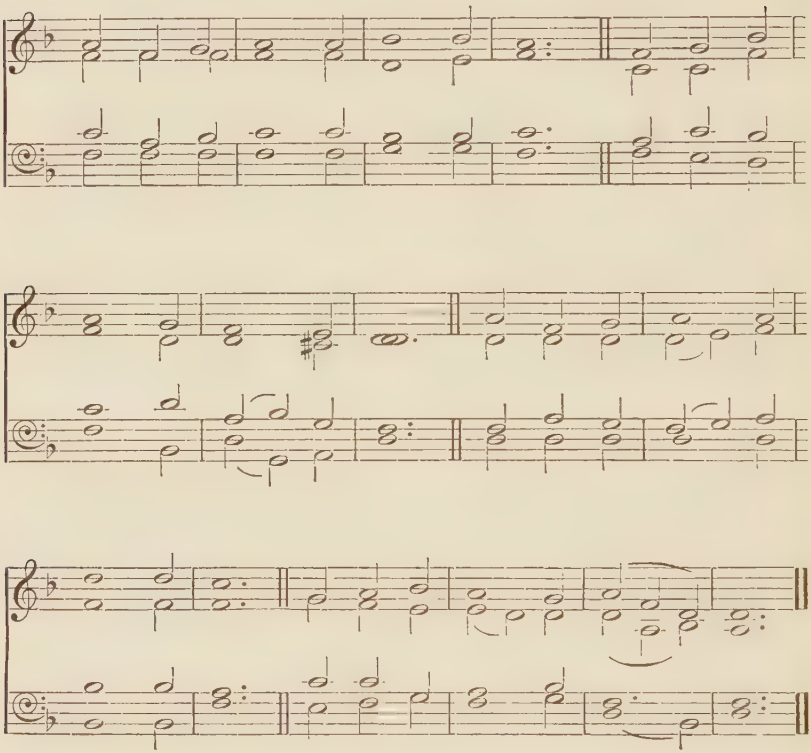
Let us pray.

O God, Whose Blessed Son was manifested that He might destroy the works of the Devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of Eternal Life; Grant us, we beseech Thee, that, having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as He is pure; that, when He shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto Him in His Eternal and Glorious Kingdom; where with Thee, O Father, and Thee, O Holy Ghost, He liveth and reigneth, ever One God, world without end. *Amen.*

## LITANY OF THE ROGATION DAYS.

**854**

LITANY OF S. AGATHA.



1 O God the Father, God the Son,
Eternal Spirit, Three in One,
Blest Trinity, while ages run,
In loving kindness, hear us.

2 Lord, to our humble prayers attend,
Oh may Thy peace from Heav'n descend,
And to our souls salvation send;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

3 Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace,
The welfare of Thy Church increase,
And bid all strife and discord cease;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

4 To all who meet for worship here,
Do Thou in faithfulness draw near;
Inspire with faith and godly fear;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

5 Oh let Thy Priests be clothed with might,
To rule within Thy Church aright,
That they may serve as in Thy sight;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

6 The sovereign ruler of our land
Protect by Thine Almighty Hand,
And all around the throne who stand;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

7 In time of war be near to aid,
Strong be the arm for battle made,
Prostrate be ev'ry foeman laid;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

8 Let clouds and sunshine bless the earth,
Give fruits and flowers a timely birth,
Our harvests crown with peaceful mirth;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

9 Let voyagers by land and sea
In danger's hour in safety be;
The suffering and the captive free;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

10 Around us let Thine arm be cast,
Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,
And tribulation's bitter blast;
Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

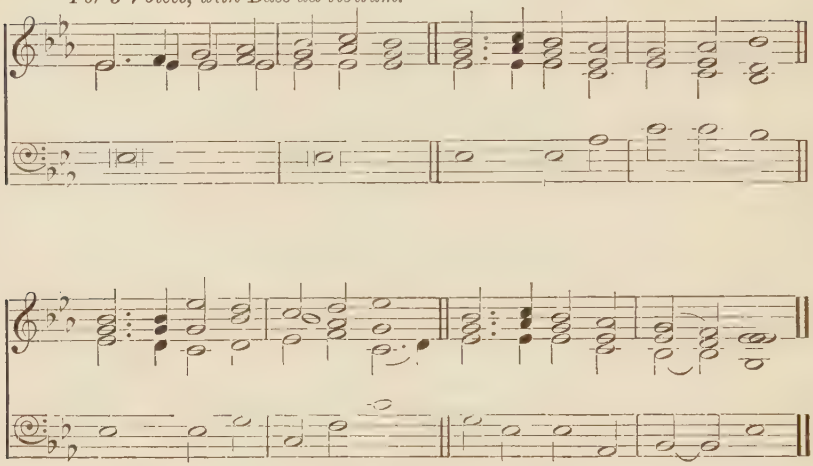
Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
℣. Ask and ye | shall receive.
℟. That your joy | may be full.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, Lord of Heaven and earth, in Whom we live, and move, and have our being, Who dost cause Thy sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendest rain both upon the just and the unjust; We beseech Thee at this time favourably to behold Thy people, who call upon Thee, and send Thy blessing down from Heaven to give us a fruitful season; that, our hearts being continually filled with Thy goodness, we may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

## 855 LITANY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*For 3 Voices, with Bass ad libitum.*



1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne:
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, guiding us aright,
Spirit, making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

PART II.

5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou Whom Jesus from His Throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect Will,
Making Jesus present still,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on Baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave,
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

PART III.

9 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthral,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of Truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper lôve to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

13 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

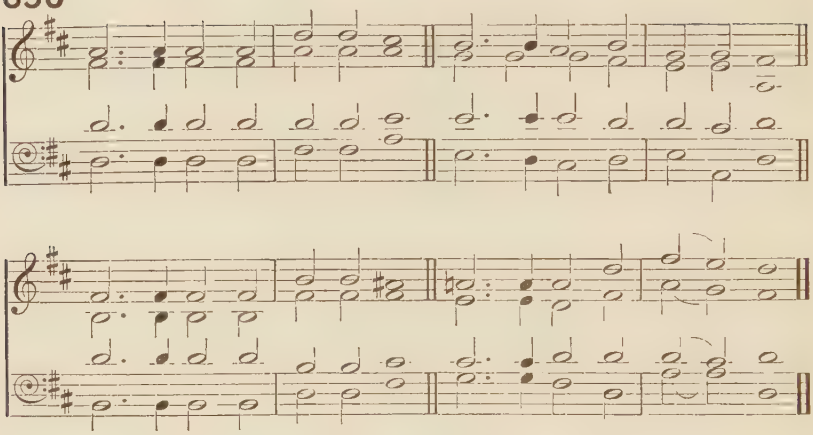
14 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
All Thy Sev'nfold Gifts impart;
Never more from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
℣. Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful | people. (Alle- | -luia.)
℟. And kindle in them the Fire | of Thy love. (Alle- | -luia.)

Let us pray.

God, Who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people by the sending to them the light of Thy Holy Spirit; Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgement in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His Holy Comfort; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the Unity of the same Spirit, One God, world without end. *Amen.*

## 856 *LITANY OF THE CHURCH.*



1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heav'nly Throne;
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from ev'ry foe,
Comfort her in time of woe;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Part II.

5 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a Judgement near,
Telling of a Saviour dear;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 All her fetter'd powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the Heav'nly gift of peace;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 All that she has lost restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold;
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 May her Priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

12 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Listen to her warning cry;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 May her scatter'd children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Arm her soldiers with the Cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the Home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blesséd there;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

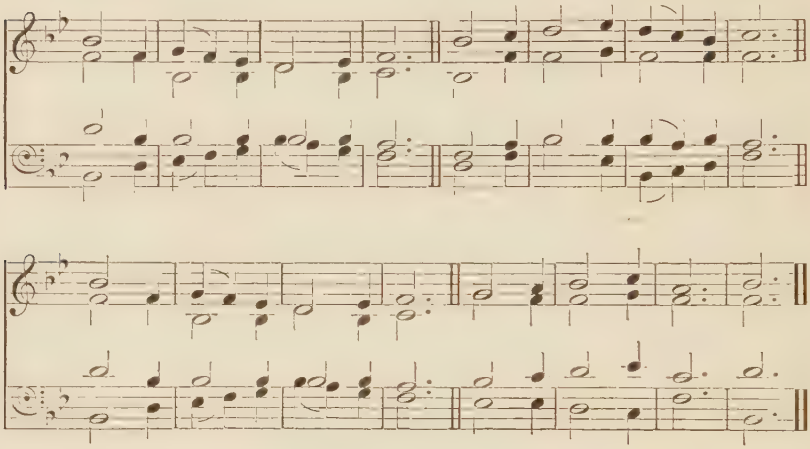
Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
℣. Christ is the Head of the | Body. (Alle- | -luia.)
℟. The Church. (Alle- | -luia.)

Let us pray.

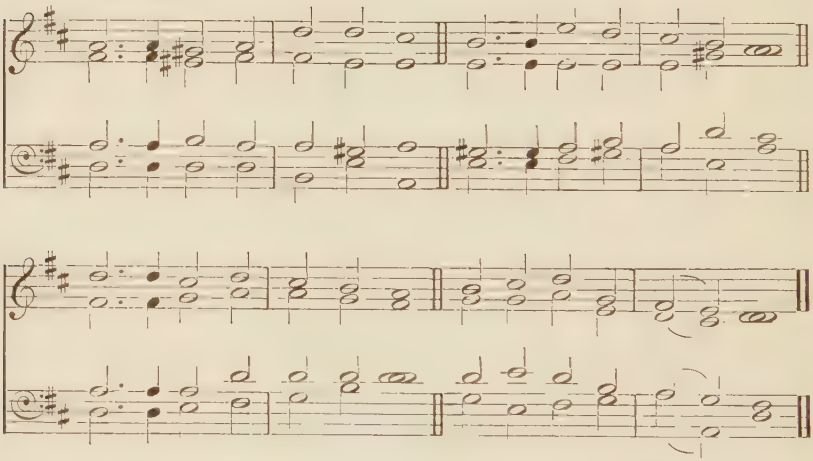
Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## 857 *LITANY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.*

(*First Tune.*) Rouen Melody.



(*Second Tune.*)



1 God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever-Blesséd Three in One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Bread of Life, from Heav'n come down,
Hidden God and Saviour,
Sacrifice for ever One,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

3 Bread of Fatness, Royal Food,
Wine, whose fruit are Virgins,
Ever living Sacrifice,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

4 Spotless Lamb of God most High,
On the Heav'nly Altar seen,
Priest and Victim, both in One,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

5 Hallow'd Corn of God's elect,
Cup of Blessing fill'd for us,
Hidden Manna, Angels' Food,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

6 Son of God, and Son of Man,
Atonement of the guilty soul,
Marvel of exceeding Love,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

7 Pledge of Thine Eternal Gifts,
Memorial of Thy Passion,
Heav'nly Antidote for death,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

8 Word-made-flesh, 'neath earthly veils,
Gift surpassing all our hopes,
Food, and Sharer of the Feast,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

9 Medicine of Eternal Life,
August and Holy Mystery,
Purest Offering, Paschal Lamb,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

10 Fountain-head of Life and Love,
Pledge of future Glory,
Nourishment of holy souls,
Save us, O sweet Jesu.

PART II.

11 From all frail and worldly thoughts,
From the unworthy reception
Of Thy Body and Thy Blood,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

12 From the lust of sinful flesh,
From the lust of wandering eyes,
From the o'erweening pride of life,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

PART III.

13 By the Desire wherewith, ere death,
Thou desiredst with the Twelve
Thy last Paschal Feast to eat,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

14 By that deep Humility
Wherewith Thou didst wash their feet,
Giving the New Law of Love,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

15 By that burning Love of Thine,
Moving Thee to institute
This most Holy Sacrament,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

16 By the Sacred Testament
Of Thine Own most Precious Blood,
To our altars left by Thee,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

17 By Thy Body's Five Blest Wounds,
Thy torn Hands and pierced Feet,
And Thy Heart which bled with love,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

18 That it may please Thee to increase
Faith in us, and reverence
Towards this Blessed Sacrament,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

19 That it may please Thee grace to give,
That, with souls absolved and free,
We may oft approach the Feast,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

20 That it may please Thee to forgive
All the unworthy Communions
Made by Christians unprepared,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

21 That it may please Thee to preserve
All Thy flock from heresy,
And from blindness of the heart,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

22 That it may please Thee to impart
All the rich and Heav'nly Fruits
Of this Holy Sacrament,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

23 That it may please Thee life to give,
In the strength of that blest meat,
Safe to tread the path of death,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.

℣. Thou gavest them Bread from | Heaven. (Alle- | -luia.)

℟. Containing in Itself all | sweetness. (Alle- | -luia.)

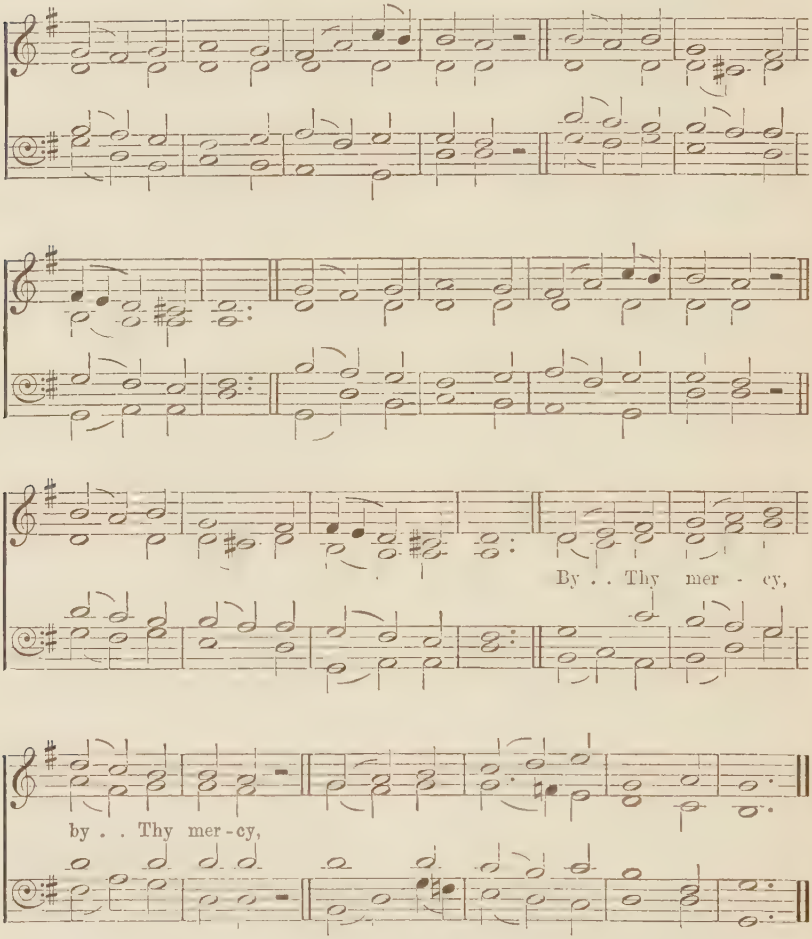
Let us pray.

O God, Who in this wonderful Sacrament hast left unto us a Memorial of Thy Passion: grant us, we beseech Thee, so to reverence the Sacred Mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may ever perceive within ourselves the fruit of Thy Redemption. Who livest and reignest, One God, world without end. *Amen.*

858

## LITANY OF TIMES OF TROUBLE.

From Haydn.




1 God the Father throned in Heaven,
God the Everlasting Son,
God the Spirit freely given,
Ever Blessed Three in One;
By Thy mercy,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Lord, we kneel before Thee:
Bend from Heav'n Thy gracious Ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hard'ning power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the time of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgement-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

7 Jesu, may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we, now Thy love possessing,
Reap at length our full Reward;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, Good Lord.

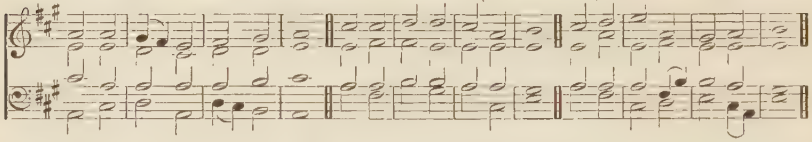
Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
The Lord hear thee in the day of | trouble.
The Name of the God of Jacob de- | -fend thee.

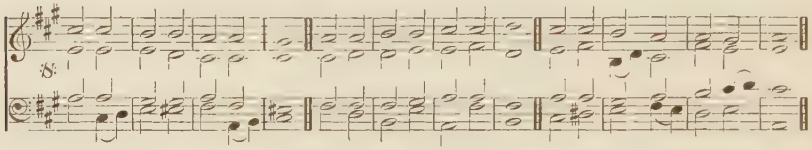
Let us pray.

O, God, Merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought; and by the providence of Thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

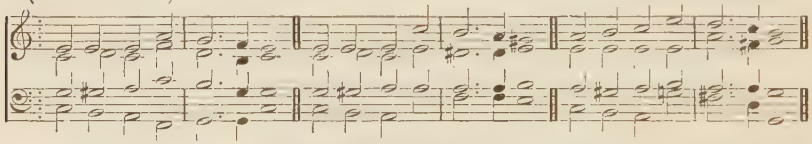
## 859 *LITANY OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.*

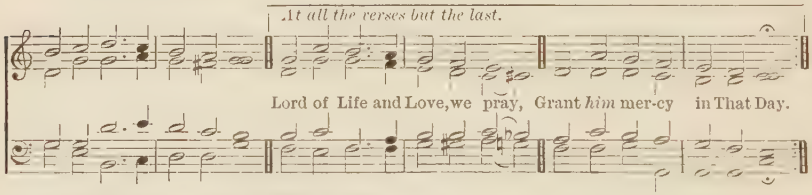
ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN (*First Tune*). J. SCHOP, 1640.

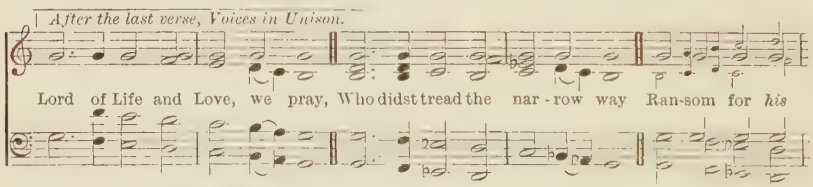


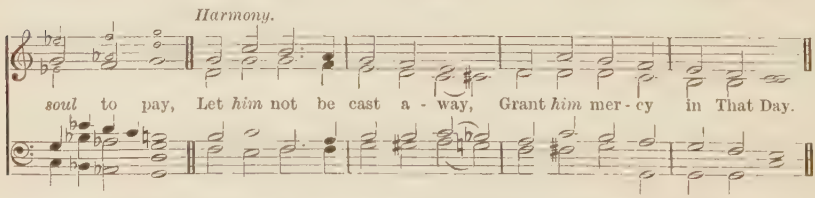


(*Second Tune.*) J. BADEN POWELL.





℣. I heard a voice from Heaven say-ing un-to me, . .
℟. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. .

*The rest is to be said in Monotone.*

# Litany of the Faithful Departed.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever Blessed Three in One;
Hearken to our humble prayer;
Hear us when we call to Thee,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Hear us, Son of God, O hear!
We approach Thee for our dead;
Lead *him*, in the vale of fear,
Be Thy wings around *him* spread;
Lord of Life and Love we pray,
Grant *him* mercy in that day.

3 Grant Thy faithful rest and light
In Thy Paradise of calm,
Lying, till be past the night,
In the breast of Abraham;
Lord of Life, &c.

Part II.

4 Child of Mary, Who didst bear
Mortal flesh, for man to die;
Child of sorrow, toil and care,
Grant *him* rest eternally;
Lord of Life, &c.

5 Dweller in the Vale of Death,
Second Adam, Source of Life,
Wearer of the thorny wreath,
Victor in the deadly strife;
Lord of Life, &c.

6 Thou Who didst let fall the tear
On the grave of Bethany;
Who at Nain didst stay the bier
That lone mother's tear to dry;
Lord of Life, &c.

7 Thou Whose Voice could wake the dead,
"Maid! I say to thee, arise!"
Who didst bow Thy dying Head
On the day of Sacrifice;
Lord of Life, &c.

8 Thou Who passedst through the gloom
Which enshrouds the Vale of Death,
Guide *his* footsteps through the tomb,
Shelter *him* Thine arms beneath;
Lord of Life, &c.

Part III.

9 By Thy Flesh with scourges torn,
By Thy suffering human Soul,
By the Crown of woven thorn,
By the mocking title-scroll;
Lord of Life, &c.

10 By Thy Last and awful word—
"Father I commend my Soul
To Thine hands": O God and Lord,
By Thy Manhood pure and whole;
Lord of Life, &c.

11 By the quiet rock-hewn cave
Where Thy Body slept so well,
When Thy Spirit, through Thy grave,
Enter'd to the realms of Hell;
Lord of Life, &c.

12 By Thy preaching of the Christ
To the souls in prison bound,
When was roll'd away the mist
Which had hung their vision round;
Lord of Life, &c.

13 By th' Eternal Sacrifice
Which Thou pleadest at the Throne,
Only Gift which can suffice,
For that Gift is all Thine Own:
Lord of Life, &c.

14 By the Off'ring which we plead,
One with Thine in Heav'n above;
By the Lamb, Whose Five Wounds bleed
To fill full our cup of Love;
Lord of Life, &c.

15 In the fell and fearful day,
Day of fury and of ire,
When the earth shall melt away
In the thunder-blast of fire;
Lord of Life, &c.

16 When to hear the doom are met
Saints and sinners, quick and dead,
And the great White Throne is set,
And the books are open spread;
Lord of Life and Love, we pray,
Who didst tread the narrow way
℟. Ransom for *his soul* to pay,
Let *him* not be cast away,
Grant *him* mercy in That Day.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil. Amen.
℣. I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me,
℟. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

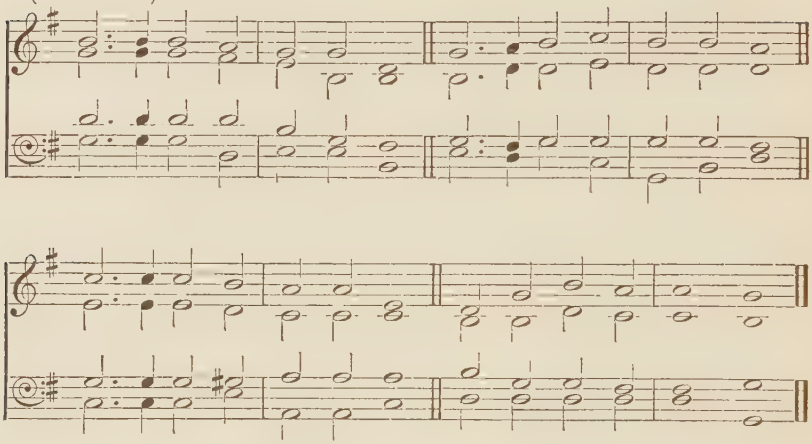
Let us pray.

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all them that believe, grant unto the *soul* of Thy *servant* the remission of all *his* sins; that through devout supplications *he* may obtain the pardon *he has* alway desired. Who livest and reignest, One God, world without end. *Amen.*

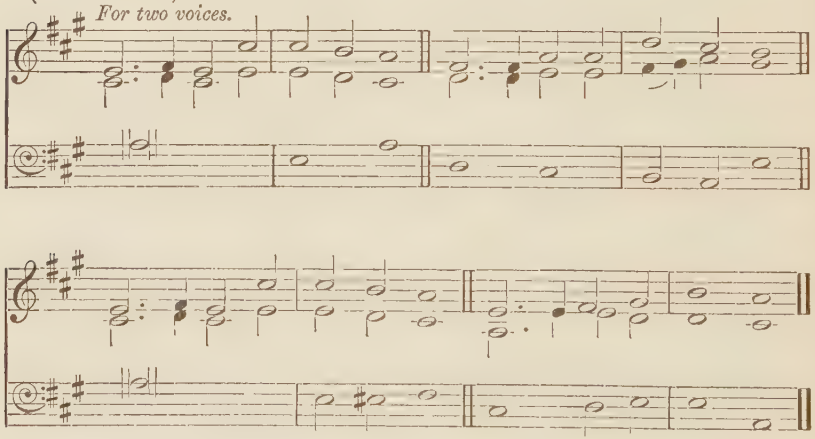
℣. The Lord be with you.
℟. And with thy spirit.
℣. May the Almighty and Merciful God graciously hear us.
℟. Amen.
℣. And may the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
℟. Amen.

## 860 LITANY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

(*First Tune.*)



(*Second Tune.*)
*For two voices.*



1 God the Father, God the Word,
God the Holy Ghost adored,
Blesséd Trinity, One Lord,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

2 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes array'd,
And within Thy Manger laid,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Jesu, at Whose infant Feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, unto Whom of yore
Wise Men, hasting to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Jesu, to Thy Temple brought,
Whom the aged Simeon sought,
By the Holy Spirit taught,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Whom Thy mother found
With the Doctors sitting round,
Wond'ring at Thy lore profound,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, Lord of life and death,
Who to her that gave Thee breath
Subject wast in Nazareth,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

9 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Deliver us, O Jesu.

10 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, O Jesu.

11 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

12 By Thy Birth and childish years,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

13 By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

14 By Thy Wounds and thorn-crown'd
By Thy Blood for sinners shed, [Head,
By Thy Rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

15 By the Name we bow before,
Saving Name, which evermore
All the hosts of Heav'n adore,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

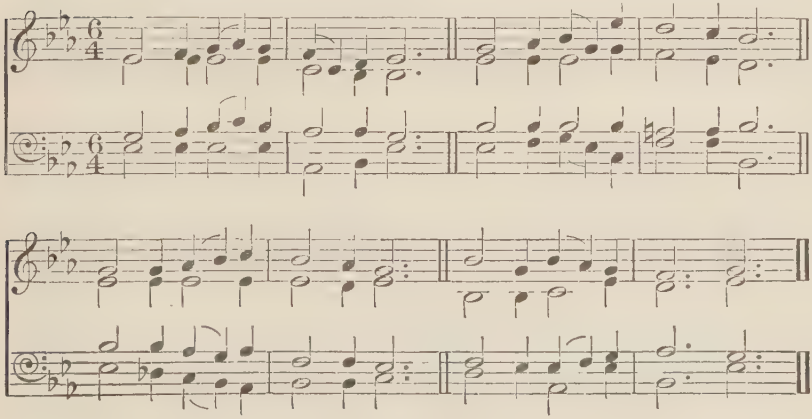
16 By Thine own unconquer'd might,
By Thy glory in the Height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.
Our Father . . . . from evil.
℣. All Thy children shall be taught | of the Lord. (Alleluia.)
℟. And great shall be the peace of Thy | children. (Alleluia.)

Let us pray.

O God, Who didst reveal Thyself to Thy Prophet Samuel while he was yet a child; grant unto us, Thy children, the knowledge of Thy Will, that we may ever walk in Thy commandments; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

*Litany Tune that may be used instead of any of the former.*



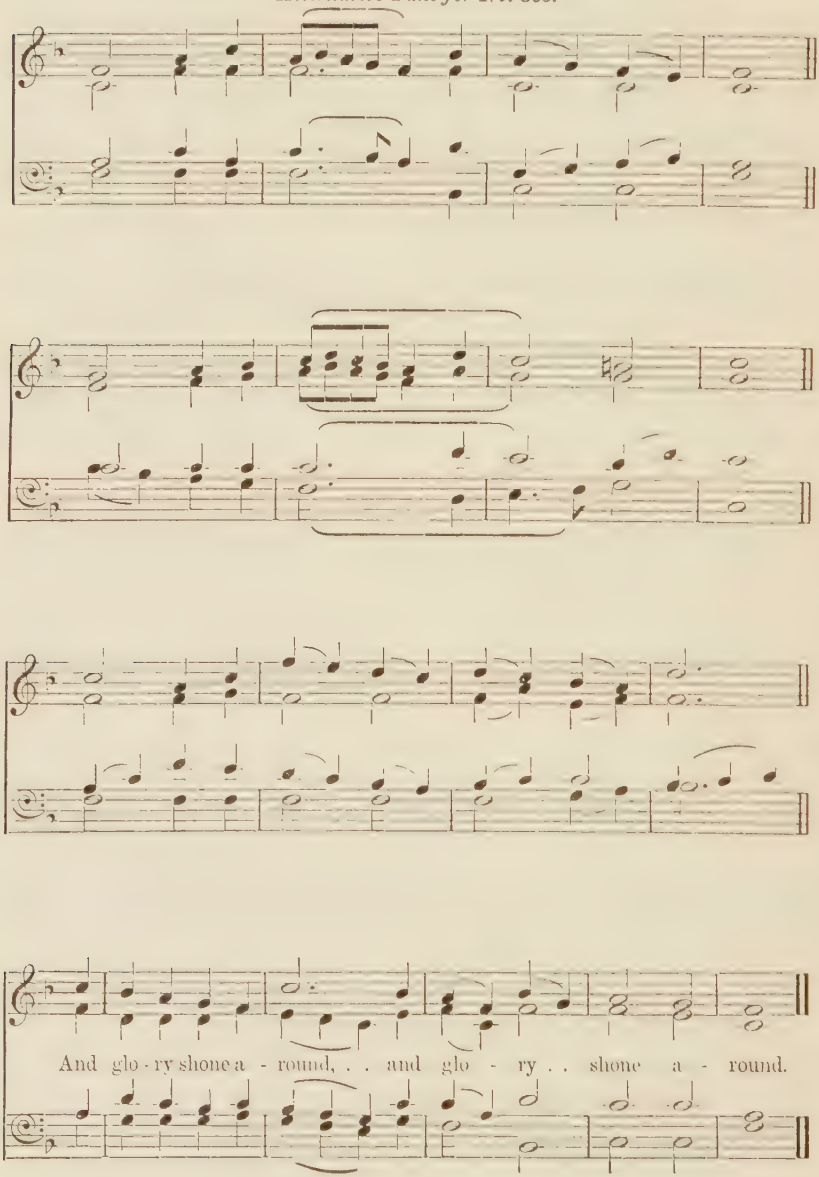
END OF PART IV.

# APPENDIX.

I.

WHILE SHEPHERDS. Cornish Air.

*Alternative Tune for No. 365.*

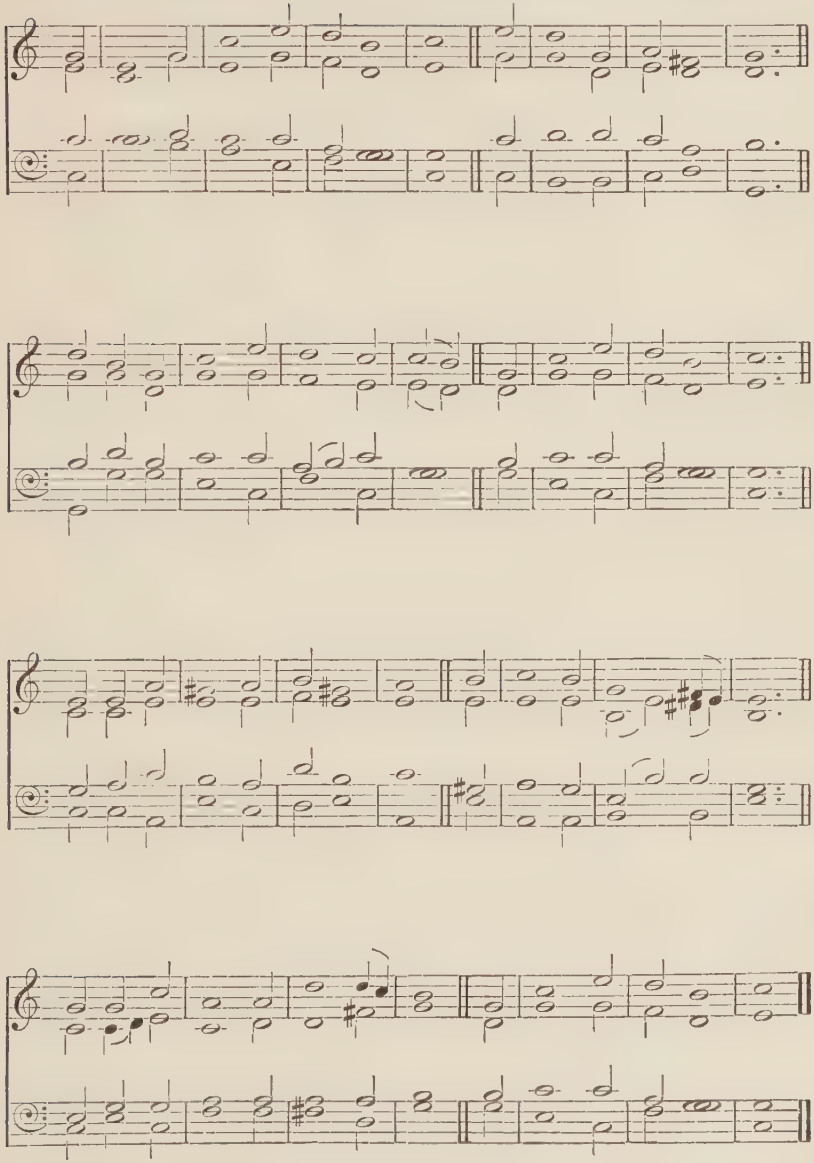


## II.

### S. MATTHEW'S.

See Nos. 539, 542, and 752.

The form of the tune (Melody and Bass) at its first appearance in 1708. See Cowan and Love, "Music of the Church Hymnary."



# CHILDREN'S SERVICES

## FORM I.

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*Christ, have mercy upon us.*

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

O Almighty God, look, we beseech Thee, upon the Face of Thy Beloved Son, and for His sake mercifully hear the prayers which we offer unto Thee :

For our parents and all our relations and friends : That through Thy most mighty protection both here and ever, they may be preserved in body and soul,

*We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.*

For the Clergy and all who minister in this Church (*or* place) : That they may be faithful dispensers of Thy Word and Holy Sacraments,

*We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.*

For all the children : That with meek heart and due reverence they may hear and receive Thy Holy Word, truly serving Thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of their life,

*We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.*

For all in this land who are living in unbelief or sin : That they may be led into the way of truth, and hold the Faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life,

*We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.*

For Jews, Mohammedans, and the Heathen : That it may please Thee to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations,

*We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.*

For the sick and dying, and for all who are in trouble or distress : That it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities,

*We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.*

For all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear : That by Thy mercy they may rest in peace, and that light perpetual may shine upon them,

*We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.*

And grant unto us, Thy servants, Unity, a true Faith, and a life agreeable to Thy Holy Will, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(*All stand up.*)

HYMN.

(*All sit.*)

*Here follows* THE LESSON—*a short passage from Holy Scripture.*

(*All stand up.*)

HYMN.

CATECHISING *or* ADDRESS.

HYMN, *or* THE MAGNIFICAT.

*Then shall be said* THE CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead and buried, He descended into Hell; The third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Catholick Church; The Communion of Saints; The forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body, And the Life Everlasting. Amen.

The Lord be with you.

*And with thy spirit.*

Let us pray.

(*All kneel.*)

COLLECTS AND BLESSING.

## FORM II.

Litany 860 (*or some other Litany*).

HYMN.

*Here follows* THE LESSON—*a short passage from Holy Scripture.*

HYMN.

CATECHISING.

HYMN.

*A short Address on some point in the previous Catechising.*

HYMN.

COLLECTS

## FORM III.

Litany 860 (*or some other Litany*).

HYMN.

*Here follows* THE LESSON—*a short passage from Holy Scripture.*

HYMN.

CATECHISING *or* ADDRESS.

HYMN.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

COLLECTS.

# FORM IV.

## CHILDREN'S VESPERS.

OUR FATHER . . . . from evil. Amen.

O God, make speed to save us.

*O Lord, make haste to help us.*

(*All stand up.*)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;
*As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.*

Praise ye the Lord.

*The Lord's Name be praised.*

### PSALM CXIII.

PRAISE the Lord, ye servants: O praise the Name of the Lord.

2 Blessed be the Name of the Lord: from this time forth for evermore.

3 The Lord's Name is praised: from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same.

4 The Lord is high above all heathen: and His glory above the Heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath His dwelling so high: and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in Heaven and earth?

6 He taketh up the simple out of the dust: and lifteth the poor out of the mire;

7 That He may set him with the princes: even with the princes of His people.

8 He maketh the barren woman to keep house: and to be a joyful mother of children.

### PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel came out of Egypt: and the house of Jacob from among the strange people,

2 Judah was his Sanctuary: and Israel his dominion.

3 The sea saw that and fled: Jordan was driven back.

4 The mountains skipped like rams: and the little hills like young sheep.

5 What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest: and thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

6 Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams: and ye little hills, like young sheep?

7 Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord: at the presence of the God of Jacob.

8 Who turned the hard rock into a standing water: and the flint-stone into a springing well.

### PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise: for Thy loving mercy, and for Thy truth's sake.

2 Wherefore shall the heathen say: Where is now their God?

3 As for our God, He is in Heaven: He hath done whatsoever pleased Him.

4 Their idols are silver and gold: even the work of men's hands.

5 They have mouths, and speak not: eyes have they, and see not.

6 They have ears, and hear not: noses have they, and smell not.

7 They have hands, and handle not; feet have they, and walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

8 They that make them are like unto them : and so are all such as put their trust in them.

9 But thou, house of Israel, trust thou in the Lord : He is their succour and defence.

10 Ye house of Aaron, put your trust in the Lord : He is their helper and defender.

11 Ye that fear the Lord, put your trust in the Lord : He is their helper and defender.

12 The Lord hath been mindful of us, and He shall bless us : even He shall bless the house of Israel, He shall bless the house of Aaron.

13 He shall bless them that fear the Lord : both small and great.

14 The Lord shall increase you more and more : you and your children.

15 Ye are the blessed of the Lord : Who made Heaven and earth.

16 All the whole Heavens are the Lord's : the earth hath He given to the children of men.

17 The dead praise not Thee, O Lord : neither all they that go down into silence.

18 But we will praise the Lord : from this time forth for evermore. Praise the Lord.

*Here follows* THE LESSON *from Ephesians* iv. 29—*end ; or some other passage from Holy Scripture ; after which a Hymn may be sung, followed by* THE MAGNIFICAT.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord : and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded : the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth : all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me : and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him : throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel : as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

*Then shall be said* THE APOSTLES' CREED.

The Lord be with you.

*And with thy spirit.*

Let us pray.

THE COLLECT FOR THE DAY.

Laus Deo.

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